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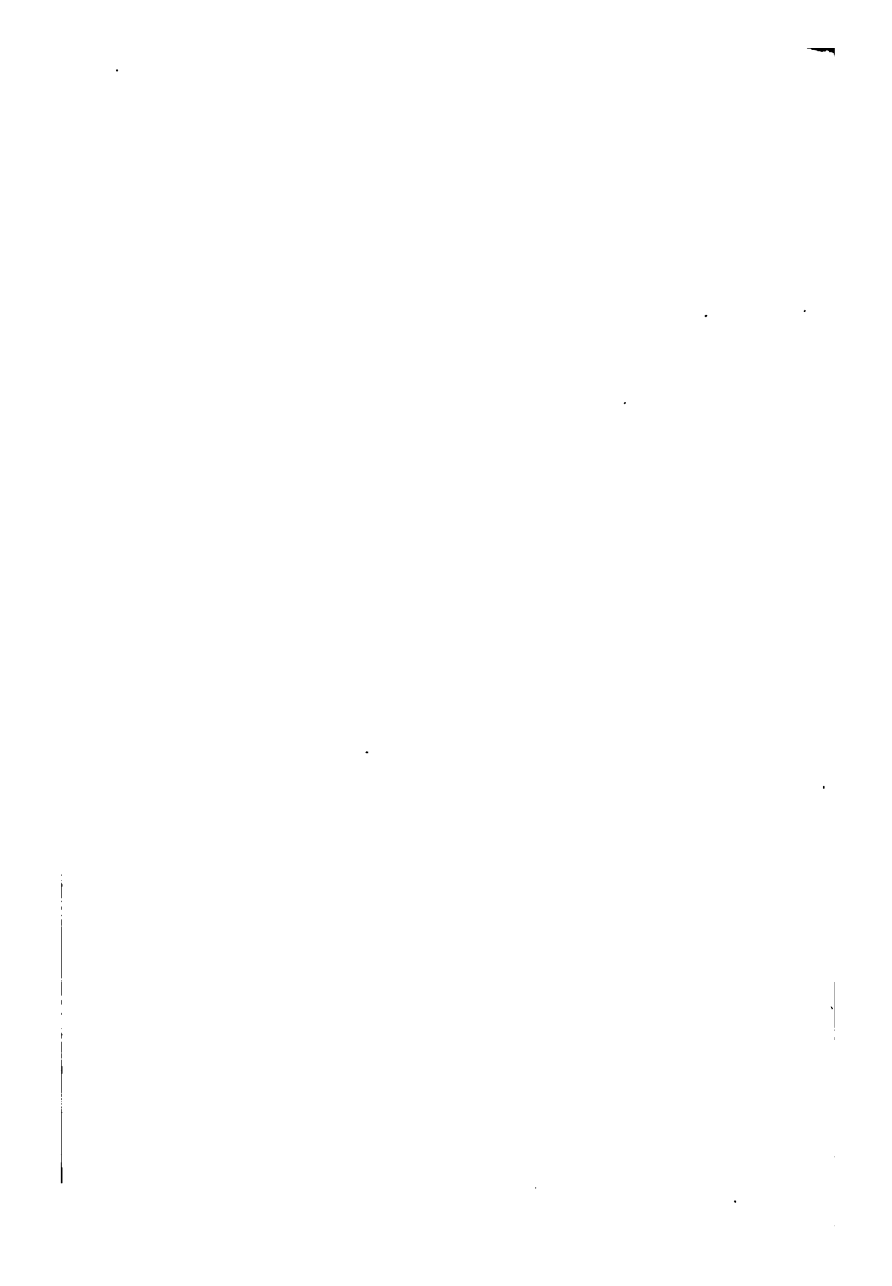


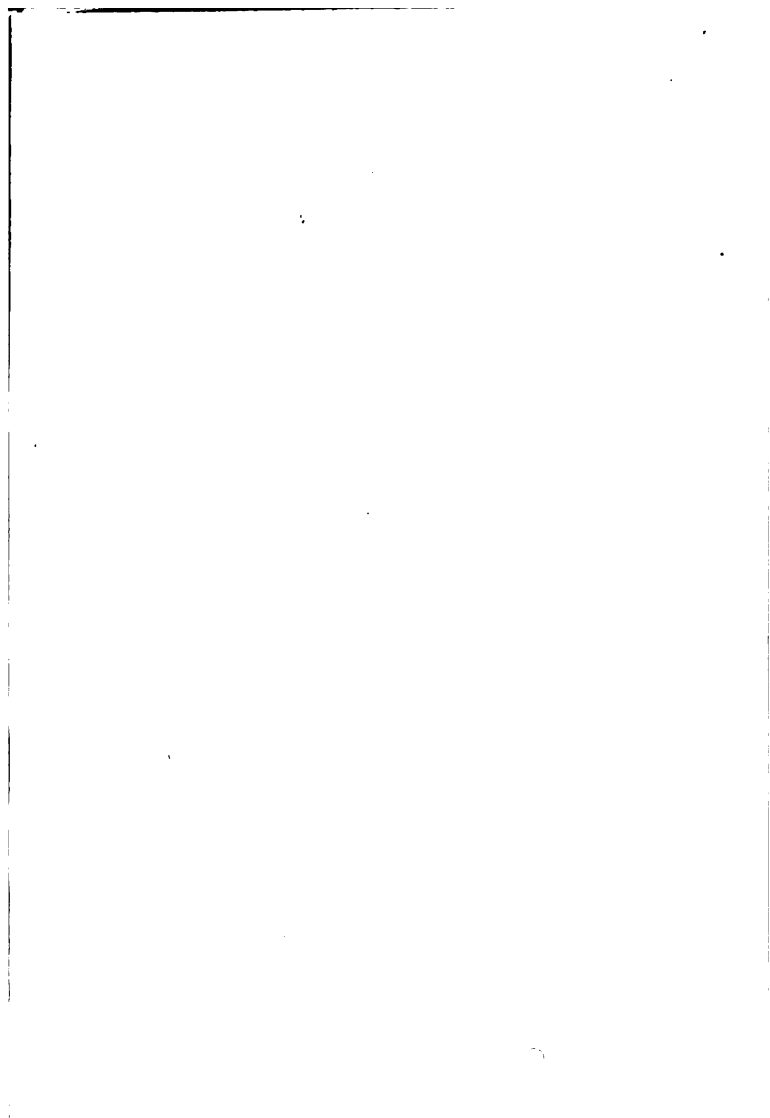
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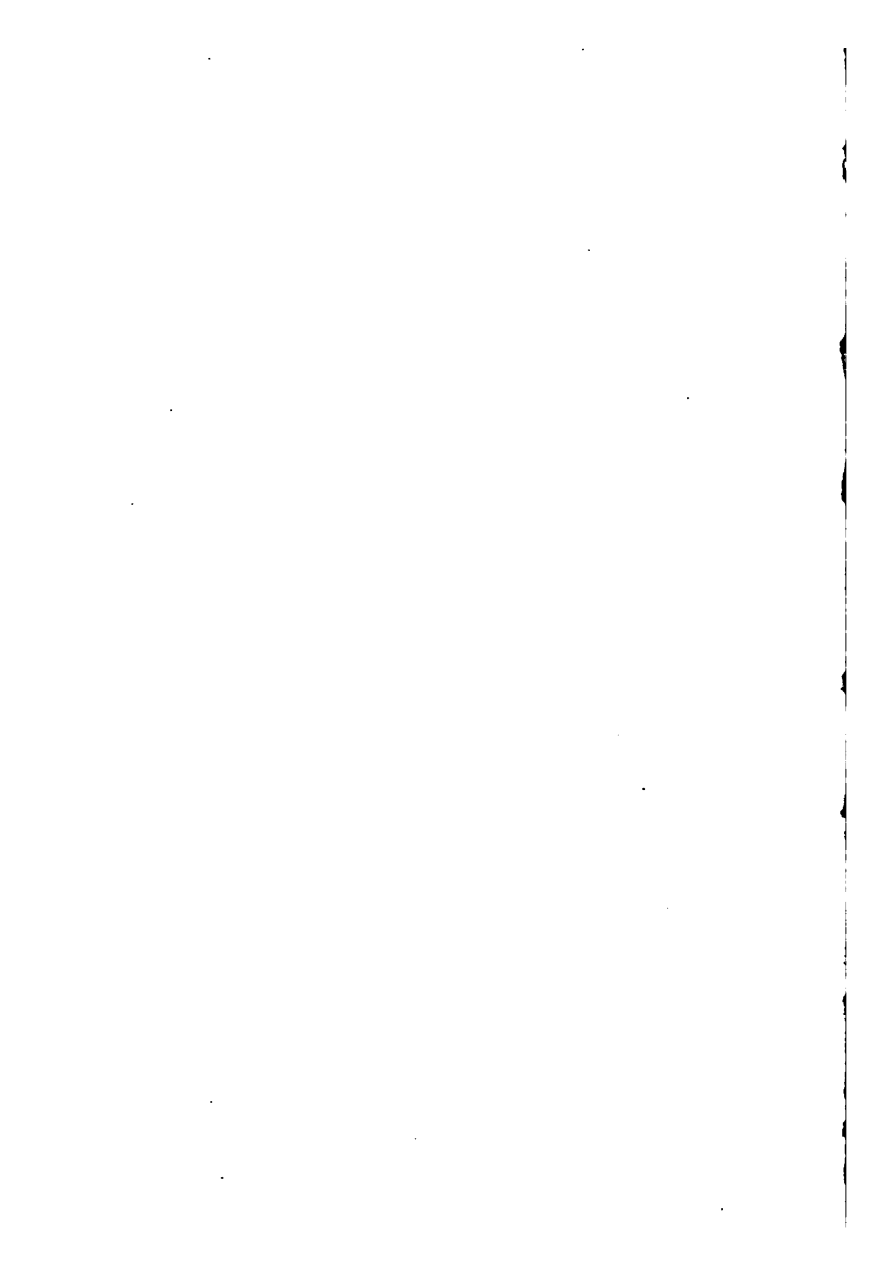
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"I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear."

Walt Whitman



NEW YORK
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1910

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This land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurry-
ing tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the
light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.
Walt Whitman.

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HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Stanhope Press

F. M. GILSON COMPANY
BOSTON, U.S.A.

To
A. R. H.
AND
H. M. H.

" Nothing so sweete is as our countrie's earth,
And joy of those from whom we claime our birth."

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
My country, serves Its dark command.

I do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great.

Richard Hovey.

PREFACE

THIS little book is intended for travelers, but even more for patriots. \

Each section of our country has its own history, local color and charm, which are more or less reflected in our American poetry. I have attempted to gather together in this volume those descriptive and historic poems which will give an impression of the whole country.

It is possible that some of our poets have not realized the wealth of available material in America, but our literature has only made a beginning and the way lies always open.

As it is difficult to make a logical arrangement of the states and therefore of the poems, an imaginary itinerary has been chosen, which will take the reader by gentle steps up and down and across the length of the land, a journey through the Poetic New-World.

Many well-known patriotic ballads and "war-poems" have been omitted, because they have already been collected in good anthologies and because there is no place for war-time sentiment in a book intended for the entire country.

Acknowledgment is made to the following authors and publishers, who have kindly per-

mitted the use of copyright poems in this volume: to the Century Company for *Poe's Cottage at Fordham*; to Mr. Charles Henry Phelps for *Yuma*; to the son of the late William Allen Butler for *Broadway*; to Mr. Burton E. Stevenson for *Henry Hudson's Quest*; to Mr. Bliss Carman for *The Path to Sankoty*; to the Frank A. Munsey Company for *The Song of Panama* by A. D. Runyon; to Mr. Joel Benton for *Dakota*; to Messrs. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard for Mr. Burton's poem *The Old Santa Fé Trail*; to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York and London and also to Mr. G. S. Hellman for his sonnet *The Hudson*; to Mr. Ellsworth and Messrs. G. P. Putnam's. Sons for *The Mayflower*; to Messrs. Little, Brown and Co. for *Walden Lake* and *Thoreau's Flute*; to Thomas B. Mosher, publisher, and Mrs. Lizette W. Reese for *Anne*; to Mr. Appleton Morgan for the poem *Ipswich Town*; to Miss Coolbrith for *The Mariposa Lily* and *Alcatraz*; to Mrs. Gertrude Huntington McGiffert for *The Maine Trail*; to Mr. Horace Traubel and Mr. David McKay for the poems of Walt Whitman; to Mr. Percy MacKaye and the Macmillan Company for a part of *Ticonderoga*; to Mr. C. W. Moulton for Walter Malone's *October in Tennessee*; to Mr. Albert B. Paine for *In Louisiana*; to Mr. Francis F. Browne for *Santa Barbara*; to Messrs. Harper & Bros. for

poems by Hamlin Garland from *The Trail of the Goldseeker* and *When the Great Gray Ships Come In*; to the Whitaker and Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco, for the poems by Joaquin Miller; to Mr. Richard Le Gallienne for *Dawn on the Brooklyn Bridge*, from his recent Poems; to Mr. Walter Learned for *The Last Reservation*; to Mr. Ernest McGaffey for "Mark"; to Mr. Clarence Urmy for *As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais*; to Messrs. Duffield & Co. for two poems by Richard Hovey; to Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. for *The Brooklyn Bridge* and *On the Elevated Railroad at 110th Street* by Charles C. D. Roberts; to the Atlantic Monthly for *On a Subway Express* by Chester Firkins and *The Oldenburys of Sunderland* by Sarah N. Cleghorn; to The New England Publishing Co. for *The Fountain of Youth* and *Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor*; to Mr. Wallace Rice for *Mount Rainier* by Francis Brooks; *The First American Sailors*, Chicago and lines from *The Racine College Memorial Ode*; to Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens for *Arizona*; to Mr. Ivan Swift for *In Michigan*; to Mr. Charles Edward Russell for *On a South Dakota Farm in March*; to The Macmillan Co. and Mrs. Ella Higginson for *Moonrise in the Rockies* and *The Grand Ronde Valley*; to Florence Wilkinson for *Niagara*; to Miss Webb for her father's poem *With a Nantucket Shell*; and to the J. B. Lippin-

cott Co. for *Down the Bayou* and *At Set of Sun* by Mary A. Townsend.

The poems by Longfellow, Aldrich, Bret Harte, F. D. Sherman, W. V. Moody, W. W. Story, Celia Thaxter, J. T. Trowbridge, J. R. Lowell, Thoreau, Gilder, Emerson, Nora Perry, Edith M. Thomas, T. W. Parsons, J. G. Saxe, John Hay, Lucy Larcom, Maurice Thompson, E. R. Sill, O. W. Holmes, E. C. Stedman, Bayard Taylor and Whittier are used by permission of and by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works.

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THE EXPLORERS

From *The Voyage to Iceland* ○ ○ ○

FOUR weeks they sailed, a speck in sky-shut
seas,

Life, where was never life that knew itself,
But tumbled, lubber-like, in blowing whales;
Thought, where the like had never been before
Since Thought primeval brooded the abyss;
Alone as men were never in the world.
They saw the icy foundlings of the sea,
White cliffs of silence, beautiful by day,
Or looming, sudden-perilous, at night
In monstrous hush; or sometimes in the dark
The waves broke ominous with paly gleams
Crushed by the prow in sparkles of cold fire.
Then came green stripes of sea that promised
land

But brought it not, and on the thirtieth day
Low in the West were wooded shores like cloud.
They shouted as men shout with sudden hope;
But Biörn was silent, such strange loss there is
Between the dream's fulfilment and the dream,
Such sad abatement in the goal attained.
Then Gudrida, that was a prophetess,
Rapt with strange influence from Atlantis, sang:
Her words: the vision was the dreaming shore's.

Looms there the New Land:
Locked in the shadow
Long the gods shut it,
Niggards of newness
They, the o'er-old.

Little it looks there,
Slim as a cloud-streak;
It shall fold peoples
Even as a shepherd
Foldeth his flock.

Silent it sleeps now;
Great ships shall seek it,
Swarming as salmon;
Noise of its numbers
Two seas shall hear.

Man from the Northland,
Man from the Southland,
Haste empty-handed;
No more than manhood
Bring they, and hands.

Dark hair and fair hair,
Red blood and blue blood,
There shall be mingled;
Force of the ferment
Makes the New Man.

Pick of all kindreds,
 King's blood shall theirs be,
 Shoots of the eldest
 Stock upon Midgard,
 Sons of the poor.

Them waits the New Land;
 They shall subdue it,
 Leaving their sons' sons
 Space for the body,
 Space for the soul.

* * * *

James Russell Lowell.

Columbus ¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(From *Psalm of the West*)

COLUMBUS stands in the night alone, and,
 passing grave,
 Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-silence
 yearn.

Heartens his heart as friend befriends his friend
 less brave,
 Makes burn the faiths that cool, and cools the
 doubts that burn:—

* * * *

¹ From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*; copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
 From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
 Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns — a
 Light.

Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
 I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
 What seest? *Admiral, like as land — a Light!*
 Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
 What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
 Well! but *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's gun!
 Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis
 done!
 Two dawns do break at once from Time's full
 hand—
 God's, East — mine, West: good friends, behold
 my Land!"

Sidney Lanier.

Prayer of Columbus ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(On his last voyage)

A BATTER'D, wreck'd old man,
 Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from
 home,
 Pent by the sea, and dark rebellious brows, twelve
 dreary months,

Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to
death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe !
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or
sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to
Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, com-
mune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not
adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and vision-
ary meditations,
Thou knowest how before I commenced I de-
voted all to come to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those
vows and strictly kept them,
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor
ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in
thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving
results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than
words,
A message from the Heavens whispering to me
even in sleep,
These sped me on.

By me, and these, the work so far accomplish'd,
By me Earth's elder, cloy'd and stifled lands,
uncloy'd, unloos'd,
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the
unknown to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not — haply what
broad fields, what lands,
Haply, the brutish, measureless human under-
growth I know,
Transplanted there, may rise to stature, knowl-
edge worthy Thee,

Haply the swords I know may there indeed be
turn'd to reaping-tools,
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead
cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of
Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages!
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my
knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part!
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves
buffet me;
Thee, Thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I
raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?

I know not even my own work, past or present;
Dim, ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer, better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my
 eyes,
Shadowy, vast shapes, smile through the air and
 sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

Walt Whitman.

The First American Sailors



FIVE fearless knights of the first renown
 In Elizabeth's great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
 American sailors they;
 Who went to the West,
 For they all knew best
 Where the silver was gray
 As a moonlit night,
 And the gold as bright
 As a midsummer day—
 A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, he was ONE

And Devon was heaven to him,

He loved the sea as he loved the sun

And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—

Hated him up to the brim!

In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,

He roughed and routed their braggart band,

And God was with him on sea and land;

Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,

For he was one of America's host—

And now there is nothing but English speech

For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

From near the Equator away to the Pole;

While the billows beat and the oceans roll

On the Three Americas.

Sir Francis Drake, and he was TWO

And Devon was heaven to him,

He loved in his heart the waters blue

And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—

Hated him up to the brim!

At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,

The Armada met him and fled afeared,

Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;

Oregon knew him, and all that coast,

For he was one of America's host—

And now there is nothing but English speech

For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,

From California away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Walter Raleigh, he was THREE
And Devon was heaven to him,
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
He hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From Guiana northward to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

Sir Richard Grenville, he was FOUR
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the waves and their windy roar
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with the Revenge beat his fifty-three;
Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—

And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

And Sir John Hawkins, he was FIVE
And Devon was heaven to him,
 He worshiped the water while he was alive
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
 He chased him over the Spanish Main,
 He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
 His cities he ravished again and again;
 The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
 And now there is nothing but English speech
 For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From the Rio Grande away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

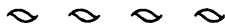
Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valor blest,



*Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondrift's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.*

Wallace Rice.

The Fountain of Youth



A DREAM OF PONCE DE LEON

I

A STORY of Ponce de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the Emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.

Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord !" said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain !
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango, before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.
And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men ! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold !"

II

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottoes and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;

They flourish in beauty eternal,
Who set but their foot on its shores !”
Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
“I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;
I would rather discover that fountain,
Than a country of diamonds and gold.”

III

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea.
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision,
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo !
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow !
More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
“Thank the Lord !” said De Leon, the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
“We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain,—
The beautiful fountain of youth.”

IV

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
All around was so fresh and so young.
The palms, ever-verdant, were blooming,
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
O'er the streams of the forests bright flowers
Hung deep from the branches of trees.
"Praise the Lord !" sung De Leon, the sailor;
His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said: "Be the name of this region
By Florida given to fame.
'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
I soon shall partake of the fountain,—
The beautiful Fountain of Youth !"

V

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of that fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."

Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores.
And that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof,
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

* * * *

VI

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And, when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord !" said De Leon, the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful Fountain of Youth."

VII

The cabin was silent: at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the winds of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
'Neath the low-hanging vines of the roof;
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful Fountain of Youth.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

To the Virginian Voyage ~ ~ ~ ~

YOU brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame.
Go and subdue.

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
When Eolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
And the fruitful'st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
The cedar reaching high
To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine,
And useful sassáfras.

To whose, the golden age
Still nature's laws doth give,
 No other cares attend,
 But them to defend
From winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
 Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
 O you the happiest men,
 Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar,
Frighting the wide heaven;

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
 As those from whom we came,
 And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our north;

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hackluit,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

Michael Drayton.

Henry Hudson's Quest



OUT from the harbor of Amsterdam
The Half Moon turned her prow to sea;
The coast of Norway dropped behind,
 Yet Northward still kept she
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,
Where never before man dared to go:
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the
 Eastern Sea?"
"A waste of ice before us lies — we must turn
back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,
Westward through weary weeks they sped,
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger-land
Loomed through the mist ahead.
League after league they hugged the coast,
And their Captain never left his post;
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?"
"I see but the rocks and the barren shore; no
strait is there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North — they sailed to the
South—
And at last they rounded an arm of sand
Which held the sea from a harbor's mouth—
The loveliest in the land.
They kept their course across the bay,
And the shore before them fell away:
"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the
Eastern Sea?"
"Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the
strait is here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kist;
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,
And meadows white with mist—
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!
For rock and shallow bar the stream:

"O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"

"Nay, Captain, nay; 'tis not this way; turn back we must," said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned
The Half Moon's prow to the South once more;
He saw no beauty in crag or hill,
No beauty in curving shore;
For they shut him away from that fabled main
He sought his whole life long, in vain:
"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the Eastern Sea?"
"God's crpyt is sealed! 'Twill stand revealed in His own good time," quoth he.

Burton Egbert Stevenson.

Henry Hudson's Last Voyage ¹ ~ ~ ~

ONE sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
And only one, God knows! For never ship
But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
These waters greater grown than any since
We left the shore of England. We were first,
My men, to battle in between the bergs
And flocs to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;

¹ From *The White Bees and Other Poems*; copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

I name it ! and that flying sail is mine !
 And there, hull-down below that flying sail,
 The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine !
 My ship Discoverie !

The sullen dogs

Of mutineers, the bitches' whelps that snatched
 Their food and bit the hand that nurtured them,
 Have stolen her ! You ingrate Henry Greene,
 I picked you from the gutter of Houndsditch,
 I paid your debts, and kept you in my house,
 And brought you here to make a man of you.
 You, Robert Juet, ancient, crafty man,
 Toothless and tremulous, how many times
 Have I employed you as a mate of mine
 To give you bread ! And you, Abacuck Prickett,
 You sailor-clerk, you salted puritan,
 You knew the plot and silently agreed,
 Salving your conscience with a pious lie.
 Yes, all of you, — hounds, rebels, thieves ! Bring
 back
 My ship !

Too late—I rave—they cannot hear

My voice: and if they heard, a drunken laugh
 Would be their answer. For their minds have
 caught
 The fatal firmness of the fool's resolve,
 That looks like courage but is only fear.

They'll blunder on, and lose my ship, and drown,—
Or blunder home to England and be hanged.
Their skeletons will rattle in the chains
Of some tall gibbet on the Channel cliffs,
While passing sailors point to them and say,
"Those are the rotten bones of Hudson's men,
Who left their captain in the frozen North!"

O God of justice, why hast Thou ordained,
Plans of the wise and actions of the brave
Dependent on the aid of fools and cowards?

Look—there she goes—her topsails in the sun
Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
Come closer in the boat, my friends. John King,
You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
Freely to share with us the shallop's fate,
Rather than travel in the hell-bound ship,—
Too good an English sailor to desert
These crippled comrades,—try to make them rest
More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
My little shipmate, come and lean your head
Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
That April day in Ethelburga's church,
Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
To take the sacrament, with all our company,
Before the Hopewell left St. Catherine's docks

On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
 My sailor-soul and yours to search the sea
 Until we found the water-path that leads
 From Europe into Asia.

I believe

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
 Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
 And all the English seamen who have dared
 In little ships to plow uncharted waves—
 Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
 Raleigh and Gilbert—all the other names—
 Are written in the chivalry of God
 As men who served His purpose. I would claim
 A place among that knighthood of the sea:
 And I have earned it, though my quest should
 . . . fail!

For mark me well. The honor of our life
 Derives from this: to have a certain aim
 Before us always, which our will must seek
 Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
 Then, though we miss the goal, our search is
 crowned
 With courage, and along the path we find
 A rich reward of unexpected things.
 Press towards the aim: take fortune as it fares!
 I know not why, but something in my heart
 Has always whispered, "Westward seek your
 aim."

Four times they sent me east, but still my prow
Turned west again, and felt among the floes
Of ruttling ice along the Gröneland coast,
And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,
And past the rocky capes and sandy bays
Where Gosnold sailed, — like one who feels his
way

With outstretched hand across a darkened room,—
I groped among the inlets and the isles,
To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.
I have not found it yet—but I have found
Things worth the finding !

Son, have you forgot
Those mellow autumn days, two years ago,
When first we sent our little ship Half-Moon—
The flag of Holland floating at her peak—
Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
Among the channels to a goodly bay
Where all the navies of the world could ride ?
A fertile island that the redmen called
Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
But never land was fair enough to hold
The seaman from the calling of the waves:
And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood

That seemed to come from far away—perhaps
From some mysterious gulf of Tartary?
We followed that wide waterway, by palisades
Of naked rock where giants might have held
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
With forests rich in timber for great ships;
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the
stream;

And then through open reaches where the banks
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
Upstream, to find—what I already knew—
We sailed upon a river, not a strait !

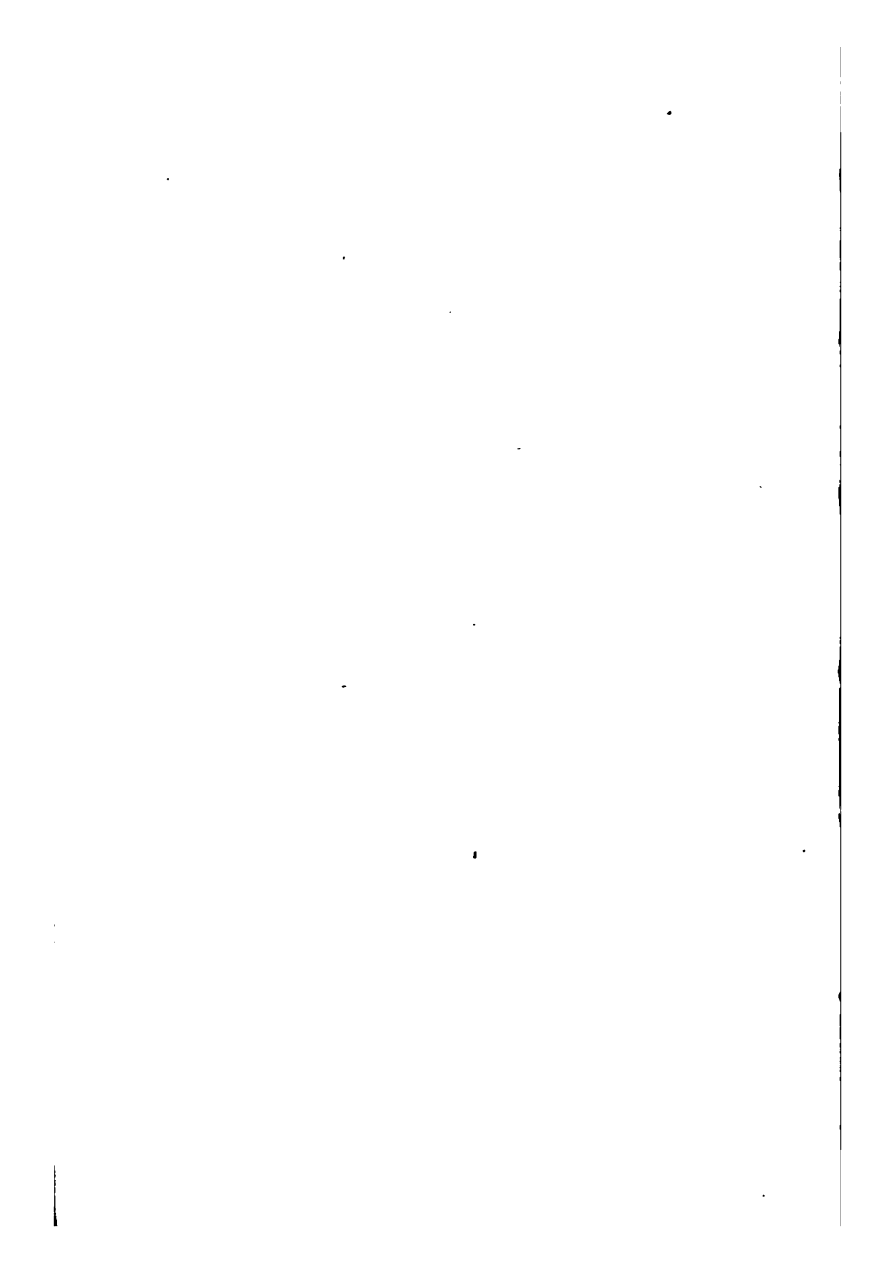
But what a river ! God has never poured
A stream more royal through a land more rich.
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
While coming ages people it with men
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
To ample houses, and the tiny plots
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale
The many-colored mantle of their crops.
I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
Where now the wild grape loops the tangled wood;

And cattle feeding where the red deer roam;
And wild bees gathered into busy hives
To store the silver comb with golden sweet;
And all the promised land begins to flow
With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
And little villages grow populous with trade,
Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine,—
The thread that links a hundred towns and towers!
All this I see, and when it comes to pass
I prophesy a city on the isle
They call Manhattan, equal in her state
To all the older capitals of earth,—
The gateway city of a golden world,—
A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
And swarming with a busy host of men,
While to her open door, across the bay,
The ships of all the nations flock like doves!
My name will be remembered there, for men
Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
My great adventure, pole-star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,

The channel opens to the Orient,—
I know it,—and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through !
And why not ours—to-morrow—who can tell ?
We hold by hope as long as life endures:
These are the longest days of all the year,
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
So point her up, John King, nor'west by north !
We'll keep the honor of a certain aim
Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

Henry van Dyke.



NEW ENGLAND

The first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
And hung—weird gonfalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers
Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.
Sea-sounds, sea-odors, these were all my world.

T. B. Aldrich.

Again among the hills!
The shaggy hills!

R. Hovey.

New England's Annoyances



The first recorded poem written in America

NEW ENGLAND'S annoyances, you that
would know them,
Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth show
them.

The Place where we live is a wilderness Wood,
Where Grass is much wanting that's fruitful and
good:

Our Mountains and Hills and our Vallies below
Being commonly covered with Ice and with Snow;
And when the North-west Wind with violence
blows,

Then every Man pulls his Cap over his Nose:
But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
He forfeits a Finger, a Foot, or a Hand.

But when the Spring opens, we then take the
Hoe,

And make the Ground ready to plant and to sow;
Our Corn being planted and Seed being sown,
The Worms destroy much before it is grown;
And when it is growing, some spoil there is made
By Birds and by Squirrels that pluck up the
Blade;

And when it is come to full Corn in the Ear,
It is often destroyed by Raccoon and by Deer.

And now do our Garments begin to grow thin,
And Wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
If we can get a Garment to cover without
Our other In-Garments are Clout upon Clout:
Our Clothes we brought with us are apt to be
torn,
They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
But clouting our Garments they hinder us
nothing:
Clouts double are warmer than single whole
Clothing.

If fresh Meat be wanting, to fill up our Dish,
We have Carrots and Turnips as much as we
wish;
And is there a mind for a delicate Dish,
We repair to the Clam-banks, and there we catch
Fish.
For Pottage and Puddings, and Custards and
Pies,
Our Pumpkins and Parsnips are common supplies;
We have Pumpkins at morning, and Pumpkins
at noon;
If it was not for Pumpkins we should be undone.
If Barley be wanting to make into Malt,
We must be contented, and think it no fault;

For we can make Liquor to sweeten our Lips
Of Pumpkins and Parsnips and Walnut-Tree
Chips.

* * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
For while Liquor's boiling it must have a scum-
ming;

But I will not blame them, for Birds of a Feather,
By seeking their Fellows, are flocking together.
But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
Forsake not the Honey for fear of the Sting;
But bring both a quiet and contented Mind,
And all needful Blessings you surely will find.

The Pilgrim Fathers ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and
country took

A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and his word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;

Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
 But in His glory who for Sinners died.

II

From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown;
 But not to them had Providence foreshown
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,
 In worship neither raised nor limited
 Save by Self-will. Lo ! from that distant shore,
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
 Back to the Land whose Pilgrims left of yore,
 Led by her own free choice. So Truth and Love
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace,—
 Fathers ! your Virtues, such the power of grace,
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.
 Transcendent over time, unbound by place,
 Concord and Charity in circles move.

William Wordsworth.

The Pilgrim Fathers ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they ?
 The waves that brought them o'er
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
 As they break along the shore;

Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the Mayflower moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile, — sainted name !
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
But the Pilgrim ! where is he ?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure drest,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.

The earliest ray of the golden day
 On that hallowed spot is cast;
 And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
 Looks kindly on that spot at last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
 It walks in noon's broad light;
 And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
 With the holy stars by night.
 It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
 And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
 Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower
 lay,
 Shall foam and freeze no more.

John Pierpont.

The Yankee Volunteers



"A surgeon of the United States' army says, that on inquiring of the Captain of his company, he found that *nine-tenths* of the men had enlisted on account of some love affair." — *Morning Paper.*

YE Yankee Volunteers !
 It makes my bosom bleed
 When I your story read,
 Though oft 'tis told one
 So — in both hemispheres
 The women are untrue,

And cruel in the New,
As in the Old one !

What — in this company
Of sixty sons of Mars,
Who march 'neath Stripes and Stars,
With fife and horn,
Nine-tenths of all we see
Along the warlike line
Had but one cause to join
This Hope Forlorn ?

Deserters from the realm
Where tyrant Venus reigns,
You slipp'd her wicked chains,
Fled and out-ran her.
And now, with sword and helm,
Together banded are
Beneath the Stripe and Star-
Embroider'd banner !

And is it so with all
The warriors ranged in line,
With lace bedizen'd fine
And swords gold-hilted—
Yon lusty corporal,
Yon color-man who gripes
The flag of Stars and Stripes—
Has each been jilted ?

Come, each man of this line,
The privates strong and tall,
"The pioneers and all,"

The fifer nimble—
Lieutenant and Ensign,
Captain with epaulets,
And Blacky there, who beats
The clanging cymbal—

O cymbal-beating black,
Tell us, as thou canst feel,
Was it some Lucy Neal
Who caused thy ruin ?
O nimble fifing Jack,
And drummer making din
So deftly on the skin,
With thy rat-tattooing—

Confess, ye volunteers,
Lieutenant and Ensign,
And Captain of the line,
As bold as Roman—
Confess, ye grenadiers,
However strong and tall,
The conqueror of you all
Is Woman, Woman !

No corselet is so proof
But through it from her bow

The shafts that she can throw
Will pierce and rankle.
No champion e'er so tough,
But's in the struggle thrown,
And tripped and trodden down
By her slim ankle.

Thus always it was ruled:
And when a woman smiled,
The strong man was a child,
The sage a noodle.
Alcides was befool'd,
And silly Samson shorn,
Long, long ere you were born,
Poor Yankee Doodle !
William Makepeace Thackeray.

MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE South-land boasts its teeming cane,
The prairied West its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On rising marts and sands of gold !

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;

Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone !

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long her winter woods complain;
From budding flower to falling leaf,
Her summer time is all too brief.

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws,
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause !

Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Mayflower

*(Plymouth)*

DOWN in the bleak December bay
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.
A hundred souls, in company,
Have left the vessel pensively,—
Have touched the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.
And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites: their prayers are free;
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these?—and what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child, may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing;
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires,
To build the lodge and heap the fires.
And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore,
Distributes weapons resonant,
And dons his harness militant;
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—
She sees a Book, in vellum drest,
She drops a tear and kisses the tome,
Thinking of England and of home:
Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then
Ordained to do the work of men—
Have seen, in visions of the air,
While pillowed on the breast of prayer
(When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness
A boundless empire of success;
And seen the years of future nights
Jeweled with myriad household lights;

And seen the honey fill the hive;
And seen a thousand ships arrive;
And heard the wheels of travel go;
It would have cheered a thought of woe,
When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth.

From *The Courtship of Miles Standish* ∞

(*Plymouth*)

MONTH after month passed away, and in
Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and
corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent
on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot
and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the
grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer
in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the
rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension
of danger.

Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the
land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien
armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the
nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the
remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate
outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush
of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter
and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new
habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from
the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was
covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-
panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were
excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an
orchard:
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and
secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to
Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the
night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by
sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet
would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods
to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions
of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the sem-
blance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the
walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the
soil of his garden.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Nantucket



DEAR old Nantucket's isle of sand,
An ancient exile from the Land,—
Free from the devastating hand
Of pomp and pillage,

I find it year by year with all
Its white-winged fleet of cat-boats small
Guarding what Fancy loves to call
The violet village.

The yellow cliffs, the houses white,
The wind-mill with its wheel in sight,
The church spire and the beacons bright,
All bunched together;
How picturesque they are ! How fair !
And, O how fragrant is the air,
With pink wild-roses everywhere
And purple heather !

Half foreign seems the little town,—
The narrow streets, the tumble-down
And rotting wharves whose past renown
Is linked with whalers,—
The roofs with Look-outs whence they saw
In bygone days the big ships draw
Homeward with oil, and watched with awe
The sea-worn sailors:

Half foreign, but the better half
Is like the flag that from the staff
Flings out its welcome, starry laugh,—
Native completely;

The shops, the schools, the zigzag lines
Of shingled dwellings hung with vines,
And gardens wrought in quaint designs
And smelling sweetly.

Here one may wander forth and meet
Skippers of eighty years whose feet
Find youth yet in the paven street;
And if one hunger
For yarns of wrecks and water lore,
Pass the tobacco round once more,
And hear what happened long before,
When he was younger.

Enchanting tales of wind and wave,
Witty, pathetic, gay and grave,—
One listens in the merman's cave
Enraptured, breathless,
While from the gray, bewhiskered lips
Come stories of the sea and ships;
The careful skipper never skips
The legends deathless.

Then out again, and let us go
Where fresh and cool the breezes blow
Over the dunes of Pocomo,
Where bird and berry

Conspire to lure us on until,
Over the gently sloping hill,
We see Wauwinet, white and still
And peaceful very.

Here is the ending of the quest;
Here, on this Island of the Blest,
Is found at last the Port of Rest,—
Remote, romantic:

A land-flower broken from the stem,
And few indeed there be of them
Fitted so perfectly to gem
The blue Atlantic.

Dreamy, delicious, drowsy, dull,—
A poppy-island beautiful;
And there are poppies here to cull
Until the plunder
Provokes the soul to sleep and dream
Amid the glamour and the gleam,
And makes the world about us seem
A world of wonder !

Frank Dempster Sherman.

With a Nantucket Shell



(*Nantucket*)

I SEND thee a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
Hold to thine ear,
And plain thou'lt hear

Tales of ships
That were lost in the rips,
Or that sunk on shoals
Where the bell-buoy tolls,
And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

And a song of the sea
Has my shell for thee;
The melody in it
Was hummed at Wauwinet,
And caught at Coatue
By the gull that flew
Outside to the ship with its perishing crew.
But the white wings wave
Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

See, its sad heart bleeds
For the sailors' needs;
But it bleeds again
For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe,
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea on their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea ?
And a tryant is he,—
A tryant as cruel as tyrant may be;

But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on
shore
Than ever were lost at sea !

Charles Henry Webb.

The Path to Sankoty ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(Nantucket Island)

IT winds along the headlands
Above the open sea —
The lonely moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty.

The crooning sea spreads sailless
And gray to the world's rim,
Where hang the reeking fog-banks
Primordial and dim.

There fret the ceaseless currents,
And the eternal tide
Chafes over hidden shallows
Where the white horses ride.

The wistful, fragrant moorlands
Whose smile bids panic cease,

Lie treeless and cloud-shadowed
In grave and lonely peace.

Across their flowering bosom,
From the far end of day
Blow clean the great soft moor-winds
All sweet with rose and bay.

A world as large and simple
As first emerged for man,
Cleared for the human drama,
Before the play began.

O well the soul must treasure
The calm that sets it free—
The vast and tender skyline,
The sea-turn's wizardry,

Solace of swaying grasses,
The friendship of sweet-fern—
And in the world's confusion
Remembering, must yearn

To tread the moorland footpath
That leads to Sankoty,
Hearing the field-larks shrilling
Beside the sailless sea.

Bliss Carman.

First Landing of the Pilgrims ~ ~ ~

(Cape Cod)

DAYS pass, winds veer, and favoring skies
Change like the face of fortune; storms arise;
Safely, but not within her port desired,
The good ship lies.
Where the long sandy Cape
Bends and embraces round,
As with a lover's arm, the sheltered sea,
A haven she hath found
From adverse gales and boisterous billows free.

Now strike your sails,
Ye toilworn mariners, and take your rest
Long as the fierce northwest
In that wild fit prevails,
Tossing the waves uptorn with frantic sway.
Keep ye within the bay,
Contented to delay
Your course till the elemental madness cease,
And heaven and ocean are again at peace.

How gladly there,
Sick of the uncomfortable ocean,
The impatient passengers approach the shore;
Escaping from the sense of endless motion,
To feel firm earth beneath their feet once more,

To breathe again the air
With taint of bilge and cordage undefiled,
And drink of living springs, if there they may,
And with fresh fruits and wholesome food repair
Their spirits, weary of the watery way.

And oh ! how beautiful
The things of earth appear
To eyes that far and near
For many a week have seen
Only the circle of the restless sea !
With what a fresh delight
They gaze again on fields and forests green,
Hovel, or whatsoe'er
May bear the trace of man's industrious hand;
How grateful to their sight
The shore of shelving sand
As the light boat moves joyfully to land !

Woods they beheld, and huts, and piles of wood,
And many a trace of toil,
But not green fields or pastures. 'Twas a land
Of pines and sand;
Dark pines, that from the loose and sparkling soil
Rose in their strength aspiring: far and wide
They sent their searching roots on every side,
And thus, by depth and long extension, found
Firm hold and grasp within that treacherous
ground:

So had they risen and flourished; till the earth,
Unstable as its neighboring ocean there,
Like an unnatural mother, heaped around
Their trunks its wavy furrows white and high;
And stifled thus the living things it bore.
Half buried thus they stand,
Their summits sere and dry,
Marking, like monuments, the funeral mound;
As when the masts of some tall vessel show
Where, on the fatal shoals, the wreck lies whelmed
below.

Robert Southey.

A Cape Cod Native



(Cape Cod)

AFTER an easterly storm in the spring, this beach is sometimes strewn with eastern wood from one end to the other, which, as it belongs to him who saves it, and the Cape is nearly destitute of wood, is a godsend to the inhabitants. We soon met one of these wreckers, — a regular Cape Cod man, with whom we parleyed, with a bleached and weather-beaten face, within whose wrinkles I distinguished no particular feature. It was like an old sail endowed with life, — a hanging-cliff of weather-beaten flesh, — like one of the clay boulders which occurred in that

sand-bank. He had on a hat which had seen salt water, and a coat of many pieces and colors, though it was mainly the color of the beach, as if it had been sanded. His variegated back — for his coat had many patches, even between the shoulders — was a rich study to us when we had passed him and looked around. It might have been dishonorable for him to have so many scars behind, it is true, if he had not had many more and more serious ones in front. He looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort, too grave to laugh, too tough to cry; as indifferent as a clam, — like a sea-clam with hat on and legs, that was out walking the strand. He may have been one of the Pilgrims, — Peregrine White, at least, — who has kept on the back side of the Cape, and let the centuries go by.

Henry David Thoreau.

The Old Oaken Bucket



(*Scituate*)

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-
wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract
fell;

The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the
field,

I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing!

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the
well;

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive
it,

As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.

And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the
well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

Samuel Woodworth.

Agassiz

(*Nantasket*)

I STAND again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow; and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no
more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common
men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be
dead?

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Harbor

(Boston)

SCATTERED within the peaceful bay
 Many a fair isle and islet lay,
 And rocks and banks which threatened there
 No peril to the mariner.
 The shores which bent around were gay
 With maizals, and with pastures green,
 And rails and hedge-row trees between,
 And fields for harvest white,
 And dwellings sprinkled up and down;
 And round about the clustered town,
 Which rose in sunshine bright,
 Was many a sheltered garden spot,
 And many a sunny orchard plot,
 And bowers which might invite
 The studious man to take his seat
 Within their quiet, cool retreat,
 When noon was at its height.
 No heart that was at ease, I ween,
 Could gaze on that surrounding scene
 Without a calm delight.

Robert Southey.

The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor

(Boston)

"PRAISE ye the Lord!" The psalm to-day
 Still rises on our ears,
 Borne from the hills of Boston Bay
 Through five times fifty years,

When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept,
In April sun and rain.
 "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
 The leader shouted, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships
As faded Yarmouth Bay.

They passed the Scilly Isles that day,
And May-days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.
And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue,
 "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
 Each morn was shouted, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay;

Blew warm the breeze o'er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns, and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low 'neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman's Woe they passed,
The wood-doves came the white mists through,
And circled round each mast.

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Then called the leader, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Above the sea the hill-tops fair—
God's towers—began to rise,
And odors rare breathe through the air,
Like balms of Paradise.
Through burning skies the ospreys flew,
And near the pine-cooled shores
Danced airy boat and thin canoe,
To flash of sunlit oars.

"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "pray!"
Then prayer arose, and all the ships
Sailed into Boston Bay.

The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.

"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called;
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day,"
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

"Praise ye the Lord !" Primeval woods

First heard the ancient song,

And summer hills and solitudes

The echoes rolled along.

The Red Cross flag of England blew

Above the fleet that day,

While Shawmut's triple peaks in view

In amber hazes lay.

"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,

Praise ye the Lord to-day."

The anthem rose from all the ships

Safe moored in Boston Bay.

The Arabella leads the song—

The Mayflower sings below,

That erst the Pilgrims bore along

The Plymouth reefs of snow.

Oh ! never be that psalm forgot

That rose o'er Boston Bay,

When Winthrop sang, and Endicott,

And Saltonstall, that day:

"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,

Praise ye the Lord to-day;"

And praise arose from all the ships,

Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

That psalm our fathers sang we sing,

That psalm of peace and wars,

While o'er our heads unfolds its wing

The flag of forty stars.

And while the nation finds a tongue
 For nobler gifts to pray,
 'Twill ever sing the song they sung
 That first Thanksgiving Day:
 "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
 Praise ye the Lord to-day;"
 So rose the song from all the ships,
 Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Our fathers' prayers have changed to psalms,
 As David's treasures old
 Turned, on the Temple's giant arms,
 To lily-work of gold.
 Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
 Ho! ships of Boston Bay,
 Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
 To this Thanksgiving Day!
 We pray to God with fervent lips,
 We praise the Lord to-day,
 As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
 But psalms from Boston Bay.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

A Ballad of the French Fleet ~ ~ ~

Boston, October, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed
 Sailed from the port of Brest,
 And the Admiral's ship displayed
 The signal: "Steer southwest."

For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: "Let us pray !

"O Lord ! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: "Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea!
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Boston Common. — Three Pictures ∞ ∞

(Boston)

1630

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,
And straggling clumps of tangled trees,
With trunks that lean and boughs that turn,
Bent eastward by the mastering breeze,—
With spongy bogs that drip and fill
A yellow pond with muddy rain,
Beneath the shaggy southern hill
Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.
And hark! the trodden branches crack;
A crow flaps off with startled scream;
A straying woodchuck canters back;
A bittern rises from the stream;
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;
An otter plunges in the pool;—
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,
The parson on his brindled bull!

1774

The streets are thronged with trampling feet,
The northern hill is ridged with graves,
But night and morn the drum is beat
To frighten down the "rebel knaves."
The stones of King Street still are red,
And yet the bloody red-coats come:
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,
The click of steel, the tap of drum,

And over all the open green,
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets shine.
The clouds are dark with crimson rain
Above the murderous hirelings' den,
And soon their whistling showers shall stain
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

1869

Around the green, in morning light,
The spired and palaced summits blaze,
And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays;
They span the waves, they belt the plains,
They skirt the roads with bands of white,
Till with a flash of gilded panes
Yon farthest hillside bounds the sight.
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer view,
Though with the wild-bird's restless wings
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue
Or chased the moonlight's endless rings!
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands
His holiest memory to recall,
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands;
He led our sires who won them all!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From *An Ode in Time of Hesitation* ~ ~*(Boston)*

(Written after seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted Negro Regiment, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts.)

I

BEFORE the living bronze Saint-Gaudens made
Most fit to thrill the passer's heart with awe,
And set it here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
This bright March morn I stand
And hear the distant spring come up the land;
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard
Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
The land they died to save from death and shame
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great
name,
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are
stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of people go
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show
No hint of green; but to my listening heart
The still earth doth impart
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,

And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
That love at last has might upon the skies.
The ice is runneled on the little pond;
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;
The air is touched with southland spiceries,
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
Of pendent mosses where the live oaks grow
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
Or had its will among the fruits and vines
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children laugh in
glee,
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
Go honking northward over Tennessee;
West from Oswego to Sault Saint-Marie,
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Molding her mighty fates,
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;
And, like a larger sea, the vital green
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
Over Dakota and the prairie states.

By desert people immemorial
On Arizonian mesas shall be done
Dim rites to the thunder and the sun;
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
More splendid, when the white Sierras call
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
Clashing their windy cedars as for shawms,
Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward
 creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep
And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met,—
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them, let them be
 sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?

Must I be humble, then,
Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured
men;
By loving much the land for which they died
I would be justified.
My spirit was away on pinions wide
To soothe in praise of her its passionate
mood
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
On me and the companions of my day.
I would remember now
My country's godliness, make sweet her name.
Alas! what shade art thou
Of sorrow or of blame
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

William Vaughn Moody.

The Dorchester Giant ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Boston)

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he:
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then;
They did not talk of rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with
plums,
As big as the State House dome;
Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
The boys and their mother set up a shout;
Said he, "You're in and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It is not for me to show;
There is many a thing that's twice as queer,
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those loved ones doing now,
The wife and children sad?
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,
And all over Milton and Dorchester too
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw,
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
For ages have floated by;
The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
And every plum is turned to stone,
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
You'll ask me out to ride,
The whole of the story I will tell,
And you may see where the puddings fell,
And pay for the punch beside.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From *The Washington Elm**(Cambridge)*

* * * * *

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between furl off: I seem to see
The sun-flecks, shaken the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue,
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the
dead.

O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men !
The winged years, that winnow praise and blame,
Blow many names out: they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

James Russell Lowell.

From *An Indian Summer Reverie**(The Charles River)*

BELOW, the Charles—a stripe of nether sky,
Now hid by rounded apple-trees between,
Whose gaps the misplaced sail sweeps bellying by,
Now flickering golden through a woodland
screen,

Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond,
A silver circle like an inland pond—
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and
green.

Dear marshes ! vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare;
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders rare.

In Spring they lie one broad expanse of green,
O'er which the light winds run with glimmering
feet:
Here, yellower stripes track out the creek
unseen,
There, darker growths o'er hidden ditches meet;
And purpler stains show where the blossoms
crowd,
As if the silent shadow of a cloud
Hung there becalmed, with the next breath to fleet.

All round, upon the river's slippery edge,
Witching to deeper calm the drowsy tide,
Whispers and leans the breeze-entangling
sedge;

Through emerald glooms the lingering waters
slide,
Or, sometimes wavering, throw back the
sun,
And the stiff banks in eddies melt and run
Of dimpling light, and with the current seem to
glide.

In Summer 'tis a blithesome sight to see,
As, step by step, with measured swing, they
pass,
The wide-ranked mowers wading to the knee,
Their sharp scythes panting through the thick-
set grass;
Then, stretched beneath a rick's shade in a
ring,
Their nooning take, while one begins to sing,
A stave that droops and dies 'neath the close sky
of brass.

Meanwhile that devil-may-care, the bobolink,
Remembering duty, in mid quaver stops
Just ere he sweeps o'er rapture's tremulous
brink,
And 'twixt the windrows most demurely drops,
A decorous bird of business, who provides
For his brown mate and fledglings six besides,
And looks from right to left, a farmer mid his
crops.

Another change subdues them in the Fall,
But saddens not; they still show merrier tints,
Though sober russet seems to cover all;
When the first sunshine through their dew-
drops glints,
Look how the yellow clearness, streamed
across,
Redeems with rarer hues the season's loss,
As Dawn's feet there had touched and left their
rosy prints.

Or come when sunset gives its freshened zest,
Lean o'er the bridge and let the ruddy thrill,
While the shorn sun swells down the hazy
west,
Glow opposite;—the marshes drink their fill
And swoon with purple veins, then slowly
fade
Through pink to brown, as eastward moves
the shade,
Lengthening with stealthy creep, of Simond's
darkening hill.

Later, and yet ere Winter wholly shuts,
Ere through the first dry snow the runner
grates,
And the loath cart-wheel screams in slippery
ruts,
While firmer ice the eager boy awaits,

Trying each buckle and strap beside the fire,
And until bedtime plays with his desire,
Twenty times putting on and off his new-bought
skates;—

Then, every morn, the river's banks shine
bright
With smooth plate-armor, treacherous and frail,
By the frost's clinking hammers forged at
night,
'Gainst which the lances of the sun prevail,
Giving a pretty emblem of the day
When guiltier arms in light shall melt away,
And states shall move free-limbed, loosed from
war's cramping mail.

And now those waterfalls the ebbing river
Twice every day creates on either side
Tinkle, as through their fresh-sparred grots
they shiver
In grass-arched channels to the sun denied;
High flaps in sparkling blue the far-heard
crow,
The silvered flats gleam frostily below,
Suddenly drops the gull and breaks the glassy tide.

But crowned in turn by vying seasons three,
Their winter halo hath a fuller ring;
This glory seems to rest immovably,—
The others were too fleet and vanishing;

When the hid tide is at its highest flow,
O'er marsh and stream one breathless trance
of snow
With brooding fullness awes and hushes every-
thing.

The sunshine seems blown off by the bleak
wind,
As pale as formal candles lit by day;
Gropes to the sea the river dumb and blind;
The brown ricks, snow-thatched by the storm
in play,
Show pearly breakers combing o'er their lee,
White crests as of some just enchanted sea,
Checked in their maddest leap and hanging poised
midway.

But when the eastern blow, with rain aslant,
From mid-sea's prairies green and rolling plains
Drives in his wallowing herds of billows
gaunt,
And the roused Charles remembers in his veins
Old Ocean's blood and snaps his gyves of
frost,
That tyrannous silence on the shores is tost
In dreary wreck, and crumbling desolation reigns.

* * * * *

James Russell Lowell.

The Bells of Lynn



Heard at Nahant

(Lynn)

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells of
Lynn !

O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral
wafted,

Your sounds aerial seem to float, O Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening-wind across the crimson
twilight,

O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O Bells of
Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out beyond the
headland,

Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O Bells of Lynn !

Over the shining sands the wandering cattle
homeward

Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming
signal

Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells
of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous
surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of
Lynn !

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incan-
tations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of
Lynn !
And startled at the sight, like the weird woman of
Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn !
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Swan Song of Parson Avery ~ ~
(Marblehead)

WHEN the reaper's task was ended, and the
summer wearing late,
Parson Avery sailed from Newbury, with his wife
and children eight,
Dropping down the river-harbor in the shallop
"Watch and Wait."

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer-
morn,
With the newly planted orchards dropping their
fruits first-born,
And the homesteads like green islands amid a sea
of corn.

Broad meadows reached out seaward the tided
creeks between,
And hills rolled wave-like inland, with oaks and
walnuts green;—
A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eyes had never
seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away where duty
led,
And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the
living bread
To the souls of fishers starving on the rocks of
Marblehead.

All day they sailed: at nightfall the pleasant land-
breeze died,
The blackening sky, at midnight, its starry lights
denied,
And far and low the thunder of tempest prophe-
sied !

Blotted out were all the coast-lines, gone were
rock and wood and sand;
Grimly anxious stood the skipper with the rudder
in his hand,
And questioned of the darkness what was sea and
what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled
round him, weeping sore:
"Never heed, my little children ! Christ is walking
on before
To the pleasant land of heaven, where the sea shall
be no more."

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain
drawn aside,
To let down the torch of lightning on the terror
far and wide;
And the thunder and the whirlwind together
smote the tide.

There was wailing in the shallop, woman's wail
and man's despair,
A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp
and bare,
And, through it all, the murmur of Father Avery's
prayer.

From his struggle in the darkness with the wild
waves and the blast,
On a rock, where every billow broke above him as
it passed,
Alone, of all his household, the man of God was
cast.

There a comrade heard him praying, in the pause
of wave and wind:

"All my own have gone before me, and I linger
just behind;
Not for life I ask, but only for the rest thy ran-
somed find!"

* * * *

The ear of God was open to his servant's last
request;
As the strong wave swept him downward the sweet
hymn upward pressed,
And the soul of Father Avery went, singing, to its
rest.

There was wailing on the mainland, from the rocks
of Marblehead;
In the stricken church of Newbury the notes of
prayer were read;
And long, by board and hearthstone, the living
mourned the dead.

And still the fishers outbound, or scudding from
the squall,
With grave and reverent faces, the ancient tale
recall,
When they see the white waves breaking on the
Rock of Avery's Fall !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Skipper Ireson's Ride ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Marblehead)

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,

Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang
Over and over the Mænads sang:

“Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead !”

Small pity for him !—He sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck !
“Lay by ! lay by !” they called to him.
Back he answered, “Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again !”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be !

What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
"Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors !" at last he cried,—
"What to me is this noisy ride ?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within ?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck !
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead !
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him ! — why should
we ? "
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run ! "
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From Giles Corey of the Salem Farms *(Salem)*

PROLOGUE

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest
hearts,—

These are our theme to-night; and vaguely here,
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere

We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past.

Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—
Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain
and breast

The benediction of unbroken rest,—
Who would believe such deeds could find a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?

'Twas but a village then: the goodman plowed
His ample acres under sun or cloud;
The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun;

The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God;
And who believed devoutly in the Powers
Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the dead.

Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame,"
Saith the old Chronicle, "the Devil came;
Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts !
And 'tis no wonder; for, with all his host,
There most he rages where he hateth most,
And is most hated; so on us he brings
All these stupendous and portentous things ! "

Something of this our scene to-night will show;
And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe,
Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
Was but the common madness of the time,
When in all lands, that lie within the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or drowned.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Salem ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

SWIFT fly the years. Too swift, alas !

A full half-century has flown,
Since, through these gardens fair and pastures
 lone

And down the busy street,
Or 'neath the elms whose shadows soft are thrown
 Upon the common's trampled grass,
 Pattered my childish feet.

Gone are the happy games we played as boys !
Gone the glad shouts, the free and careless joys,
The fights, the feuds, the friendships that we had,
And all the trivial things that had the power,
When Youth was in its early flower,
 To make us sad or glad !

Gone the familiar faces that we knew,
Silent the voices that once thrilled us through,
 And ghosts are everywhere !

They peer from every window-pane,
From every alley, street, and lane

 They whisper on the air.
They haunt the meadows green and wide,
The garden-walk, the river-side,
The beating mill adust with meal,
The rope-walk with its whirring wheel,
The elm grove on the sunny ridge,
The rattling draw, the echoing bridge;
The lake on which we used to float
What time the blue jay screamed his note,

The voiceful pines that ceaselessly
Breathed back their answer to the sea,
The school-house, where we learned to spell,
The church, the solemn-sounding bell,—

All, all, are full of them.

Where'er we turn, howe'er we go,
Ever we hear their voices dim
That sing to us as in a dream
The song of "Long ago."

Ah me, how many an autumn day
We watched with palpitating breast
Some stately ship, from India or Cathay,
Laden with spicy odors from the East,
Come sailing up the bay !
Unto our youthful hearts elate
What wealth beside their real freight
Of rich material things they bore !
Ours were Arabian cargoes, fair,
Mysterious, exquisite, and rare;
From far romantic lands built out of air
On an ideal shore
Sent by Aladdin, Camaralzaman,
Morgiana, or Badoura, or the Khan.
Treasures of Sindbad, vague and wondrous things
Beyond the reach of aught but Youth's imaginings.

* * * * *

How oft half-fearfully we prowled
Around those gabled houses, quaint and old,

Whose legends, grim and terrible,
Of witch and ghost that used in them to dwell,
Around the twilight fire were told;
While huddled close with anxious ear
We heard them, quivering with fear,
And, if the daylight half o'ercame the spell,
'Twas with a lingering dread
We oped the door and touched the stinging bell
In the dark shop that led,
For some had fallen under time's disgrace,
To meaner uses and a lower place.
But as we heard it ring, our hearts' quick pants
Almost were audible;
For with its sound it seemed to rouse the dead,
And wake some ghost from out the dusky haunts
Where faint the daylight fell.

Upon the sunny wharves how oft
Within some dim secluded loft
We played, and dreamed the livelong day,
And all the world was ours in play;
We cared not, let it slip away,
And let the sandy hour-glass run,
Time is so long, and life so long
When it has just begun.

William Wetmore Story.

Hannah Binding Shoes ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Beverly)

POOR lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes.
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos:
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons:—
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Lucy Larcom.

Skipper Ben ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Beverly)

SAILING away !

Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray !
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind;
For a vision comes on the rising wind,
Of a gentle face, that he leaves behind,
And a heart that throbs through the fog-bank dim,
Thinking of him.

Far into night

He watches the gleam of the lessening light
Fixed on the dangerous island height,
That bars the harbor he loves from sight.
And he wishes, at dawn, he could tell the tale
Of how they had weathered the southwest gale,
To brighten the cheek that had grown so pale
With a wakeful night among specters grim,—
Terrors for him.

Yo-heave-yo !

Here's the Bank where the fishermen go.
Over the schooner's sides they throw
Tackle and bait to the deeps below.
And Skipper Ben in the water sees,
When its ripples curl to the light land breeze,
Something that stirs like his apple-trees;

And two soft eyes that beneath them swim,
Lifted to him.

Hear the wind roar,
And the rain through the slit sails tear and pour!
"Steady ! we'll scud by the Cape Ann shore,
Then hark to the Beverly bells once more !"
And each man worked with the will of ten;
While up in the rigging, now and then,
The lightning glared in the face of Ben,
Turned to the black horizon's rim,
Scowling on him.

Into his brain
Burned with the iron of hopeless pain,
Into thoughts that grapple, and eyes that strain,
Pierces the memory, cruel and vain !
Never again shall he walk at ease,
Under his blossoming apple-trees,
That whisper and sway to the sunset breeze,
While the soft eyes float where the sea-gulls skim,
Gazing with him.

How they went down
Never was known in the still old town.
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night,—
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light

That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,
Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells !
His was the anguish a moment tells,—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a lifelong woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

Lucy Larcom.

The Light-Houses ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(Baker's Island)

TWO pale sisters, all alone,
On an island bleak and bare,
Listening to the breakers' moan,
Shivering in the chilly air;
Looking inland towards a hill,
On whose top one aged tree
Wrestles with the storm-wind's will,
Rushing, wrathful, from the sea.

Two dim ghosts at dusk they seem,
Side by side, so white and tall,
Sending one long, hopeless gleam
Down the horizon's darkened wall.
Specters, strayed from plank or spar,
With a tale none lives to tell,

Gazing at the town afar,
Where unconscious widows dwell.

Two white angels of the sea,
Guiding wave-worn wanderers home;
Sentinels of hope they be,
Drenched with sleet, and dashed with foam,
Standing there in loneliness,
Fireside joys for men to keep;
Through the midnight slumberless
That the quiet shore may sleep.

Two bright eyes awake all night
To the fierce moods of the sea;
Eyes that only close when light
Dawns on lonely hill and tree.
O kind watchers ! teach us, too,
Steadfast courage, sufferance long !
Where an eye is turned to you,
Should a human heart grow strong.

Lucy Larcom.

The Wreck of the Hesperus



(*Gloucester*)

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hand, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Gloucester Moors ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(East Gloucester)

A MILE behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farms begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew
Long in the boulder's shade.

Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove
Beach-peas blossom late.
By copse and cliff the swallows rove,
Each calling to his mate.
Seaward the sea-gulls go,
And the land-birds all are here;
That green-gold flash was a vireo,
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place
We landsmen build upon;
From deep to deep she varies pace,
And while she comes is gone.
Beneath my feet I feel
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;
With velvet plunge and soft upreel
She swings and steadies to her keel
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,
The sun is her masthead light,
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.

Now hid, now looming clear,
On the face of the dangerous blue
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,
But on, but on does the old earth steer
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God ! Does she know her port,
Though she goes so far about ?
Or blind astray, does she make her sport
To brazen and chance it out ?
I watched when her captains passed:
She were better captainless.
Men in the cabin, before the mast,
But some were reckless and some aghast,
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught
Sounds from the noisome hold,—
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught
And cries too sad to be told.
Then I strove to go down and see;
But they said, "Thou art not of us !"
I turned to those on the deck with me
And cried, "Give help !" But they said, "Let
be:
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker-maid,

The alder-clump where the brook comes through
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin !
Who has given to me this sweet,
And given my brother dust to eat ?
And when will his wage come in ?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,
Yellow and white and brown,
Boats and boats from the fishing banks
Come home to Gloucester town.
There is cash to purse and spend,
There are wives to be embraced,
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—
O little sails, make haste !

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,
What harbor town for thee ?
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,
Shall crowd the banks to see ?
Shall all the happy shipmates then
Stand singing brotherly ?
Or shall a haggard ruthless few
Warp her over and bring her to,
While the many broken souls of men
Fester down in the slaver's pen,
And nothing to say or do ?

William Vaughn Moody.

From *The Garrison of Cape Ann* ~ ~ ~

(*Cape Ann*)

WHERE the sea-waves back and forward,
hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray
rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and pali-
sade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moon-
light overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and
eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with
breakers stretching north,—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged
caples, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and
gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by
dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited, with their mus-
kets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison
haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from
beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together, — talked of
wizards Satan-sold;
Of all ghostly sights and noises,—signs and won-
ders manifold;
Of the specter-ship of Salem, with the dead men in
her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of
morning clouds;
Of the marvelous valley hidden in the depths of
Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer,—blossoms of
warmer latitudes;
Where the Arctic birch is braided by the tropic's
flowery vines,
And the white magnolia-blossoms star the twilight
of the pines !
But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky
tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of
evil near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim
of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mold of
mortals run !
Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from
the midnight wood they came,—
Thrice around the block-house marching, met,
unharm'd, its volleyed flame;

Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in
earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moonlit
sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a
dusky mass that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly
marching in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the captain, "thus I
foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button, from his doublet,
down his gun.

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded
wall about;
Once again the leveled muskets through the pali-
sades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top
might not shun
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant
wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless
shower of lead.
With a laugh of fierce derision, once again the
phantoms fled;

Once again, without a shadow on the sands the
moonlight lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted
slowly down the bay !

“God preserve us !” said the captain; “never
mortal foes were there;
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and
Power of the air !
Lay aside your useless weapons; skill and prowess
naught avail;
They who do the Devil’s service wear their mas-
ter’s coat of mail !”

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a
warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round
the dusky hall:
And they looked to flint and priming, and they
longed for break of day;
But the captain closed his Bible: “Let us cease
from man, and pray !”

To the men who went before us, all the unseen
powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its
roots in holy fear.

Every hand forsook the musket, every head was
 bowed and bare,
 Every stout knee pressed the flag-stones, as the
 captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spec-
 ters round the wall,
 But a sound abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears
 and hearts of all,—
 Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish ! Never
 after mortal man
 Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the
 block-house of Cape Ann.

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Ipswich Town ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I LOVE to think of old Ipswich town—
 Old Ipswich town in the East Countree !
 Where on the tide you can drift down
 Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea.
 Where the Mayflower found, long years ago,
 A hissing bar and an angry lee;
 And dared not enter, but sailed away
 Till she landed her boats in Plymouth Bay !

I love to think of old Ipswich town,
 Where Whitefield preached in the church on the hill,
 And drove out the Devil, 'till he leaped down
 From the steeple's top, and they show you still

Imbedded deep in the solid rock
The indelible print of his iron hoof,
And tell you the Devil has never shown
Face or hoof, since that day, in the honest town!

I love to think of old Ipswich town.
That house to your right, a rod or more,
Where the stern old elm trees seem to frown
If you peer too hard through the open door,
Sheltered the Regicide Judges three
When the Royal Sheriffs were after them:
And a queer old villager once I met
Who swears in the cellar they're living yet !

I love to think of old Ipswich town.
Harry Main, so the legend runs, lived there !
He blasphemed God, so they sent him down
With an iron shovel, to Ipswich bar:
They chained him there for a thousand years
When the sea rolls in to shovel it back:
So—when the sea cries—the people say
“Harry Main growls at his work to-day.”

I love to think of old Ipswich town—
Where they locked up the witches until the day
When they should be roasted so thoroughly
brown
In Salem village, twelve miles away !
They've moved it off for a stable now,
But there are the holes where the stout gaol stood,

And at night they say—that over the holes
You can see the ghost of Goody Cowles !

I love to think of old Ipswich town—
Of its saddest lore is the ancient lay
Of Heartbreak Hill and its poetry—
And how human hearts are the same away !
She sat on its crest and watched the sea,
She was a savage, but she was true,
But an English sailor his word betrayed
And he broke the heart of an Indian maid !

I love to think of old Ipswich town !
There's a graveyard up on the old High Street
Whence ten generations are looking down
On the one that is toiling at their feet:
Where the stones stand shoulder to shoulder, like
troops

Drawn up to receive a cavalry charge;
And graves have been dug in graves—till the sod
Is the mold of good men gone to God !

I love to think of old Ipswich town,
Old Ipswich town in the East Countree !
Where on the tide you can drift down
Through the long salt grass to the wailing sea !
And lie all day on the glassy beach
And guess the lesson the green waves teach !
Till at sunset, from surf and seaweed brown
You are pulling back to Ipswich town !

James Appleton Morgan.

Heartbreak Hill ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Ipswich)

IN Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart; keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by":
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep;
Slowly the empty moments crept
While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken;
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock heap of Boone Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar,—
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning-red to the evening star !

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that
rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's
cold !

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild boding cry,
She was weary of all; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas ?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories.

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till the twilight shrouded it, cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back ! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill-top her life away,
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.

From *The School-Boy* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Andover*)

MY cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the Academic town:
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.

I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden-plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still;
Two, creased with age,—or what I then called
age,—

Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;
One a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet
As the first snow-drop which the sunbeams greet;
One the last nursling's; slight she was, and fair,
Her smooth white forehead warmed with auburn
hair.

* * * * *

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come
To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;
Good-by!" "Goo-ood-by!" one fond maternal
kiss.

Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this?
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away,—
Too old to let my watery grief appear,—
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

* * * * *

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
"Youth is life's seed-time"; so the clock-face
said;

Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed,—
Sowed—their wild oats, and reaped as they had
sowed.

How all comes back! the upward slanting
floor,—
The masters' thrones that flank the central
door,—

The long, outstretching alleys that divide
The rows of desks that stand on either side,—
The staring boys, a face to every desk,
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying
cares;

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His most of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Double-headed Snake of Newbury

(*Newbury*)

"Concerning ye Amphibæna, as soon as I received your commands, I made diligent inquiry: . . . he assures me y^t had really two heads, one at each end; two mouths, two stings or tongues." — REV. CHRISTOPHER TOPPAN TO COTTON MATHER.

FAR away in the twilight time
 Of every people, in every clime,
 Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,
 Born of water and air and fire,
 Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud
 And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,
 Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,
 Through dusk tradition and ballad age.
 So from the childhood of Newbury town
 And its time of fable the tale comes down
 Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,
 The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake !

Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,
 Consider that strip of Christian earth
 On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,
 Full of terror and mystery,
 Half redeemed from the evil hold
 Of the wood so dreary and dark and old,
 Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew
 When Time was young, and the world was new,
 And wove its shadows with sun and moon,
 Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn.

Think of the sea's dread monotone,
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,
Of the strange, vast splendors that lit the
 North,
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,
And the dismal tales the Indian told,
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,
And above, below, and on every side,
The fear of his creed seemed verified;—
And think, if his lot were now thine own,
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,
How laxer muscle and weaker nerve
And a feebler faith thy need might serve;
And own to thyself the wonder more
That the snake had two heads, and not a score!

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen
Or the gray earth-flax of the Devil's Den,
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,
Nothing on record is left to show;
Only the fact that he lived, we know,
And left the cast of a double head
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.
For he carried a head where his tail should be,
And the two, of course, could never agree,

But wriggled about with main and might,
Now to the left and now to the right;
Pulling and twisting this way and that,
Neither knew what the other was at.

A snake with two heads, lurking so near !—
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !
Think what ancient gossips might say,
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !
How urchins, searching at day's decline
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,
The terrible double-ganger heard
In leafy rustle or whirl of bird !
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,
In berry-time, of the younger sort,
As over pastures blackberry-twined,
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,
The maiden clung to her lover's arm;
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,
Like a snowball growing while it rolled.
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry;
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,
To paint the primitive serpent by.

Cotton Mather came galloping down
All the way to Newbury town,
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,
And his marvelous inkhorn at his side;
Stirring the while in the shallow pool
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,
To garnish the story, with here a streak
Of Latin, and there another of Greek:
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?

Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.
If the snake does not, the tale runs still
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.
And still, whenever husband and wife
Publish the shame of their daily strife,
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain
At either end of the marriage-chain,
The gossips say, with a knowing shake
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!
One in body and two in will,
The Amphisbæna is living still !"

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall ~ ~ ~

(Newbury)

1697

UP and down the village streets
Strange are the forms my fancy meets,
For the thoughts and things of to-day are hid,
And through the veil of a closed lid
The ancient worthies I see again:
I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
And his awful periwig I see,
And the silver buckles of shoe and knee.
Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness wrought
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
Yet, touched and softened nevertheless
With the grace of Christian gentleness,
The face that a child would climb to kiss!
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.

* * * * *

I see, far southward, this quiet day,
The hills of Newbury rolling away,
With the many tints of the season gay
Dreamily blending in autumn mist
Crimson and gold and amethyst.

Long and low, with dwarf trees crowned,
Plum Island lies, like a whale aground,
A stone's toss over the narrow sound.
Inland, as far as the eye can go,
The hills curve round like a bended bow;
A silver arrow from out them sprung,
I see the shine of the Quasycung;
And, round and round, over valley and hill,
Old roads winding, as old roads will,
Here to a ferry, and there to a mill;
And glimpses of chimneys and gabled eaves,
Through green elm arches and maple leaves,—
Old homesteads sacred to all that can
Gladden or sadden the heart of man,—
Over whose thresholds of oak and stone
Life and Death have come and gone !
There pictured tiles in the fireplace show,
Great beams sag from the ceiling low,
The dresser glitters with polished wares,
The long clock ticks on the foot-worn stairs,
And the low, broad chimney shows the crack
By the earthquake made a century back.
Up from their midst springs the village spire
With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
Beyond are orchards and planting lands
And great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
And, where north and south the coast-lines
run,
The blink of the sea in breeze and sun !

I see it all like a chart unrolled,
But my thoughts are full of the past and old;
I hear the tales of my boyhood told,
And the shadows and shapes of early days
Flit dimly by in the veiling haze,
With measured movement and rhythmic chime
Weaving like shuttles my web of rhyme.
I think of the old man wise and good
Who once on yon misty hillsides stood,
(A poet who never measured rhyme,
A seer unknown to his dull-eared time,)
And, propped on his staff of age, looked down,
With his boyhood's love, on his native town,
Where, written, as if on its hills and plains,
His burden of prophecy yet remains,
For the voices of wood and wave and wind
To read in the ear of the musing mind:—

“As long as Plum Island, to guard the coast
As God appointed, shall keep its post;
As long as a salmon shall haunt the deep
Of Merrimac River, or sturgeon leap;
As long as pickerel swift and slim,
Or red-backed perch, in Crane Pond swim;
As long as the annual sea-fowl know
Their time to come and their time to go;
As long as cattle shall roam at will
The green, grass meadows by Turkey Hill;
As long as sheep shall look from the side
Of Oldtown Hill on marishes wide,

And Parker River, and salt-sea tide;
As long as a wandering pigeon shall search
The fields below from his white-oak perch,
When the barley-harvest is ripe and shorn,
And the dry husks fall from the standing corn;
As long as Nature shall not grow old,
Nor drop her work from her doting hold,
And her care for the Indian corn forget,
And the yellow rows in pairs to set;—
So long shall Christians here be born,
Grow up and ripen as God's sweet corn !—
By the beak of bird, by the breath of frost,
Shall never a holy ear be lost,
But, husked by Death in the Planter's sight,
Be sown again in the fields of light !”
The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds
On hillside berries and marish seeds,—
All the beautiful signs remain,
From spring-time sowing to autumn rain
The good man's vision returns again !
And let us hope, as well we can,
That the Silent Angel who garners man
May find some grain as of old he found
In the human cornfield ripe and sound,
And the Lord of the Harvest deign to own
The precious seed by the fathers sown !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Preacher

*(Newburyport)*

ITS windows flashing to the sky,
Beneath a thousand roofs of brown,
Far down the vale, my friend and I
Beheld the old and quiet town:
The ghostly sails that out at sea
Flapped their white wings of mystery,
The beaches glimmering in the sun,
And the low wooded capes that run
Into the sea-mist north and south;
The sand-bluffs at the river's mouth;
The swinging chain-bridge, and, afar,
The foam-line of the harbor-bar.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes !

Awhile my friend with rapid search
O'erran the landscape. "Yonder spire
Over gray roofs, a shaft of fire;

What is it, pray ? ” “ The Whitefield Church !
Walled about by its basement stones,
There rest the marvelous prophet's bones.”
Then as our homeward way we walked,
Of the great preacher's life we talked;
And through the mystery of our theme
The outward glory seemed to stream,
And Nature's self interpreted
The doubtful record of the dead;
And every level beam that smote
The sails upon the dark afloat,
A symbol of the light became
Which touched the shadows of our blame
With tongues of Pentecostal flame.

* * * *

Under the church of Federal Street,
Under the tread of its Sabbath feet,
Walled about by its basement stones,
Lie the marvelous preacher's bones.
No saintly honors to them are shown,
No sign nor miracle have they known;
But he who passes the ancient church
Stops in the shade of its belfry-porch,
And ponders the wonderful life of him
Who lies at rest in that charnel dim.
Long shall the traveler strain his eye
From the railroad car, as it plunges by,
And the vanishing town behind him search
For the slender spire of the Whitefield Church;

And feel for one moment the ghosts of trade
 And fashion, and folly and pleasure laid,
 By the thought of that life of pure intent,
 That voice of warning yet eloquent,
 Of one on the errands of angels sent.
 And if where he labored the flood of sin
 Like a tide from the harbor-bar sets in,
 And over a life of time and sense
 The church-spires lift their vain defense,
 As if to scatter the bolts of God
 With the points of Calvin's thunder-rod,—
 Still, as the gem of its civic crown,
 Precious beyond the world's renown,
 His memory hallows the ancient town !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Beaver Brook ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Waverly*)

HUSHED with broad sunlight lies the hill,
 And, minuting the long day's loss,
 The cedar's shadow, slow and still,
 Creeps o'er its dial of gray moss.

Warm noon brims full the valley's cup,
 The aspen's leaves are scarce astir;
 Only the little mill sends up
 Its busy, never-ceasing burr.

Climbing the loose-piled wall that hems
The road along the mill-pond's brink,
From 'neath the arching barberry-stems,
My footstep scares the shy chewink.

Beneath a bony buttonwood
The mill's red door lets forth the din;
The whitened miller, dust-imbued,
Flits past the square of dark within.

No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will.

Swift slips Undine along the race
Unheard, and then, with flashing bound,
Floods the dull wheel with light and grace,
And, laughing, hunts the loath drudge round.

The miller dreams not at what cost
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,
Nor how for every turn are tost
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes
With drops of some celestial juice,
To see how Beauty underlies
Forevermore each form of Use.

And more: methought I saw that flood,
Which now so dull and darkling steals,
Thick, here and there, with human blood,
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there,
Shut in our several cells, do we
Know with what waste of beauty rare
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come
When this fine overplus of might,
No longer sullen, slow, and dumb,
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the Earth
Life of itself shall dance and play,
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make mirth,
And labor meet delight half-way.

James Russell Lowell.

A Song for Lexington ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Lexington*)

THE spring came earlier on
Than usual that year;
The shadiest snow was gone,
The slowest brook was clear,
And warming in the sun
Shy flowers began to peer.

'Twas more like middle May,
The earth so seemed to thrive,
That Nineteenth April day
Of Seventeen Seventy-Five;
Winter was well away,
New England was alive !

Alive and sternly glad !
Her doubts were with the snow;
Her courage, long forbade,
Ran full to overflow;
And every hope she had
Began to bud and grow.

She rose betimes that morn,
For there was work to do;
A planting, not of corn,
Of what she hardly knew,—
Blessings for men unborn;
And well she did it too !

With open hand she stood,
And sowed for all the years,
And watered it with blood,
And watered it with tears,
The seed of quickening food
For both the hemispheres.

This was the planting done
That April morn of fame;

Honor to every one
To that seed-field that came !
Honor to Lexington,
Our first immortal name !

Robert Kelley Weeks.

Brook Farm ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(Concord)

BROOK FARM, April 13, 1841.

HERE I am in a polar Paradise ! I know not how to interpret this aspect of nature,—whether it be of good or evil omen to our enterprise. But I reflect that the Plymouth pilgrims arrived in the midst of storm, and stepped ashore upon mountain snow-drifts; and, nevertheless, they prospered, and became a great people,—and doubtless it will be the same with us. I laud my stars, however, that you will not have your first impressions of (perhaps) our future home from such a day as this. . . .

Through faith, I persist in believing that Spring and Summer will come in their due season; but the unregenerated man shivers within me, and suggests a doubt whether I may not have wandered within the precincts of the Arctic circle, and chosen my heritage among everlasting snows. . . . I have not yet taken my first lessons in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered, yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own; and

the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk-pail. . . . I intend to convert myself into a milk-maid this evening, but I pray that Mr. Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindest cow in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling.

I like my brethren in affliction very well; and, could you see us sitting round our table at meal-times, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Musketaquid ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Concord)

BECAUSE I was content with these poor fields,
Low, open meads, slender and sluggish
streams,
And found a home in haunts which others scorned,
The partial wood-gods overpaid my love,
And granted me the freedom of their state,
And in their secret senate have prevailed
With the dear, dangerous lords that rule our life,
Made moon and planets parties to their bond,
And through my rock-like, solitary wont
Shot million rays of thought and tenderness.

For me, in showers, in sweeping showers, the
spring

Visits the valley; break away the clouds,—
I bathe in the morn's soft and silvered air,
And loiter willing by yon loitering stream.
Sparrows far off, and nearer, April's bird,
Blue-coated, flying before from tree to tree,
Courageous, sing a delicate overture
To lead the tardy concert of the year.
Onward and nearer rides the sun of May;
And wide around, the marriage of the plants
Is sweetly solemnized. Then flows amain
The surge of summer's beauty; dell and crag,
Hollow and lake, hillside, and pine arcade,
Are touched with genius. Yonder ragged cliff
Has thousand faces in a thousand hours.
Beneath low hills, in the broad interval
Through which at will our Indian rivulet
Winds mindful still of sannup and of squaw,
Whose pipe and arrow oft the plow unburies,
Here in pine houses built of new-fallen trees,
Supplanters of the tribe, the farmers dwell.
Traveler, to thee, perchance, a tedious road,
Or, it may be, a picture; to these men,
The landscape is an armory of powers,
Which, one by one, they know to draw and use.
They harness beast, bird, insect, to their work;
They prove the virtues of each bed of rock,
And, like the chemist mid his loaded jars,

Draw from each stratum its adapted use
To drug their crops or weapon their arts withal.
They turn the frost upon their chemic heap,
They set the wind to winnow pulse and grain,
They thank the spring-flood for its fertile slime,
Earlier, on cheap summit-levels of the snow,
Slide with the sledge to inaccessible woods
O'er meadows bottomless. So, year by year,
They fight the elements with elements,
(That one would say, meadow and forest walked,
Transmuted in these men to rule their like,)
And by the order in the field disclose
The order regnant in the yeoman's brain.

What these strong masters wrote at large in
miles

I followed in small copy in my acre;
For there's no rood has not a star above it;
The cordial quality of pear or plum
Ascends as gladly in a single tree
As in broad orchards resonant with bees;
And every atom poises for itself,
And for the whole. The gentle deities
Showed me the lore of colors and of sounds,
The innumerable tenements of beauty,
The miracle of generative force,
Far-reaching concords of astronomy
Felt in the plants, and in the punctual birds:
Better, the linked purpose of the whole,

And, chiefest prize, found I true liberty
In the glad home plain-dealing nature gave.
The polite found me impolite; the great
Would mortify me, but in vain; for still
I am a willow of the wilderness,
Loving the wind that bent me. All my hurts
My garden spade can heal. A woodland walk,
A quest of river-grapes, a mocking thrush,
A wild-rose, or rock-loving columbine,
Salve my worst wounds.
For thus the wood-gods murmured in my ear:
"Dost love our manners? Canst thou silent lie?
Canst thou, thy pride forgot, like nature pass
Into the winter night's extinguished mood?
Canst thou shine now, then darkle,
And being latent feel thyself no less?
As when the all-worshiped moon attracts the eye,
The river, hill, stems, foliage are obscure,
Yet envies none, none are unenviable."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Two Rivers ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Concord*)

THY summer voice, Musketaquit,
Repeats the music of the rain;
But sweeter rivers pulsing flit
Through thee, as thou through Concord Plain,

Thou in thy narrow banks art pent:
The stream I love unbounded goes
Through flood and sea and firmament;
Through light, through life, it forward flows.

I see the inundation sweet,
I hear the spending of the stream
Through years, through men, through nature
fleet,
Through love and thought, through power and
dream.

Musketaquit, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day.

So forth and brighter fares my stream,—
Who drink it shall not thirst again;
No darkness stains its equal gleam,
And ages drop in it like rain.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Thoreau's Flute ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Concord)

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,
But Music's airy voice is fled.

Spring mourns as for untimely frost;
The bluebird chants a requiem;
The willow-blossom waits for him;—
The Genius of the wood is lost.”

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,
There came a low, harmonious breath:
“For such as he there is no death;
His life the eternal life commands;
Above man’s aims his nature rose:
The wisdom of a just content
Made one small spot a continent,
And turned to poetry Life’s prose.

“Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
To him grew human or divine,—
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.
Such homage Nature ne’er forgets,
And yearly on the coverlid
’Neath which her darling lieth hid
Will write his name in violets.

“To him no vain regrets belong,
Whose soul, that finer instrument,
Gave to the world no poor lament,
But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.

O lonely friend ! he still will be
A potent presence, though unseen,—
Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:
Seek not for him,—he is with thee.”

Louisa May Alcott.

Walden Lake ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Concord*)

IT is not far beyond the village church,
After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
A lake,—the blue-eyed Walden, that doth smile
Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines;
And they, as if to recompense this love,
In double beauty spread their branches forth.
This lake has tranquil loveliness and breadth,
And, of late years, has added to its charms;
For one attracted to its pleasant edge
Has built himself a little hermitage,
Where with much piety he passes life.

More fitting place I cannot fancy now,
For such a man to let the line run off
The mortal reel,—such patience hath the lake,
Such gratitude and cheer is in the pines.
But more than either lake or forest's depths
This man has in himself: a tranquil man,
With sunny sides where well the fruit is ripe,
Good front and resolute bearing to this life,

And some serener virtues, which control
This rich exterior prudence,—virtues high,
That in the principles of things are set,
Great by their nature, and consigned to him,
Who, like a faithful merchant, does account
To God for what he spends, and in what way.
Thrice happy art thou, Walden, in thyself !
Such purity is in thy limpid springs,—
In those green shores which do reflect in thee,
And in this man who dwells upon thy edge,
A holy man within a hermitage.
May all good showers fall gently into thee,
May thy surrounding forests long be spared,
And may the dweller on thy tranquil marge
There lead a life of deep tranquillity,
Pure as thy waters, handsome as thy shores,
And with those virtues which are like the stars !

William Ellery Channing.

The Snow-Storm ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Concord)

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the
fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake or tree or door;
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage; naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Eliot's Oak ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Natick)

THOU ancient oak ! whose myriad leaves are
loud

With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd;
With some mysterious gift of tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect to each;
To me a language that no man can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

From *Tales of a Wayside Inn* . ~ ~ ~*(Sudbury)*

PRELUDE

ONE autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with firelight through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills !
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills;
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay;
Through the wide doors the breezes blow;
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.

Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust

Went rushing down the county road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Anne ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Sudbury Meetinghouse, 1653*)

HER eyes be like the violets,
Ablow in Sudbury lane;
When she doth smile, her face is sweet
As blossoms after rain;
With grief I think of my gray hairs,
And wish me young again.

In comes she through the dark old door
Upon this Sabbath day;
And she doth bring the tender wind
That sings in bush and tree;
And hints of all the apple boughs
That kissed her by the way.

Our parson stands up straight and tall,
For our dear souls to pray,
And of the place where sinners go
Some gruesome things doth say:
Now, she is highest Heaven to me;
So Hell is far away.

Most stiff and still the good folk sit
To hear the sermon through;
But if our God be such a God,
And if these things be true,
Why did He make her then so fair,
And both her eyes so blue ?

A flickering light, the sun creeps in,
And finds her sitting there;
And touches soft her lilac gown,
And soft her yellow hair;
I look across to that old pew,
And have both praise and prayer.

Oh, violets in Sudbury lane,
Amid the grasses green,
This maid who stirs ye with her feet
Is far more fair, I ween !
I wonder how my forty years
Look by her sweet sixteen !

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

Monadnock from Wachusett



(*Wachusett Mt.*)

I WOULD I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake

Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more far
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachusett laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear !

So twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our
back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest
hung.

With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the
gate
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry
weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they
swung,

The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings
clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we
took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
"Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!"
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank,
Doubling the night along our rugged road:
We felt that man was more than his abode,—
The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and
dim
Before the saintly soul, whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

To Wachusett ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WITH frontier strength ye stand your ground,
With grand content ye circle round,
Tumultuous silence for all sound,
Ye distant nursery of rills,
Monadnock, and the Peterboro' hills;
Like some vast fleet,
Sailing through rain and sleet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat;
Still holding on, upon your high emprise,
Until ye find a shore amid the skies;
Not skulking close to land,
With cargo contraband,
For they who sent a venture out by ye
Have set the sun to see
Their honesty.
Ships of line, each one,
Ye to the westward run,
Always before the gale,
Under a press of sail,
With a weight of metal all untold.
I seem to feel ye, in my firm seat here,
Immeasurable depth of hold,
And breadth of beam, and length of running gear.

* * * * *

But special I remember thee,
Wachusett, who like me
Standest alone without society.

Thy far blue eye,
A remnant of the sky,
Seen through the clearing or the gorge,
Or from the windows of the forge,
Doth leaven all it passes by.
Nothing is true,
But stands 'tween me and you,
Thou western pioneer,
Who know'st not shame nor fear,
By venturous spirit driven,
Under the eaves of heaven,
And canst expand thee there,
And breathe enough of air !
Upholding heaven, holding down earth,
Thy pastime from thy birth,
Not steadied by the one, nor leaning on the other;
May I approve myself thy worthy brother !

Henry David Thoreau.

The Arsenal at Springfield ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Springfield*)

THIS is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!

What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's
song,
And loud, amid the universal clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's
skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?

Were half the power, that fills the world with
terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and
courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts ;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace !"

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Lines on Revisiting the Country¹ ~ ~*(Cummings)*

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever restless feet of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved and spread in verdure and in light.

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains,—to behold
With deep affection the pure ample sky,
And clouds along its blue abysses rolled,—
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
 Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
 And, where the season's milder fervors beat,
 And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
 The song of bird, and sound of running stream,
 Am come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
 In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen.
 The maize leaf and the maple bough but take,
 From thy strong heats, a deeper, glossier green.
 The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
 Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind ! most spiritual thing of all
 The wide earth knows; when, in the sultry time,
 He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
 He seems the breath of a celestial clime !
 As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
 Health and refreshment on the world below.

William Cullen Bryant.

The Old Clock on the Stairs



(*Pittsfield*)

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours! jamais! Jamais! toujours!" — *Jacques Bridaine.*

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.
 Across its antique portico
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;

And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,

And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours ! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time !
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
“Forever—never !
Never—forever !”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;

And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never !

Never—forever !”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Rhyme of Tyingham ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Tyingham*)

DOWN in the meadow and up on the height
The breezes are blowing the willows white.
In the elms and maples the robins call,
And the great black crow sails over all
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

The river winds through the trees and the brake
And the meadow-grass like a shining snake;
And low in the summer and loud in the spring
The rapids and reaches murmur and sing
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

In the shadowy pools the trout are shy,
So creep to the bank and cast the fly !
What thrills and tremors the tense cords stir
When the trout it strikes with a tug and whirr
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley !

At dark of the day the mist spreads white,
Like a magic lake in the glimmering light;
Or the winds from the meadow the white mists
blow,
And the fireflies glitter,—a sky below,—
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

And oh, in the windy days of the fall
The maples and elms are scarlet all,
And the world that was green is gold and red,
And with huskings and cider they're late to bed
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

Now squirrel and partridge and hawk and hare
And wildcat and woodchuck and fox beware !
The three days' hunt is waxing warm
For the count up dinner at Riverside Farm
In Tyingham, Tyingham Valley.

The meadow-ice will be freezing soon,
And then for a skate by the light of the moon.
So pile the wood on the hearth, my boy !
Winter is coming ! I wish you joy
By the light of the hearth and the moon, my boy,
In Tyringham, Tyringham Valley.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Evening in Tyringham Valley ~ ~ ~
(Tyringham)

WHAT domes and pinnacles of mist and fire
Are builded in yon spacious realms of
light

All silently, as did the walls aspire
Templing the ark of God by day and night !
Noiseless and swift, from darkening ridge to ridge,
Through purple air that deepens down the day,
Over the valley springs a shadowy bridge.
The evening star's keen, solitary ray
Makes more intense the silence, and the glad,
Unmelancholy, restful, twilight gloom—
So full of tenderness, that even the sad
Remembrances that haunt the soul take bloom
Like that on yonder mountain.

Now the bars
Of sunset all burn black; the day doth fail,
And the skies whiten with the eternal stars.
Oh, let thy spirit stay with me, sweet vale !

Richard Watson Gilder.

Moonrise over Tyingham¹ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞
(*Tyingham*)

NOW the high holocaust of hours is done,
And all the west empurpled with their
death,
How swift oblivion drinks the fallen sun,
How little while the dusk remembereth !

Though some there were, proud hours that
marched in mail,
And took the morning on auspicious crest,
Crying to Fortune, "Back ! For I prevail !" —
Yet now they lie disfeatured with the rest;

And some that stole so soft on Destiny
Methought they had surprised her to a smile;
But these fled frozen when she turned to see,
And moaned and muttered through my heart
awhile.

But now the day is emptied of them all,
And night absorbs their life-blood at a draught;
And so my life lies, as the gods let fall
An empty cup from which their lips have
quaffed.

¹ From *Artemis to Acteon and Other Verse*; copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Yet see—night is not: by translucent ways,
Up the gray void of autumn afternoon
Steals a mild crescent, charioted in haze,
And all the air is merciful as June.

The lake is a forgotten streak of day
That trembles through the hemlocks' darkling
bars,
And still, my heart, still some divine delay
Upon the threshold holds the earliest stars.

O pale equivocal hour, whose suppliant feet
Haunt the mute reaches of the sleeping wind,
Art thou a watcher stealing to entreat
Prayer and sepulture for thy fallen kind?

Poor plaintive waif of a predestined race,
Their ruin gapes for thee. Why linger here?
Go hence in silence. Veil thine orphaned face,
Lest I should look on it and call it dear.

For if I love thee thou wilt sooner die;
Some sudden ruin will plunge upon thy head,
Midnight will fall from the revengeful sky
And hurl thee down among thy shuddering
dead.

Avert thine eyes. Lapse softly from my sight,
Call not my name, nor heed if thine I crave;
So shalt thou sink through mitigated night
And bathe thee in the all-effacing wave.

But upward still thy perilous footsteps fare
Along a high-hung heaven drenched in light,
Dilating on a tide of crystal air
That floods the dark hills to their utmost height.

Strange hour, is this thy waning face that leans
Out of mid-heaven and makes my soul its glass?
What victory is imaged there? What means
Thy tarrying smile? Oh, veil thy lips and
pass!

Nay—pause and let me name thee! For I see,
Oh, with what flooding ecstasy of light,
Strange hour that wilt not loose thy hold on me,
Thou’rt not day’s latest, but the first of night!

And after thee the gold-foot stars come thick;
From hand to hand they toss the flying fire,
Till all the zenith with their dance is quick,
About the wheeling music of the Lyre.

Dread hour that leadst the immemorial round,
With lifted torch revealing one by one
The thronging splendors that the day held bound,
And how each blue abyss enshrines its sun—

Be thou the image of a thought that fares
Forth from itself, and flings its ray ahead,
Leaping the barriers of ephemeral cares,
To where our lives are but the ages' tread,

And let this year be, not the last of youth,
But first—like thee!—of some new train of
hours,
If more remote from hope yet nearer truth,
And kin to the unfathomable powers.

Edith Wharton.

Green River ¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Great Barrington*)

WHEN breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the wave they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters,—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the
hill,

The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond-stone.
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet, fair as thou art, thou shunnest to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely, save when, by the rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee.
Still, save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,

And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur or fairy shout,
From dawn to the blush of another day,
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks, in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud,—
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.

William Cullen Bryant.

Monument Mountain ¹ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

THOU who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou
stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens,
And streams, that with their bordering thickets
strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads, and there on solitudes
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek. There is a precipice
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

When the flood drowned them. To the north, a
path

Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray
wall

Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round; a beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mountain columns with which earth props
heaven.

* * * *

William Cullen Bryant.

MAINE

The Old Lobsterman ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Cape Arundel)

JUST back from a beach of sand and shells,
And shingle the tides leave oozy and dank,
Summer and winter the old man dwells

In his low brown house on the river bank.
Tempest and sea-fog sweep the hoar
And wrinkled sand-drifts round his door,
Where often I see him sit, as gray
And weather-beaten and lonely as they.

Coarse grasses wave on the arid swells

In the wind; and two dwarf poplar-trees
Seem hung all over with silver bells

That tinkle and twinkle in sun and breeze.
All else is desolate sand and stone:
And here the old lobsterman lives alone:
Nor other companionship has he
But to sit in his house and gaze at the sea.

A furlong or more away to the south,

On the bar beyond the huge sea-walls
That keep the channel and guard its mouth,
The high, curved billow whitens and falls;

And the racing tides through the granite gate,
On their wild errands that will not wait,
Forever, unresting, to and fro,
Course with impetuous ebb and flow.

They bury the barnacled ledge, and make
 Into every inlet and crooked creek,
And flood the flats with a shining lake,
 Which the proud ship plows with foam at her
 beak;
The ships go up to yonder town,
Or over the sea their hulls sink down,
And many a pleasure pinnace rides
On the restless backs of the rushing tides.

I try to fathom the gazer's dreams,
 But little I gain from his gruff replies;
Far off, far off the spirit seems,
 As he looks at me with those strange, gray eyes;
Never a hail from the shipwrecked heart !
Mysterious oceans seem to part
The desolate man from all his kind—
The Selkirk of his lonely mind.

* * * *

Solace he finds in the sea, no doubt:
 To catch the ebb he is up and away:
I see him silently pushing out
 On the broad, bright gleam, at break of day;

And watch his lessening dory toss
On the purple crests as he pulls across,
Round reefs where silvery surges leap,
And meets the dawn on the rosy deep.

His soul, is it open to sea and sky ?
His spirit, alive to sound and sight ?
What wondrous tints on the water lie,—
Wild, wavering, liquid realm of light !
Between two glories looms the shape
Of yon wood-crested, cool green cape,
Sloping all round to foam-laced ledge,
And cavern and cove, at the bright sea's edge.

He makes for the floats that mark the spots,
And rises and falls on the sweeping swells,
Ships oars, and pulls his lobster-pots,
And tumbles the tangled claws and shells
In the leaky bottom; and bails his skiff;
While the slow waves thunder along the cliff,
And foam far away where sun and mist
Edge all the region with amethyst;

I watch him, and fancy how, a boy,
Round these same reefs, in the rising sun,
He rowed and rocked, and shouted for joy,
As over the boat-side, one by one,



He lifted and launched his lobster-traps,
And reckoned his gains, and dreamed, perhaps,
Of a future as glorious, vast, and bright
As the ocean, unrolled in the morning light.

* * * * *

John Townsend Trowbridge.

From *Mogg Megone* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Saco River*)

WHO stands on that cliff, like a figure of stone,
Unmoving and tall in the light of the sky,
Where the spray of the cataract sparkles on
high,

Lonely, and sternly, save Mogg Megone?
Close to the verge of the rock is he,

While beneath him the Saco its work is doing,
Hurrying down to its grave, the sea,

And slow through the rock its pathway hewing!
Far down, through the mist of the falling river,
Which rises up like an incense ever,
The splintered points of the crags are seen,
With water howling and vexed between,
While the scooping whirl of the pool beneath
Seems an open throat, with its granite teeth!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From *Mary Garvin* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Saco River*)

FROM the heart of Waumbek Methna, from
the lake that never fails,
Falls the Saco in the green lap of Conway's inter-
valles;
There, in wild and virgin freshness, its waters
foam and flow,
As when Darby Field first saw them, two hun-
dred years ago.

But, vexed in all its seaward course with bridges,
dams, and mills,
How changed is Saco's stream, how lost its free-
dom of the hills,
Since traveled Jocelyn, factor Vines, and stately
Champernoon
Heard on its banks the gray wolf's howl, the
trumpet of the loon !

With smoking axle hot with speed, with steeds
of fire and steam,
Wide-waked To-day leaves Yesterday behind him
like a dream.
Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly back-
ward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of
the past.

But human hearts remain unchanged: The sor-
row and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our
own akin;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our
mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is
always young.

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Funeral-Tree of the Sokokis



(Sebago Lake)

1756

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er,
Are painted on its glassy floor.

The sun looks o'er, with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky.

Dazzling and white ! save where the bleak,
Wild winds have bared some splintering peak,
Or snow-slide left its dusky streak.

Yet green are Saco's banks below,
And belts of spruce and cedar show,
Dark fringing round those cones of snow.

The earth hath felt the breath of spring,
Though yet on her deliverer's wing
The lingering frosts of winter cling.

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

And odors from the springing grass,
The sweet birch and the sassafras,
Upon the scarce-felt breezes pass.

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

But in their hour of bitterness,
What reck the broken Sokokis,
Beside their slaughtered chief, of this ?

The turf's red stain is yet undried,—
Scarce have the death-shot echoes died
Along Sebago's wooded side:

And silent now the hunters stand,
Grouped darkly, where a swell of land
Slopes upward from the lake's white sand.

Fire and the ax have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech, unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave, cold looks, all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid,
In tasseled garbs of skins arrayed,
And girded with his wampum-braid.

The silver cross he loved is pressed
Beneath the heavy arms, which rest
Upon his scarred and naked breast.

'Tis done: the roots are backward sent,
The beechen-tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument!

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Songo River ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Connecting Lake Sebago and Long Lake

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou bidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveler on his way:—

“Traveler, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet !
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste !

“Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.”

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

From *The Ranger*



(*Casco Bay*)

NOWHERE fairer, sweeter, rarer,
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer
Through his painted woodlands stray,
Than where hillside oaks and beeches
Overlook the long, blue reaches,
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,
And green isles of Casco Bay;
Nowhere day, for delay,
With a tenderer look beseeches,
"Let me with my charmed earth stay."

On the grainlands of the mainlands
Stands the serried corn like train-bands,
Plume and pennon rustling gay;
Out at sea, the islands wooded,
Silver birches, golden-hooded,
Set with maples, crimson-blooded,
White sea-foam and sand-hills gray,
Stretch away, far away.
Dim and dreamy, over-brooded
By the hazy autumn day.

Gayly chattering to the clattering
Of the brown nuts downward pattering,
Leap the squirrels, red and gray.

On the grass-land, on the fallow,
Drop the apples, red and yellow;
Drop the russet pears and mellow,
Drop the red leaves all the day,
And away, swift away,
Sun and cloud, o'er hill and hollow
Chasing, weave their web of play.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

My Lost Youth ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Portland)

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known
street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Dead Ship of Harpswell ~ ~ ~

(From *The Tent on the Beach*)

(*Harpswell*)

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,
And sea-worn elders pray,—
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!

But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines;
She threads the isle-set bay;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No fort is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.

No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
Your gray-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its doors with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
Shall glide the funeral train.

The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at her stern,—
And one shall go the silent way
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that its sails are filled
By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
Who steers the Ship of Death!

"Chill as a down-east breeze should be,"
The Book-man said. "A ghostly touch
The legend has. I'm glad to see
Your flying Yankee beat the Dutch."
"Well, here is something of the sort
Which one midsummer day I caught
In Narragansett Bay, for lack of fish."
"We wait," the Traveler said; "serve
hot or cold your dish."

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From *Mogg Megone*



(*Penobscot Bay*)

FAR eastward o'er the lovely bay,
Penobscot's clustered wigwams lay;
And gently from that Indian town
The verdant hillside slopes adown,
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below;
And shooting round the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,
The red men to their fishing go;
While from their planting ground is borne
The treasure of the golden corn,
By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
The wrinkled squaw, whose toil is done,
Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
Watching the huskers, with a smile
For each full ear which swells the pile;
And the old chief, who nevermore
May bend the bow or pull the oar,
Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,
Or slowly shapes, with ax of stone,
The arrow-head from flint and bone.

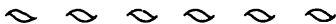
Beneath the westward turning eye
A thousand wooded islands lie,—

Gems of the waters !—with each hue
Of brightness set in ocean's blue.
Each bears aloft its tuft of trees
Touched by the pencil of the frost,
And, with the motion of each breeze,
A moment seen,—a moment lost,—
Changing and blent, confused and tossed,
The brighter with the darker crossed
Their thousand tints of beauty glow
Down in the restless waves below,
And tremble in the sunny skies,
As if, from waving bough to bough,
Flitted the birds of paradise.
There sleep Placentia's group,—and there
Père Breteaux marks the hour of prayer;
And there, beneath the sea-worn cliff,
On which the Father's hut is seen,
The Indian stays his rocking skiff,
And peers the hemlock-boughs between,
Half trembling, as he seeks to look
Upon the Jesuit's Cross and Book.
There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air,—
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
Swell in the north vast Katahdin:

And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay.
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,
Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull ax of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A Maine Trail



(Deer Isle)

COME follow, heart upon your sleeve,
The trail, ateaasing by,
Past tasseled corn and fresh-mown hay,
Trim barns and farm-house shy,
Past hollyhocks and white well-sweep,
Through pastures bare and wild,
Oh come let's fare to the heart-o-the-wood
With the faith of a little child.

Strike in by the gnarled way through the
swamp
Where late the laurel shone,
An intimate close where you meet yourself
And come unto your own,

By bouldered brook to the hidden spring
Where breath of ferns blows sweet
And swift birds break the silence as
Their shadows cross your feet.

Stout-hearted thrust through gold green copse
To garner the woodland glee,
To weave a garment of warm delight,
Of sunspun ecstasy;
'Twill shield you all winter from frosty eyes,
'Twill shield your heart from cold;
Such greens!—how the Lord Himself loves
green!
Such sun!—how He loves the gold!

Then on till flaming fireweed
Is quenched in forest deep;
Tread soft! The sumptuous paven moss
Is spread for Dryads' sleep;
And list ten thousand thousand spruce
Lift up their voice to God—
We can a little understand,
Born of the self-same sod.

Oh come, the welcoming trees lead on,
Their guests are we to-day;
Shy violets smile, proud branches bow,
Gay mushrooms mark the way;

The silence is a courtesy,
The well-bred calm of kings;
Come haste ! the hour sets its face
Unto great Happenings.

Gertrude Huntington McGiffert.

To a Pine Tree ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Mount Katahdin)

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
Purple-blue with the distance and vast;
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,
Thou singest and tossest thy branches;
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'erstretchest the valleys
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
Like an old king led forth from his palace,
When his people to battle are pouring
From the city beneath him.

To the slumberer asleep 'neath thy glooming
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,
Till he longs to be swung mid their booming
In the tents of the Arabs of ocean,
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the gale snatches thee for his lyre,
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,
While he pours forth his mighty desire
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,
Preying thence on the continent under;
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,
There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,
Growling low with impatience.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
Lusty father of Titans past number !
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
From thy bleak throne to heaven.

James Russell Lowell.

From *Mogg Megone*. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Norridgewock*)

'TIS morning over Norridgewock,—
On tree and wigwam, wave and rock.
Bathed in the autumnal sunshine, stirred
At intervals by breeze and bird,
And wearing all the hues which glow
In heaven's own pure and perfect bow,
That glorious picture of the air,
Which summer's light-robed angel forms
On the dark ground of fading storms,
With pencil dipped in sunbeams there,—
And, stretching out, on either hand,
O'er all that wide and unshorn land,
Till, weary of its gorgeousness,
The aching and the dazzled eye
Rests, gladdened, on the calm blue sky,—
Slumbers the mighty wilderness !
The oak, upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves;

The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
 Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives
The sun upon its crowded leaves,
 Each colored like a topaz gem;
 And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal, which autumn gives,
 The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
 The hectic of a dying year !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Merrimac ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(The Merrimac River)

STREAM of my fathers ! sweetly still
 The sunset rays thy valley fill;
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood, and spire beneath them smile.
I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide

As yet hath left abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
But lies distinct and full in sight,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed strand,
Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;¹
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea, and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimac rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agiochook,
When spring-time's sun and shower unlock
The frozen fountains of the rock,

¹ Captain Smith.

And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake, "The Smile of Heaven,"¹
Tributes from vale and mountain-side,—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide!

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons brandishing in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;²
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters,—
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain,
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain,
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look!—the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore;

¹ Lake Winnipisaukee.

² Captain Smith gave to the promontory now called Cape Ann the name of Tragabizanda.

And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light, set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale,
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers !—I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
The level light of sunset shine
Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
Heard in his dreams thy river's sound
Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
The unforgotten swell and roar
Of waves on thy familiar shore;

And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
And quiet of his lonely room,
Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
The loved and lost arose to view,
Remembered groves in greenness grew,
Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
Along whose bowers of beauty swept
Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
And while the gazer leaned to trace,
More near, some dear familiar face,
He wept to find the vision flown,—
A phantom and a dream alone !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Amy Wentworth ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Portsmouth)

HER fingers shame the ivory keys
They dance so light along;
The bloom upon her parted lips
Is sweeter than the song.

O perfumed suitor, spare thy smiles !
Her thoughts are not of thee;
She better loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea.

Her heart is like an outbound ship
That at its anchor swings;
The murmur of the stranded shell
Is in the song she sings.

She sings, and, smiling, hears her praise,
But dreams the while of one
Who watches from his sea-blown deck
The icebergs in the sun.

She questions all the winds that blow,
And every fog-wreath dim,
And bids the sea-birds flying north
Bear messages to him.

She speeds them with the thanks of men
He periled life to save,
And grateful prayers like holy oil
To smooth for him the wave.

Brown Viking of the fishing-smack !
Fair toast of all the town !—
The skipper's jerkin ill beseems
The lady's silken gown !

But ne'er shall Amy Wentworth wear
For him the blush of shame
Who dares to set his manly gifts
Against her ancient name.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Full lightly shall the prize be won,
If love be Fortune's spur;
And never maiden stoops to him
Who lifts himself to her.

Her home is brave in Jaffrey Street,
With stately stairways worn
By feet of old Colonial knights
And ladies gentle-born.

Still green about its ample porch
The English ivy twines,
Trained back to show in English oak
The herald's carven signs.

And on her, from the wainscot old,
Ancestral faces frown,—
And this has worn the soldier's sword,
And that the judge's gown.

But, strong of will and proud as they,
She walks the gallery floor
As if she trod her sailor's deck
By stormy Labrador!

The sweetbrier blooms on Kittery-side,
And green are Elliot's bowers;
Her garden is the pebbled beach,
The mosses are her flowers.

She looks across the harbor-bar
To see the white gulls fly;
His greeting from the Northern sea
Is in their clanging cry.

She hums a song, and dreams that he,
As in its romance old,
Shall homeward ride with silken sails
And masts of beaten gold!

Oh, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Lady Wentworth



(*Portsmouth*)

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern
door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,

Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,
And half resolved, though he was past his
 prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in
 hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay !

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping, through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as
day:

“O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so !”
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied:
“No matter how I look; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am.” And on the child
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was
gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat,

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to
 sea,
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style;
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,—
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye,
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Reveled and roared the Christmas fires of logs;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs;
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture
 names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless; and he felt
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,
That like a presence haunted every room;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went,— seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall;
The dawns their splendor through its chambers
shed,

The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and
died,

In the broad river ebbd and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from
sea,

And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.
And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved:
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining
through;

A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine !
Through her each room was fair to look upon;
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,

The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund caroling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday !

He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State,
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.

He had invited all his friends and peers,—
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest;
For why repeat the name of every guest ?
But I must mention one, in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace;
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,

Who disappeared, and presently there stood
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be!
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she!
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty!
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked
down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
"This is my birthday: it shall likewise be
My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied:
"Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask."
The Governor answered: "To this lady here;"
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor
cried:
"This is the lady; do you hesitate?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate."

The rector read the service loud and clear:
"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,"
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring; and that was all:
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Pictures from Appledore ~ ~ ~ ~

(Isles of Shoals)

I

A HEAP of bare and splintery crags
Tumbled about by lightning and frost,
With rifts and chasms and storm-bleached jags,
That wait and growl for a ship to be lost;
No island, but rather the skeleton
Of a wrecked and vengeance-smitten one,
Where, æons ago, with half-shut eye,
The sluggish saurian crawled to die,
Gasping under titanic ferns;
Ribs of rock that seaward jut,
Granite shoulders and boulders and snags,
Round which, though the winds in heaven be shut,
The nightmared ocean murmurs and yearns,
Welters, and swashes, and tosses, and turns,
And the dreary black seaweed lolls and wags;

Only rock from shore to shore,
Only a moan through the bleak clefts blown,
With sobs in the rifts where the coarse kelp shifts,
Falling and lifting, tossing and drifting,
And under all a deep, dull roar,
Dying and swelling, forevermore,—
Rock and moan and roar alone,
And the dread of some nameless thing unknown,
These make Appledore.
These make Appledore by night:
Then there are monsters left and right;
Every rock is a different monster;
All you have read of, fancied, dreamed,
When you waked at night because you screamed,
There they lie for half a mile,
Jumbled together in a pile,
And (though you know they never once stir),
If you look long, they seem to be moving
Just as plainly as plain can be,
Crushing and crowding, wading and shoving
Out into the awful sea,
Where you can hear them snort and spout
With pauses between, as if they were listening,
Then tumult anon when the surf breaks glistening
In the blackness where they wallow about.

II

All this you would scarcely comprehend,
Should you see the isle on a sunny day;

Then it is simple enough in its way,—
Two rocky bulges, one at each end,
With a smaller bulge and a hollow between;
Patches of whortleberry and bay;
Accidents of open green,
Sprinkled with loose slabs square and gray,
Like graveyards for ages deserted; a few
Unsocial thistles; an elder or two,
Foamed over with blossoms white as spray;
And on the whole island never a tree
Save a score of sumachs, high as your knee,
That crouch in hollows where they may,
(The cellars where once stood a village, men
say,)

Huddling for warmth, and never grew
Tall enough for a peep at the sea;
A general dazzle of open blue;
A breeze always blowing and playing rat-tat
With the bow of the ribbon round your hat;
A score of sheep that do nothing but stare
Up and down at you everywhere;
Three or four cattle that chew the cud
Lying about in a listless despair;
A medrick that makes you look overhead
With short, sharp scream, as he sights his prey,
And, dropping straight and swift as lead,
Splits the water with sudden thud;—
This is Appledore by day.

* * * * *

III

Away northeast is Boone Island light;
You might mistake it for a ship,
Only it stands too plumb upright,
And like the others does not slip
Behind the sea's unsteady brink;
Though, if a cloud-shade chance to dip
Upon it a moment, 'twill suddenly sink,
Leveled and lost in the darkened main,
Till the sun builds it suddenly up again,
As if with a rub of Aladdin's lamp.
On the mainland you see a misty camp
Of mountains pitched tumultuously:
That one looming so long and large
Is Saddleback, and that point you see
Over yon low and rounded marge,
Like the boss of a sleeping giant's targe
Laid over his breast, is Ossipee;
That shadow there may be Kearsarge;
That must be Great Haystack; I love these names,
Wherewith the lonely farmer tames
Nature to mute companionship
With his own mind's domestic mood,
And strives the surly world to clip
In the arms of familiar habitude.
'Tis well he could not contrive to make
A Saxon of Agamenticus:
He glowers there to the north of us,

Wrapt in his blanket of blue haze,
Unconvertibly savage, and scorns to take
The white man's baptism or his ways.
Him first on shore the coaster divines
Through the early gray, and sees him shake
The morning mist from his scalp-lock of pines;
Him first the skipper makes out in the west,
Ere the earliest sunstreak shoots tremulous,
Plashing with orange the palpitant lines
Of mutable billow, crest after crest,
And murmurs Agamenticus !
As if it were the name of a saint.
But is that a mountain playing cloud,
Or a cloud playing mountain, just there, so
faint ?

Look along over the low right shoulder
Of Agamenticus into that crowd
Of brassy thunderheads behind it;
Now you have caught it, but, ere you are older
By half an hour, you will lose it, and find it
A score of times; while you look 'tis gone,
And, just as you've given it up, anon
It is there again, till your weary eyes
Fancy they see it waver and rise,
With its brother clouds; it is Agiochook;
There if you seek not, and gone if you look,
Ninety miles off as the eagle flies.

* * * * *

v

How looks Appledore in a storm ?

I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the mad Atlantic,
When surge on surge would heap enorme
Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted, and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under;
And the island, whose rock-roots pierce below
To where they are warmed with the central fire,
You could feel its granite fibers racked,
As it seemed to plunge with a shudder and thrill
Right at the breast of the swooping hill,
And to rise again snorting a cataract
Of rage-froth from every cranny and ledge,
While the sea drew its breath in hoarse and deep
And the next vast breaker curled its edge,
Gathering itself for a mightier leap.

North, east, and south there are reefs and breakers
You would never dream of in smooth weather,
That toss and gore the sea for acres,
Bellowing and gnashing and snarling together;
Look northward, where Duck Island lies,
And over its crown you will see arise,
Against a background of slaty skies,

A row of pillars still and white,
That glimmer, and then are out of sight,
As if the moon should suddenly kiss,
While you crossed the gusty desert by
night,
The long colonnades of Persepolis;
Look southward for White Island light,
The lantern stands ninety feet o'er the tide;
There is first a half-mile of tumult and fight,
Of dash and roar and tumble and fright,
And surging bewilderment wild and wide,
Where the breakers struggle left and right,
Then a mile or more of rushing sea,
And then the lighthouse slim and lone;
And whenever the weight of ocean is thrown
Full and far on White Island head,
A great mist-jotun you will see
Lifting himself up silently
High and huge o'er the lighthouse top,
With hands of wavering spray outspread,
Groping after the little tower,
That seems to shrink and shorten and
cower,
Till the monster's arms of a sudden drop,
And silently and fruitlessly
He sinks again into the sea.

You, meanwhile, where drenched you stand,
Awaken once more to the rush and roar,

And on the rock-point tighten your hand,
As you turn and see a valley deep,
That was not there a moment before,
Suck rattling down between you and a heap
Of toppling billow, whose instant fall
Must sink the whole island once for all,
Or watch the silenter, stealthier seas
Feeling their way to you more and more;
If they once should clutch you high as the knees,
They would whirl you down like a sprig of kelp,
Beyond all reach of hope or help;—
And such in a storm is Appledore.

James Russell Lowell.

The Spaniards' Graves at the Isles of Shoals

(Isles of Shoals)

O SAILORS, did sweet eyes look after you,
The day you sailed away from sunny Spain?
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging
snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
None know how many sleep beneath the waves;

Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves,—

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moans perpetually.

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
That, leaning landward, should have stretched
again

White arms wide on the gale,

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
Weary they watched, till youth and beauty
passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose !
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
That strong and steady blows !

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe !

Celia Thaxter.

Piscataqua River ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THOU singest by the gleaming isles,
By woods, and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast !

To let the wherry listless go,
And, wrapt in dreamy joy,
Dip, and surge idly to and fro,
Like the red harbor-buoy;

To sit in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores;

To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting fires

Light up the windows of the town
And burn the tapering spires;

And then to hear the muffled tolls
From steeples slim and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.

O River ! flowing to the main
Through woods, and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn;

And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Sunset on the Bearcamp ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Bearcamp River*)

A GOLD fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills, the river runs,
As down its long, green valleys falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed,
Broad-flowing, swift, and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill,

Noiseless between its banks of green,
From curve to curve it slips:
The drowsy maple-shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain-cradle shows,—
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain-wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this:
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair ?
What eyes look through, what white wings fan
These purple veils of air ?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down ?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown !

Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales;
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset-fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain-pine
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From *The Bridal of Pennacook* ~ ~ ~*(The White Mountains)*

WE had been wandering for many days
Through the rough northern country.
We had seen

The sunset, with its bars of purple cloud,
Like a new heaven, shine upward from the lake
Of Winnipiseogee; and had felt
The sunrise breezes, midst the leafy isles
Which stoop their summer beauty to the lips
Of the bright waters. We had checked our steeds,
Silent with wonder, where the mountain wall
Is piled to heaven; and, through the narrow rift
Of the vast rocks, against whose rugged feet
Beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar,
Where noonday is as twilight, and the wind
Comes burdened with the everlasting moan
Of forests and of far-off waterfalls,
We had looked upward where the summer sky,
Tasseled with clouds light-woven by the sun,
Sprung its blue arch above the abutting crags
O'er-roofing the vast portal of the land
Beyond the wall of mountains. We had passed
The high source of the Saco; and bewildered
In the dwarf spruce-belts of the Crystal Hills,
Had heard above us, like a voice in the cloud,
The horn of Fabyan sounding; and atop
Of old Agiochook had seen the mountains

Piled to the northward, shagged with wood, and
thick

As meadow mole-hills,—the far sea of Casco,
A white gleam on the horizon of the east;
Fair lakes, embosomed in the woods and hills;
Moosehillock's mountain range, and Kearsarge
Lifting his Titan forehead to the sun !

And we had rested underneath the oaks
Shadowing the bank, whose grassy spires are
shaken

By the perpetual beating of the falls
Of the wild Ammonoosuc. We had tracked
The winding Pemigewasset, overhung
By beechen shadows, whitening down its rocks,
Or lazily gliding through its intervals,
From waving rye-fields sending up the gleam
Of sunlit waters. We had seen the moon
Rising behind Umbagog's eastern pines,
Like a great Indian camp-fire; and its beams
At midnight spanning with a bridge of silver
The Merrimac by Uncanoonuc's falls.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Chocorua ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE pioneer of a great company
That wait behind him, gazing toward the
east,—
Mighty ones all, down to the nameless least,—

Though after him none dares to press, where he
With bent head listens to the minstrelsy
Of far waves chanting to the moon, their priest.
What phantom rises up from winds deceased?
What whiteness of the unapproachable sea?
Hoary Chocorua guards his mystery well:
He pushes back his fellows, lest they hear
The haunting secret he apart must tell
To his lone self, in the sky-silence clear.
A shadowy, cloud-cloaked wraith, with shoulders
bowed,
He steals, conspicuous, from the mountain-crowd.

Lucy Larcom.

Clouds on Whiteface ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(Whiteface Mountain)

SO lovingly the clouds caress his head,—
The mountain-monarch; he, severe and hard,
With white face set like flint horizon-ward;
They weaving softest fleece of gold and red,
And gossamer of airiest silver thread,
To wrap his form, wind-beaten, thunder-scarred.
They linger tenderly, and fain would stay,
Since he, earth-rooted, may not float away.
He upward looks, but moves not; wears their
hues;
Draws them unto himself; their beauty shares;

And sometimes his own semblance seems to lose,
His grandeur and their grace so interfuse;
And when his angels leave him unawares,
A sullen rock, his brow to heaven he bares.

Lucy Larcom.

My Mountain



(Pemigewasset River)

I SHUT my eyes in the snow-fall
And dream a dream of the hills.
The sweep of a host of mountains,
The flash of a hundred rills,

For a moment they crowd my vision;
Then, moving in troops along,
They leave me one still mountain-picture,
The murmur of one river's song.

'Tis the musical Pemigewasset,
That sings to the hemlock-trees
Of the pines on the Profile Mountain,
Of the stony Face that sees,

Far down in the vast rock-hollows
The waterfall of the Flume,
The blithe cascade of the Basin,
And the deep Pool's lonely gloom.

All night, from the cottage-window
I can hear the river's tune;
But the hushed air gives no answer
Save the hemlock's sullen rune.

A lamb's bleat breaks through the stillness,
And into the heart of night.—
Afar and around, the mountains,
Veiled watchers, expect the light.

Then up comes the radiant morning
To smile on their vigils grand;
Still muffled in cloudy mantles
Do their stately ranges stand?

It is not the lofty Haystacks
Piled up by the great Notch-Gate,
Nor the glow of the Cannon Mountain,
That the Dawn and I await,

To loom out of northern vapors;
But a shadow, a penciled line,
That grows to an edge of opal
Where earth-light and heaven-light shine.

Now rose-tints bloom from the purple;
Now the blue climbs over the green;
Now, bright in its bath of sunshine,
The whole grand Shape is seen.

Is it one, or unnumbered summits,—
The Vision so high, so fair,
Hanging over the singing River
In the magical depths of air ?

Ask not the name of my mountain !
Let it rise in its grandeur lone;
Be it one of a mighty thousand,
Or a thousand blent in one.

Would a name evoke new splendor
From its wrapping and folds of light,
Or a line of the weird rock-writing
Make plainer to mortal sight ?

You have lived and learnt this marvel:
That the holiest joy that came
From its beautiful heaven to bless you,
Nor needed nor found a name.

Enough, on the brink of the river
Looking up and away, to know
That the Hill loves the Pemigewasset.
And broods o'er its murmurous flow.

Perhaps, if the Campton meadows
Should attract your pilgrim feet
Up the summer road to the mountains,
You may chance my dream to meet:—

Either mine, or one more wondrous.
Or perhaps you will look, and say
You behold only rocks and sunshine,
Be it dying or birth of day.

Though you find but the stones that build it,
I shall see through the snow-fall still,
Hanging over the Pemigewasset,
My glorified, dream-crowned Hill.

Lucy Larcom.

From *Comrades*¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Read at the Sixtieth Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., May 18, 1893.)

Again among the hills !
The shaggy hills !
The clear arousing air comes like a call
Of bugle notes across the pines, and thrills
My heart as if a hero had just spoken.
Again among the hills !
The jubilant unbroken
Long dreaming of the hills !
Far off, Ascutney smiles as one at peace;
And over all
The golden sunlight pours and fills
The hollow of the earth, like a god's joy.
Again among the hills !
The tranquil hills

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That took me as a boy
And filled my spirit with the silences !

O indolent, far-reaching hills, that lie
Secure in your own strength, and take your ease
Like careless giants 'neath the summer sky—
What is it to you, O hills,
That anxious men should take thought for the
morrow ?

What has your might to do with thought or sorrow
Or cark and cumber of conflicting wills ?
Lone Pine, that thron'st thyself upon the height,
Aloof and kingly, overlooking all,
Yet uncompanied, with the Day and Night
For pageant and the winds for festival !
I was thy minion once, and now renew
Mine ancient fealty—
To that which shaped me still remaining true,
And through allegiance only growing free.

So with no foreign nor oblivious heart,
Dartmouth, I seek once more thy granite seat;
Nor only of thy hills I feel me part,
But each encounter of the village street,
The ball-players on the campus, and their
shouting,
The runners lithe and fleet,
The noisy groups of idlers, and the songs,
The laughter and the flouting—

Spectacled comic unrelated beings
With book in hand,
Who 'mid all stir of life, all whirl of rhythms,
All strivings, lovings, kissings, dreamings, seeings
Still live apart in some strange land
Of aorists and ohms and logarithms—
All these are mine; I greet them with a shout.
Whether they will or no, they greet me too.
Grave teachers and the students' jocund rout,
Class-room and tennis court, alike they knew
My step once, and they cannot shut me out.

But dearer than the silence of the hills,
And greater than the wisdom of the years,
Is man to man, indifferent of ills,
Triumphant over fears,
To meet the world with loyal hearts that need
No witness of their friendship but the deed.
Such comrades they, the gallant Musketeers,
Wrought by the master-workman of Romance,
Who foiled the crafty Cardinal and saved
A Queen for episode,—who braved
The utmost malice of mischance,
The utmost enmity of human foes,
But still rode on across the fields of France,
Reckless of knocks and blows,
Careless of sins or woes,
Incurious of each other's hearts, but sure
That each for each would vanquish or endure.

Praise be to you, O hills, that you can breathe
Into our souls the secret of your power !
He is no child of yours, he never knew
Your spirit—were he born beneath
Your highest crags—who bears not every hour
The might, the calm of you
About him, that sublime
Unconsciousness of all things great,—
Built on himself to stand the shocks of Time
And scarred not shaken by the bolts of Fate.
And praise to thee, my college, that the lore
Of ages may be pondered at thy feet !
That for thy sons each sage and seer of yore
His runes may still repeat !
Praise that thou givest to us understanding
To wring from the world's heart
New answers to new doubts—to make the
 landing
On shores that have no chart !
Praise for the glory of knowing,
And greater glory of the power to know !
Praise for the faith that doubts would overthrow,
And which through doubts to larger faith is
 growing !
The sons of science are a wrangling throng,
Yet through their labor what the sons of song
Have wrought in clay, at last
In the bronze is cast,
And wind and rain no more can work it wrong.

But more than strength and more than truth
Oh praise the love of man and man !
Praise it for pledge of our eternal youth !
Praise it for pulse of that great gush that ran
Through all the worlds, when He
Who made them clapped his hands for glee,
And laughed Love down the cycles of the
stars.

Praise all that plants it in the hearts of men,
All that protects it from the hoof that mars,
The weed that stifles; praise the rain
That rains upon it and the sun that shines,
Till it stretch skyward with its laden vines !

Richard Hovey.

Monadnock from Afar ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Mt. Monadnock*).

DARK flower of Cheshire garden,
Red evening duly dyes
Thy sombre head with rosy hues
To fix far-gazing eyes.
Well the Planter knew how strongly
Works thy form on human thought;
I muse what secret purpose had he
To draw all fancies to this spot.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From *Monadnock* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ON the summit as I stood,
 O'er the floor of plain and flood
 Seemed to me, the towering hill
 Was not altogether still,
 But a quiet sense conveyed;
 If I err not, thus it said:—

“Many feet in summer seek,
 Oft, my far-appearing peak;
 In the dreaded winter-time,
 None save dappling shadows climb
 Under clouds, my lonely head,
 Old as the sun, old almost as the shade.
 And comest thou
 To see strange forests and new snow,
 And tread uplifted land?
 And leavest thou thy lowland race,
 Here amid clouds to stand?
 And wouldst be my companion
 Where I gaze, and still shall gaze,
 Through hoarding nights and spending days,
 When forests fall, and man is gone,
 Over tribes and over times,
 At the burning Lyre,
 Nearing me,
 With its stars of northern fire,
 In many a thousand years?

* * * *

"Every morn I lift my head,
See New England underspread,
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Katskill east to the sea-bound.
Anchored fast for many an age,
I await the bard and sage,
Who, in large thoughts, like fair pearl-seed,
Shall string Monadnock like a bead."

* * * * *

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

VERMONT

The Green Mountains ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

YE mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
Seen dimly through their canopies of blue,
The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
Distance-created beauty over you;
I am not well content with this far view;
How may I know what foot of loved one treads
Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent
beds?
We should love all things better, if we knew
What claims the meanest have upon our hearts;
Perchance even now some eye, that would be
bright

To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed forms;
Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts
To souls that have encircled mine with light,—
O brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms !

James Russell Lowell.

The Oldenburys of Sunderland ~ ~ ~

(Sunderland)

TURN again into the wooded Hollow,
By the fabled Tory-hunter's well,
Where the strange and bookish Oldenburys
On their wasted patrimony dwell.

Rowland plows to the sound of Celia's fiddle:
Celia sews with her Milton on her knee;
Young Miranda goes forth to gather berries
Singing the song of Ariel by the sea.

When the dusk falls downward from the landslide,
Through the bush they drive the cattle home;
They see the shadows of the first Crusaders,
And hear the Sibyl at the gates of Rome.

In the northward, in the southward village
Brisk steps hasten, the busy hours fly fast;
But the clocks are slow in Oldenbury Hollow,
Where they chime with the voices of the past.

Sarah N. Cleghorn.

From *Ticonderoga* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Lake Champlain*)

II

*Who glide so dim upon the lake
Ticonderoga ?
Over their dreaming prow
The morning star
Blazes their goal; but now—
More dusk and far—
What old world dwindles in their wake,
Ticonderoga ?*

THE fleur-de-lis, the fleur-de-lis!
The white Chevalier—lo, 'tis he !
His pale canoe along the tide
The painted Huron paddles guide
With dumb, subdued elation;
The wild dawn stains their bodies bare,
The wild dawn gleams about his hair;
Steeped in his soul's adventure, lie
The valleys of discovery—
The peaks of expectation.
Midway the lake they pause: on high
His arm he raises solemnly.
Above the lilies, that emboss
His azure banner, and the pied
Algonquin plumes that float beside,
He holds the shining cross.
"Champlain !"—The placid word
The mute air hath not stirred.

Touched by the morning's wing,
The ruddied waters, quickening,
Alone are kindled by that christening.
Quaint splendors mass
Within the lake's clear glass,
And liquid lilies run
In rose gules of the rising sun.
Naught else there of acclaim
Greets the great Chevalier's name,
Save where the water-fowl's primeval broods
Awake Bulwagga's lone and echoing solitudes.

III

*What strident horror breaks thy spell,
Ticonderoga?
What long and ululating yell?*

The Iroquois: in covert glade
They build their pine-bough palisade,
And weave in trance
Their sachem dance
With hawk-screams of their heathen wars,
Till naked on my shrilling shores
Mohawk and wild Algonquin meet
And taunt, with fleer and blown conceit,
Each other's painted ranks:
But, lo where now their flanks
Give way and reel!
And 'mid the silent sagamores,

In shining cuish and casque of steel,
 Before them all
 Stands bright and tall,
 With gauntlet clenched and helmet vised,
 The calm knight-errant of the Christ;
 Then, in sign miraculous,
 Levels his arquebus
 And, charged with bullets from his bandoleer,
 Looses the bolt of preternatural thunder.
 A sachem falls: the wild men stare in wonder
 And mazèd fear;
 Once more his engine peals, and hurls the fire
 Whose flash shall kindle continents to ire.

* * * * *

Percy MacKaye.

RHODE ISLAND

A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal¹ ∞ ∞

(*Rhode Island*)

I SAT beside the glowing grate, fresh heaped
 With Newport coal, and as the flame grew
 bright,—

The many-colored flame,—and played and leaped,
 I thought of rainbows and the Northern Light,
 Moore's Lalla Rookh, the Treasury Report,
 And other brilliant matters of the sort.

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

At last I thought of that fair isle which sent
The mineral fuel; on a summer day
I saw it once, with heat and travel spent,
And scratched by dwarf-oaks in the hollow
way;
Now dragged through sand, now jolted over
stone,—
A rugged road through rugged Tiverton.

And hotter grew the air, and hollower grew
The deep-worn path, and, horror-struck, I
thought
Where will this dreary passage lead me to?
This long, dull road, so narrow, deep, and hot?
I looked to see it dive in earth outright;
I looked,—but saw a far more welcome sight.

Like a soft mist upon the evening shore,
At once a lovely isle before me lay;
Smooth, and with tender verdure covered o'er,
As if just risen from its calm inland bay;
Sloped each way gently to the grassy edge,
And the small waves that dallied with the sedge.

The barley was just reaped,—its heavy sheaves
Lay on the stubble field,—the tall maize stood
Dark in its summer growth, and shook its leaves,
And bright the sunlight played on the young
wood,—

For fifty years ago, the old men say,
The Briton hewed their ancient groves away.

I saw where fountains freshened the green land,
And where the pleasant road, from door to door
With rows of cherry-trees on either hand,
Went wandering all that fertile region o'er,—
Rogue's Island once,—but, when the rogues were
dead,
Rhode Island was the name it took instead.

Beautiful island! then it only seemed
A lovely stranger,—it has grown a friend.
I gazed on its smooth slopes, but never dreamed
How soon that bright beneficent isle would send
The treasures of its womb across the sea,
To warm a poet's room and boil his tea.

Dark anthracite ! that reddenest on my hearth,
Thou in those island mines didst slumber long;
But now thou art come forth to move the earth,
And put to shame the men that mean thee
wrong.
Thou shalt be coals of fire to those that hate thee,
And warm the shins of all that underrate thee.

Yea, they did wrong thee foully,—they who
mocked
Thy honest face, and said thou wouldst not burn;

Of hewing thee to chimney-pieces talked,
And grew profane,—and swore, in bitter scorn,
That men might to thy inner caves retire,
And there, unsinged, abide the day of fire.

Yet is thy greatness nigh. I pause to state,
That I too have seen greatness, even I,—
Shook hands with Adams,—stared at La Fayette,
When, bareheaded, in the hot noon of July,
He would not let the umbrella be held o'er him,
For which three cheers burst from the mob before
him.

And I have seen—not many months ago—
An eastern governor in chapeau bras
And military coat, a glorious show !
Ride forth to visit the reviews, and ah !
How oft he smiled and bowed to Jonathan :
How many hands were shook and votes were won !

'Twas a great governor,—thou too shalt be
Great in thy turn,—and wide shall spread thy
fame,
And swiftly; farthest Maine shall hear of thee,
And cold New Brunswick gladden at thy name,
And, faintly through its sleets, the weeping isle
That sends the Boston folks their cod shall smile.

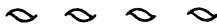
For thou shalt forge vast railways, and shalt heat
The hissing rivers into steam, and drive
Huge masses from thy mines, on iron feet,
Walking their steady way, as if alive,
Northward, till everlasting ice besets thee,
And south as far as the grim Spaniard lets thee.

Thou shalt make mighty engines swim the sea,
Like its own monsters,—boats that for a guinea
Will take a man to Havre,—and shalt be
The moving soul of many a spinning-jenny,
And ply thy shuttles, till a bard can wear
As good a suit of broadcloth as the mayor.

Then we will laugh at Winter when we hear
The grim old churl about our dwellings rave;
Thou, from that “ruler of the inverted year,”
Shalt pluck the knotty sceptre Cowper gave,
And pull him from his sledge, and drag him in,
And melt the icicles from off his chin.

William Cullen Bryant.

The Skeleton in Armor



(*Newport*)

“SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest !
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me !

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
 Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
 From the heart's chamber.

“I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
 For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the gerfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,

That the poor, whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendor.

“I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
 By the hawk frightened.

“Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
 Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,

And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast, -
When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our-foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman’s hail,
Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water !

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,

Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another !

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen !
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful !
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! *skoal !* "
Thus the tale ended.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A Newport Romance ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THEY say that she died of a broken heart
 (I tell the tale as 'twas told to me);
But her spirit lives, and her soul is part
 Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French:
 It was nearly a hundred years ago
When he sailed away from her arms—poor
 wench—
 With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase
 Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,
At what golden-laced speech of those modish
 days
 She listened—the mischief take her !

But she kept the posies of mignonette
 That he gave; and ever as their bloom failed
And faded (though with her tears still wet)
 Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud
 Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,
Her soul went up on that lifted cloud
 From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,
She walks unbidden from room to room,
And the air is filled that she passes through
With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,
Is all that tells of her story; yet
Could she think of a sweeter way?

* * * * *

I sit in the sad old house to-night,—
Myself a ghost from a farther sea;
And I trust that this Quaker woman might,
In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from porch and lawn,
And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,
And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,
And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two;
And there is no sound in the sad old house,
But the long veranda dripping with dew,
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out
From the library door, but has gone astray
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought
With outward watching and inward fret ?
But I swear that the air just now was fraught
With the odor of mignonette !

I open the window, and seem almost—
So still lies the ocean—to hear the beat
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare,
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss;
And I wonder now could I fit that air
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn;
And mayhap from causes as slight as this
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle, sad perfume,
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,
And am thankful now for the certain truth
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,
And I see no face at my library door;
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,
I feel, as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night !

Bret Harle.

The Romance of a Rose ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Newport*)

'TIS nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rocham-
beau—

Our ally against the British crown—
Met Washington in Newport town.

'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night and day after day
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a curséd Frenchman, high or low;
And so while the Count de Rochambeau
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight;
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck,—'twas the sloop Delight,
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight.

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine
romance

From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport ~ ~

HOW strange it seems! These Hebrews in
their graves,

Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,

At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's
breath,

While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God ! for he created Death !"
The mourners said, "and Death is rest and
peace";
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance
green.

How came they here ? What burst of Christian
hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to
street;
At every gate the accurséd Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Chris-
tian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er
they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah ! what once has been shall be no more !
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Island ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Block Island (Manisees)*)

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her
home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,

The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

Richard Henry Dana.

CONNECTICUT

The Inland City ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Norwich*)

GUARDED by circling streams and wooded
mountains,
Like sentinels round a queen,
Dotted with groves and musical with fountains,
The city lies serene.

Not far away the Atlantic tide diverges,
And, up the southern shore
Of gray New England, rolls in shortened surges,
That murmur evermore.

The fairy city ! not for frowning castle
Do I extol her name,
Not for the gardens and the domes palatial
Of oriental fame;

- Yet if there be one man who will not rally,
One man, who sayeth not
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest spot;

Then let him roam beneath those elms gigantic,
Or idly wander where
Shetucket flows meandering, where Yantic
Leaps through the cloven air;

Gleaming from rock to rock with sunlit motion,
Then slumbering in the cove;
So sinks the soul, from Passion's wild devotion,
To the deep calm of Love.

And journey with me to the village olden,
Among whose devious ways
Are mossy mansions, rich with legends golden
Of early forest days;

Elysian time ! when, by the rippling water,
Or in the woodland groves,
The Indian warrior and the Sachem's daughter
Whispered their artless loves;

Legends of fords, where Uncas made his transit,
Fierce for the border war,
And drove all day the alien Narragansett
Back to his haunts afar;

Tales of the after-time, when scant and humble
Grew the Mohegan band,
And Tracy, Griswold, Huntington, and Trumbull
Were judges in the land.

So let the caviler feast on old tradition,
And then at sunset climb
Up yon green hill, where on his broadened vision
May burst the view sublime !

The city spires, with stately power impelling
The soul to look above,
And peaceful homes, in many a rural dwelling,
Lit up with flames of love;—

And then confess, nor longer idly dally,
While sinks the lingering sun,
That of all cities in the Eastern valley
Ours is the fairest one.

* * * * *

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The Birds of Killingworth ~ ~ ~ ~

(Killingworth)

IT was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart
King;

When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their
glee;

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,

Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and
sweet

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street

Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
Slowly descending, with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps; nor looking left nor right,
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,

"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society !"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards on the Will;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow:
There never was so wise a man before;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and
small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant
throng;
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood;
The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the
gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet
As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who
taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember too
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot's brain remembered words
Hang empty mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

"What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play?
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know,
They are the winged wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?”

With this he closed; and through the audience
went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in bees.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,

But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than
each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland
crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had
made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their
shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the
brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
If some dumb animal had found a tongue !
A wagon, o'erarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were
brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder caroled they
Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,
And everywhere, around, above, below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The Phantom Ship

*(New Haven)*

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure,"—
Thus prayed the old divine,—
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine !"

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and walty,
I fear our grave she will be !"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

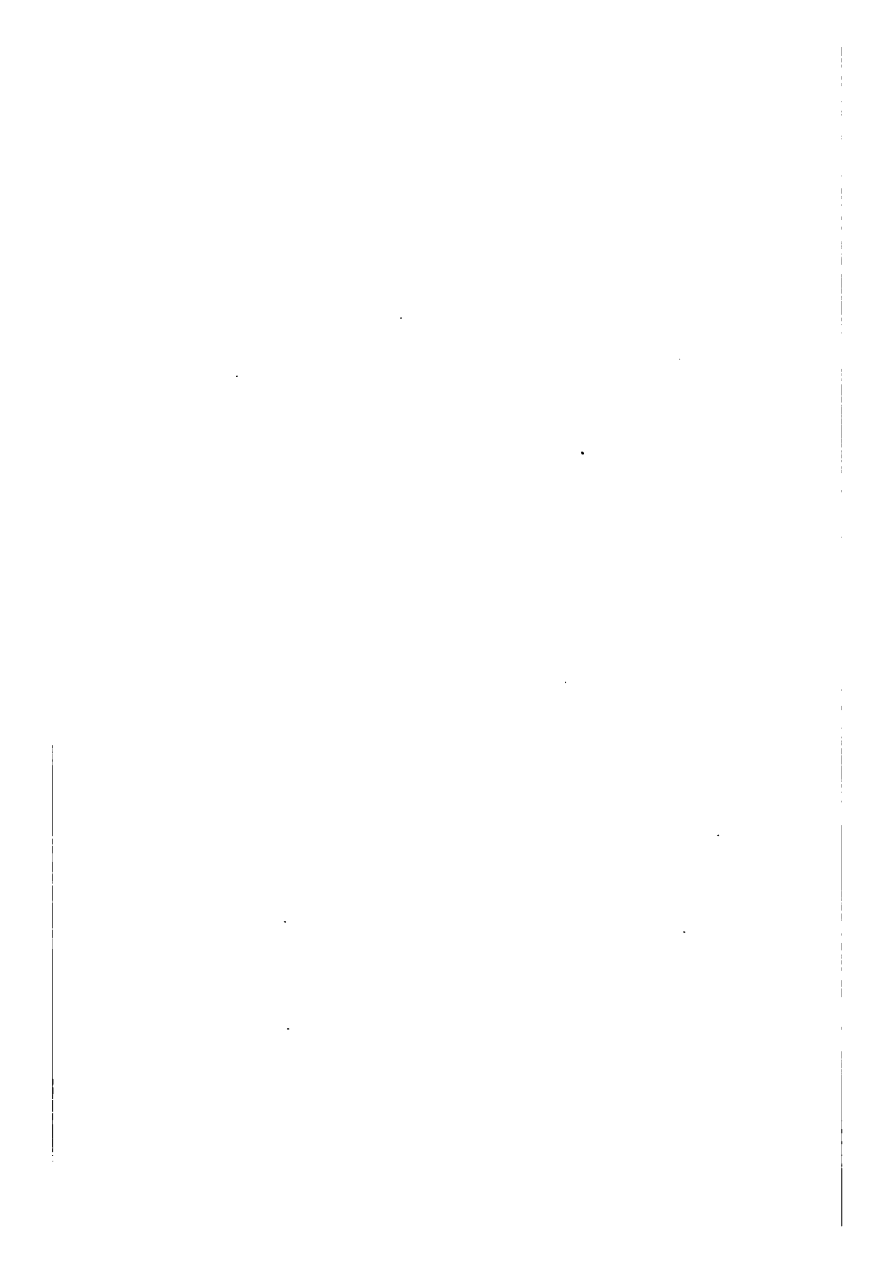
And at last their prayers were answered:—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun !



NEW YORK

Hendrik's Prophecy ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The words of the refrain in this song are those used by Henry Hudson himself when he first brought his ship through the Narrows, and saw the Bay of New York.

FLOW fair beside the Palisades, flow Hudson,
fair and free,
By proud Manhattan's shore of ships and green
Hoboken's tree;
So fair yon haven clasped its isles, in such a sunset
gleam,
When Hendrik and his sea-worn tars first sounded
up the stream,
And climbed this rocky palisade, and resting on
its brow,
Passed round the can and gazed awhile on shore
and wave below;
And Hendrik drank with hearty cheer, and loudly
then cried he:
" 'Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a
pleasant land to see !"
Then something—ah, 'twas prophecy !—came
glowing to his brain:
He seemed to see the mightier space between the
oceans twain,

Where other streams by other strands run through
their forests fair,
From bold Missouri's lordly tide to the leafy
Delaware;
The Sacramento, too, he saw, with its sands of
secret gold,
And the sea-like Mississippi on its long, long
courses rolled;
And great thoughts glowed within him;—"God
bless the land," cried he;
"'Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a
pleasant land to see !

"I see the white sails on the main, along the land I
view
The forests opening to the light and the bright ax
flashing through;
I see the cots and village ways, the churches with
their spires,
Where once the Indians camped and danced the
war-dance, round their fires;
I see a storm come up the deep,—'tis hurrying,
raging, o'er
The darkened fields,—but soon it parts, with a
sullen, seaward roar.
'Tis gone; the heaven smiles out again — God
loves the land," cried he;
"'Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a
pleasant land to see !

"I see the white sails on the main, I see, on all the
strands,
Old Europe's exiled households crowd, and toil's
unnumbered hands—
From Hessenland and Frankenland, from Danube,
Drave, and Rhine,
From Netherland, my sea-born land, and the
Norseman's hills of pine,
From Thames, and Shannon, and their isles—and
never, sure, before,
Invading host such greeting found upon a stranger
shore.
The generous Genius of the West his welcome
proffers free:
'Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a
pleasant land to see !'

"They learn to speak one language; they raise one
flag adored
Over one people evermore, and guard it with the
sword.
In festive hours, they look upon its starry folds
above,
And hail it with a thousand songs of glory and of
love.
Old airs of many a fatherland still mingle with the
cheer,
To make the love more loving still, the glory still
more dear—

Drink up-sees out! join hands about! bear chorus
all," chants he;
"'Tis a good land to fall in with, men, and a
pleasant land to see!"

Anonymous.

Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call

1 Jan., 1661

(New York City)

WHERE nowadays the Battery lies,
New York had just begun,
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,
In Sixteen Sixty-One.
They christened it Nieuw Amsterdam,
Those burghers grave and stately,
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topped their wooden wall,
On Stadthuys gazing down,
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all
The quaintly gabled town;
These flapped their wings and shifted backs,
As ancient scrolls determine,
To scare the savage Hackensacks,
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay
Betwixt their feather-beds;

In hose and breeches walked by day,
And smoked and wagged their heads.
No changeful fashions came from France,
The freulen to bewilder,
And cost the burgher's purse, perchance,
Its every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,
And jackets neatly kept,
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped
And deftly spun and swept.
Few modern-school flirtations there
Set wheels of scandal trundling,
But youths and maidens did their share
Of staid, old-fashioned bundling.

The New Year opened clear and cold;
The snow, a Flemish ell
In depth, lay over Beekman's Wold
And Wolfert's frozen well.
Each burgher shook his kitchen-doors,
Drew on his Holland leather,
Then stamped through drifts to do the chores,
Beshrewing all such weather.

But—after herring, ham, and kraut—
To all the gathered town
The Dominie preached the morning out,
In Calvinistic gown;

While tough old Peter Stuyvesant
Sat pewed in foremost station,—
The potent, sage, and valiant
Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer over, at his mansion hall,
With cake and courtly smile,
He met the people, one and all,
In gubernatorial style;
Yet missed, though now the day was old,
An ancient fellow-feaster—
Heer Govert Loockermans, that bold
Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farmhouse, close without
The picket's eastern end,
Sat growling at the twinge of gout
That kept him from his friend.
But Peter strapped his wooden peg,
When tea and cake were ended
(Meanwhile the sound remaining leg
Its high jack-boot defended),

A woolsey cloak about him threw,
And swore by wind and limb,
Since Govert kept from Peter's view,
Peter would visit him;

Then sallied forth, through snow and blast,
While many a humbler greeter
Stood wondering whereaway so fast
Strode bluff Hardkoppig Pieter.

Past quay and cowpath, through a lane
Of vats and mounded tans,
He puffed along, with might and main,
To Govert Loockermans;
Once there, his right of entry took,
And hailed his ancient crony:
"Myn Gód! in dese Manhattoes, Loock,
Ve gets more snow as money!"

To which, and after whiffs profound,
With doubtful wink and nod,
There came at last responsive sound:
"Yah, Peter; yah, Myn Gód!"
Then goodevrouw Marie sat her guest
Beneath the chimney-gable,
And courtesied, bustling at her best
To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,
That years before had come—
In the "Nieuw Nederlandts," perhaps—
To cheer the settlers' home;

The long-stemmed pipes; the fragrant roll
Of pressed and crispy Spanish;
Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,
Nor long delayed to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,
And honors of the day,
The trader mixed the Governor's drink
As evening sped away.
That ancient room! I see it now:
The carven nutwood dresser;
The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw
Begrudged their rich possessor;

The brace of high-backed leathern chairs,
Brass-nailed at every seam;
Six others, ranged in equal pairs;
The bacon hung abeam;
The chimney-front, with porcelain shelft;
The hearty wooden fire;
The picture, on the steaming delft,
Of David and Goliah.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit
Like Magog and his mate,
And hear them, when their pipes are lit,
Discuss affairs of state:

The clique that would their sway demean;
The pestilent importation
Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean
And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtle juniper
Assumed its sure command,
They drank the buxom loves that were,—
They drank the Motherland;
They drank the famous Swedish wars,
Stout Peter's special glory,
While Govert proudly showed the scars
Of Indian contests gory.

Erelong, the berry's power awoke
Some music in their brains,
And, trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,
Rang long-forgotten strains,—
Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,
Of phantom ships and battle;
And Peter, with his leg of wood,
Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,
The chairs began to wheel,
And on the board the punch-bowl danced
A Netherlandish reel;

Till midnight o'er the farmhouse spread
Her New Year's skirt of sable,
And inch by inch, each puzzled head
Dropt down upon the table.

But still to Peter, as he dreamed,
The table spread and turned;
The chimney-log blazed high, and seemed
To circle as it burned;
The town into the vision grew
From ending to beginning;
Fort, wall, and windmill met his view,
All widening and spinning.

The cowpaths, leading to the docks,
Grew broader, whirling past,
And checkered into shining blocks,
A city fair and vast;
Stores, churches, mansions, overspread
The metamorphosed island,
While not a beaver showed his head
From Swamp to Kalchook highland.

Eftsoons the picture passed away;
Hours after, Peter woke
To see a spectral streak of day
Gleam in through fading smoke;

Still slept old Govert, snoring on
In most melodious numbers;
No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One
Commingled with his slumbers.

But Peter, from the farmhouse door,
Gazed doubtfully around,
Rejoiced to find himself once more
On sure and solid ground.
The sky was somewhat dark ahead,
Wind east, the morning lowery;
And on he pushed, a two-miles' tread,
To breakfast at his Bouwery.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

When the Great Gray Ships Come in ∞ ∞

August 20, 1898

(New York Harbor)

TO eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er
mapless miles of sea,
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the fur-
thermost isles are free,
And the furthestmost isles make answer, harbor,
and height, and hill,
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the
Mother who calls! Be still!"

Mother ! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold
from harm,
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her
sovereign arm,
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who
bade her navies roam,
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who
calls them this time home !

And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary
watchers rest,
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep
in the golden west
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson
bars,
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened
stars !
Peace ! As the tidings silence the strenuous can-
nonade,
Peace at last ! is the bugle blast the length of the
long blockade,
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace !
Thank God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall
show
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade
them rise and go,—

How, when the stirring summons smote on her
children's ear,
South and North at the call stood forth, and the
whole land answered, "Here !"
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of
the sailor's song
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should
meet with wrong,
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and
then, on the decks they trod,
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace
of their country's God !
Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and
free,
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost
ends of sea,
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy
lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her
across the strait:—
But better the golden evening when the ships
round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl
of seething foam,
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet
the men who win !
Thank God for peace ! Thank God for peace,
when the great gray ships come in !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

Mannahatta ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(*New York City*)

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect
for my city,
Whereupon lo ! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word,
liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from
of old,

Because I see that word nested in nests of water-
bays, superb,

Rich, hemmed thick all around with sail ships
and steam ships, an island sixteen miles
long, solid-founded,

Numberless crowded streets, high growths of
iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly up-
rising toward clear skies,

Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, towards
sundown,

The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger
adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,

The countless masts, the white shore-steamers,
the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-
steamers well-modeled,

The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of
business, the houses of business of the ship-
merchants and money-brokers, the river-
streets,

Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand
in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers
of horses, the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the
sailing clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice
in the river, passing along up or down with
the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-
formed, beautiful-faced, looking you straight
in the eyes,
Trottoirs thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the
women, the shops and shows,
A million people—manners free and superb—
open voices—hospitality—the most coura-
geous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters ! city of
spires and masts !
City nested in bays ! my city !

Walt Whitman.

From *A Winter Thought of Dartmouth in
Manhattan* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*New York City*)

A^H, she is stronger than thou, she who now
holds us;
She that sits by the sea, new-crowned with a five-
fold tiara;

She of the great twin harbors, our lady of rivers
and islands;
Tower-topped Manhattan,
With feet reeded round with the masts of the five
great oceans
Flowering the flags of all nations, flaunting and
furling,—
City of ironways, city of ferries,
Sea-Queen and Earth-Queen !

Look, how the line of her roofs coming down from
the north
Breaks into surf-leap of granite—jagged sierras—
Upheaval volcanic, lined sharp on the violet sky
Where the red moon, lop-sided, past the full,
Over their ridge swims in the tide of space,
And the harbor waves laugh softly, silently.

Look, how the overhead train at the Morningside
curve
Loops like a sea-born dragon its sinuous flight,
Loops in the night in and out, high up in the air,
Like a serpent of stars with the evil and undulant
reach of waves.

From under the Bridge at noon
See from the yonder shore how the great curves
rise and converge,

Like the beams of the universe, like the masonry
of the sky,
Like the arches set for the corners of the world,
The foundation-stone of the orbic spheres and
spaces.

Is she not fair and terrible, O Mother—
City of Titan thews, deep-breasted, colossal-
limbed,
Splendid with the spoil of nations, myriad-
mooded Manhattan?
Behold, we are hers—she has claimed us; and
who has power to withstand her?

Richard Hovey.

Brooklyn Bridge ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(New York City)

NO lifeless thing of iron and stone,
But sentient, as her children are,
Nature accepts you for her own,
Kin to the cataract and the star.

She marks your vast, sufficing plan,
Cable and girder, bolt and rod,
And takes you, from the hand of man,
For some new handiwork of God.

You thrill through all your chords of steel
Responsive to the living sun;

And quickening in your nerves you feel
Life with its conscious currents run.

Your anchorage upbears the march
Of time and the eternal powers.
The sky admits your perfect arch,
The rock respects your stable towers.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Brooklyn Bridge at Dawn¹ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*New York City*)

OUT of the cleansing night of stars and tides,
Building itself anew in the slow dawn,
The long sea-city rises: night is gone,
Day is not yet; still merciful, she hides
Her summoning brow, and still the night-car
glides

Empty of faces; the night-watchmen yawn
One to the other, and shiver and pass on,
Nor yet a soul over the great bridge rides.

Frail as a gossamer, a thing of air,
A bow of shadow o'er the river flung,
Its sleepy masts and lonely lapping flood;
Who seeing thus the bridge a-slumber there,
Would dream such softness like a picture hung,
Is wrought of human thunder, iron and
blood?

Richard Le Gallienne.

¹ With permission of John Lane Company.

Pan in Wall Street ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(New York City)

JUST where the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations;
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont
To throng for trade and last quotations;
Where, hour by hour, the rates of gold
Outrival, in the ears of people,
The quarter-chimes, serenely tolled
From Trinity's undaunted steeple,—

Even there I heard a strange, wild strain
Sound high above the modern clamor,
Above the cries of greed and gain,
The curbstone war, the auction's hammer;
And swift, on Music's misty ways,
It led, from all this strife for millions,
To ancient, sweet-do-nothing days
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians.

And as it stilled the multitude,
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,
I saw the minstrel, where he stood
At ease against a Doric pillar:
One hand a droning organ played,
The other held a Pan's-pipe (fashioned
Like those of old) to lips that made
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here
A-strolling through this sordid city,
And piping to the civic ear
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!
The demigod had crossed the seas,—
From haunts of shepherd, nymph, and satyr,
And Syracusan times,—to these
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head;
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting
That, all with crispy locks o'erspread,
His gnarlèd horns were somewhere sprouting;
His club-feet, cased in rusty shoes,
Were crossed, as on some frieze you see them,
And trousers, patched of divers hues,
Concealed his crooked shanks beneath them.

He filled the quivering reeds with sound,
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,
And with his goat's-eyes looked around
Where'er the passing current drifted;
And soon, as on Trinacrian hills
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,
With clerks and porters, crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew
From Jauncey Court and New Street Alley,
As erst, if pastorals be true,
Came beasts from every wooded valley;

The random passers stayed to list,—

A boxer Ægon, rough and merry,

A Broadway Daphnis, on his tryst

With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long

In tattered cloak of army pattern,

And Galatea joined the throng,—

A blowsy, apple-vending slattern;

While old Silenus staggered out

From some new-fangled lunch-house handy,

And bade the piper, with a shout,

To strike up Yankee Doodle Dandy !

A newsboy and a peanut-girl

Like little Fauns began to caper:

His hair was all in tangled curl,

Her tawny legs were bare and taper;

And still the gathering larger grew,

And gave its pence and crowded nigher,

While aye the shepherd-minstrel blew

His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of Nature, beating still

With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—

Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,

Or by the Arethusan water !

New forms may fold the speech, new lands

Arise within these ocean-portals,

But Music waves eternal wands,—

Enchantress of the souls of mortals !

So thought I,—but among us trod
 A man in blue, with legal baton,
 And scoffed the vagrant demigod,
 And pushed him from the step I sat on.
 Doubting I mused upon the cry,
 “Great Pan is dead !” — and all the people
 Went on their ways:—and clear and high
 The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Washington Square



(*New York City*)

THIS is the end of the town that I love the best.
 Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burn-
 ing west—

Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy
 square

Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
 To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down
 In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of
 the town.

And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
 When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of
 white

With one clear planet above; and the sickle moon,
 In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
 Silvers the sapphire sky. Now soon, ah soon,
 Shall the city square be turned to holy ground

Through the light of the moon and the stars and
the glowing flower,—
The Cross of Light,—that looms from the sacred
tower.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Broadway



(New York City)

ON this day of brightest dawning,
Underneath each spreading awning,
Sheltered from the sun's fierce ray,
Come, and let us saunter gayly
With the crowd whose footsteps, daily,
Wear the sidewalks of Broadway.

Leave the proof-sheets and the printer
Till the duller days of winter,
Till some dark December day;
Better than your lucubrations
Are the vivid inspirations
You can gather in Broadway !

Tell me not, in half-derision,
Of your Boulevards Parisian,
With their brilliant broad *parès*,
Still for us the best is nearest,
And the last love is the dearest,
And the Queen of Streets—Broadway !

Here, beneath bewitching bonnets,
Sparkle eyes to kindle sonnets,
Charms, each worth a lyric lay;
Ah ! what bright, untold romances
Linger in the radiant glances
Of the beauties of Broadway !

All the fairer, that so fleeting
Is the momentary meeting,
That our footsteps may not stay;
While, each passing form replacing,
Swift the waves of life are chasing
Down the channels of Broadway !

Motley as the masqueraders
Are the jostling promenaders,
In their varied, strange display;
Here an instant, only, blending,
Whither are their footsteps tending
As they hasten through Broadway ?

Some to garrets and to cellars,
Crowded with unhappy dwellers;
Some to mansions, rich and gay,
Where the evening's mirth and pleasure
Shall be fuller, in their measure,
Than the turmoil of Broadway !

Yet were once our mortal vision
Blest with quicker intuition,

We should shudder with dismay
 To behold what shapes are haunting
 Some, who seem most gayly flaunting
 On the sidewalks of Broadway !

For, beside the beggar cheerless,
 And the maiden gay and fearless,
 And the old man worn and gray,
 Swift and viewless, waiting never,
 Still the Fates are gliding ever,
 Stern and silent, through Broadway !

William Allen Butler.

Broadway ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 (*New York City*)

I

BETWEEN these frowning granite steeps
 The human river onward sweeps;
 And here it moves with torrent force,
 And there it slacks its heady course:
 But what controls its variant flow
 A keener wit than mine must show,
 Who cast myself upon the tide,
 And with its current, merging, glide,—
 A drop, an atom, of the whole
 Of its great bulk and wandering soul.

O curbless river, savage stream,
 Thou art my wilderness extreme,

Where I may move as free, as lone,
As in the waste with wood o'ergrown,
And broodings of as brave a strain
May here unchallenged entertain,
Whether meridian light display
The swift routine of current day,
Or yet, electric, diamond-clear,
Convoke a world of glamour here.
Yet when of solitude I tire,
Speak comradeship to my desire,
O most companionable tide,
Where all to all are firm allied,
And each hath countenance from the rest,
Although the tie be unconfessed!

II

I muse upon this river's brink;
I listen long; I strive to think
What cry goes forth, of many blent,
And by that cry what thing is meant,—
What simple legend of old fate
Man's voice, here inarticulate,
From out this dim and strange uproar
Still heaves upon the skyey shore!

Amid this swift, phantasmal stream
Sometimes I move as in a dream;
Then wondrous quiet, for a space,
The clanging tumult will displace;

And toil's hard gride and pleasure's hum
No longer to my ear may come:
A pantomimic haunted throng
Fareth in silence deep and strong,
And seems in summoned haste to urge,
Half prescient, towards a destined verge!

The river flows,—unwasting flows;
Nor less nor more its volume grows,
From source to sea still onward rolled,
As days are shed and years are told;
And yet so mutable its wave,
That no man twice therein may lave,
But ere he can return again,
Himself shall subtle change sustain;
Since more and more each life must be
Tide-troubled by the drawing sea.

Edith M. Thomas.

On a Subway Express ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(New York City)

I WHO have lost the stars, the sod,
For chilling pave and cheerless light,
Have made my meeting-place with God
A new and nether Night—

Have found a fane where thunder fills
Loud caverns, tremulous;—and these

Atone me for my reverend hills
And moonlit silences.

A figment in the crowded dark,
Where men sit muted by the roar,
I ride upon the whirring Spark
Beneath the city's floor.

In this dim firmament, the stars.
Whirl by in blazing files and tiers;
Kin meteors graze our flying bars,
Amid the spinning spheres.

Speed ! speed ! until the quivering rails
Flash silver where the head-light gleams,
As when on lakes the Moon impales
The waves upon its beams.

Life throbs about me, yet I stand
Outgazing on majestic Power;
Death rides with me, on either hand,
In my communion hour.

You that 'neath country skies can pray,
Scoff not at me—the city clod;—
My only respite of the Day
Is this wild ride—with God.

Chester Firkins.

On the Elevated Railroad at 110th Street ~

(New York City)

ABOVE the hollow deep where lies
The city's slumbering face,
Out, out across the night we swing,
A meteor launched in space.

The dark above is sown with stars,
The humming dark below
With sparkle of ten thousand lamps
In endless row on row.

Tall shadow towers with glimmering lights
Stand sinister and grim
Where upper deep and lower deep
Come darkly rim to rim.

Our souls have known the midnight awe
Of mount, and plain, and sea;
But here the city's night enfolds
A vaster mystery.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Poe's Cottage at Fordham ~ ~ ~ ~

(Fordham)

HERE lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;

Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
And hopeless vale of Dis,

And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
The mortal went and came.

And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame.

John Henry Boner.

At Bay Ridge, Long Island ~ ~ ~ ~

PLEASANT it is to lie amid the grass
Under these shady locusts, half the day,
Watching the ships reflected on the Bay,
Topmast and shroud, as in a wizard's glass:
To see the happy-hearted martins pass,
Brushing the dew-drops from the lilac spray:
Or else to hang enamored o'er some lay
Of fairy regions: or to muse, alas!
On Dante, exiled, journeying outworn;
On patient Milton's sorrowfulest eyes
Shut from the splendors of the Night and Morn:
To think that now, beneath the Italian skies
In such clear air as this, by Tiber's wave,
Daisies are trembling over Keats's grave.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Hudson River ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

RIVERS that roll most musical in song
Are often lovely to the mind alone;
The wanderer muses, as he moves along
Their barren banks, on glories not their own.

When, to give substance to his boyish dreams,
He leaves his own, far countries to survey,
Oft must he think, in greeting foreign streams,
"Their names alone are beautiful, not they."

If chance he mark the dwindled Arno pour
A tide more meagre than his native Charles;
Or views the Rhone when summer's heat is o'er,
Subdued and stagnant in the fen of Arles;

Or when he sees the slimy Tiber fling
His sullen tribute at the feet of Rome,
Oft to his thought must partial memory bring
More noble waves, without renown, at home;

Now let him climb the Catskill, to behold
The lordly Hudson, marching to the main,
And say what bard, in any land of old,
Had such a river to inspire his strain.

Along the Rhine gray battlements and towers
Declare what robbers once the realm possessed;
But here Heaven's handiwork surpasseth ours,
And man has hardly more than built his nest.

No storied castle overawes these heights,
Nor antique arches check the current's play,
Nor mouldering architrave the mind invites
To dream of deities long passed away.

No Gothic buttress, or decaying shaft
Of marble, yellowed by a thousand years,
Lifts a great landmark to the little craft,—
A summer cloud ! that comes and disappears.

But cliffs, unaltered from their primal form
Since the subsiding of the deluge, rise
And hold their savins to the upper storm,
While far below the skiff securely plies.

Farms, rich not more in meadows than in men
Of Saxon mould, and strong for every toil,
Spread o'er the plain, or scatter through the glen,
Bœotian plenty on a Spartan soil.

Then, where the reign of cultivation ends,
Again the charming wilderness begins;
From steep to steep one solemn wood extends,
Till some new hamlet's rise the bosage thins.

And these deep groves forever have remained
Touched by no ax,—by no proud owner nursed
As now they stand they stood when Pharaoh
reigned,
Lineal descendants of creation's first.

* * * * *

No tales, we know, are chronicled of thee
In ancient scrolls; no deeds of doubtful claim
Have hung a history on every tree,
And given each rock its fable and a fame.

But neither here hath any conqueror trod,
Nor grim invaders from barbarian climes;
No horrors feigned of giant or of god
Pollute thy stillness with recorded crimes.

Here never yet have happy fields laid waste,
The ravished harvest and the blasted fruit,
The cottage ruined, and the shrine defaced,
Tracked the foul passage of the feudal brute.

"Yet, O Antiquity!" the stranger sighs,
"Scenes wanting thee soon pall upon the view;
The soul's indifference dulls the sated eyes,
Where all is fair indeed,—but all is new."

False thought! is age to crumbling walls confined?
To Grecian fragments and Egyptian bones?
Hath Time no monuments to raise the mind,
More than old fortresses and sculptured
stones?

Call not this new which is the only land
That wears unchanged the same primeval face
Which, when just dawning from its Maker's hand
Gladdened the first great grandsire of our race.

Nor did Euphrates with an earlier birth
Glide past green Eden towards the unknown
south,

Than Hudson broke upon the infant earth,
And kissed the ocean with his nameless mouth.

Twin-born with Jordan, Ganges, and the Nile!
Thebes and the pyramids to thee are young;
O, had thy waters burst from Britain's isle,
Till now perchance they had not flowed unsung.

Thomas William Parsons.

The Hudson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

'TWAS a vision of childhood that came with its
dawn,
Ere the curtain that covered life's day-star was
drawn;
The nurse told the tale when the shadows grew
long,
And the mother's soft lullaby breathed it in song.

"There flows a fair stream by the hills of the
west,"—

She sang to her boy as he lay on her breast;
"Along its smooth margin thy fathers have played
Beside its deep waters their ashes are laid."

I wandered afar from the land of my birth,
I saw the old rivers, renowned upon earth,
But fancy still painted that wide-flowing stream
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's dream.

I saw the green banks of the castle-crowned
Rhine,
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and change
it to wine;
I stood by the Avon, whose waves as they glide
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at their side.

But my heart would still yearn for the sound of
the waves
That sing as they flow by my forefathers' graves;
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a tear,
I care not who sees it,—no blush for it here!

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of the West!
I fling this loose blossom to float on its breast;
Nor let the dear love of its children grow cold,
Till the channel is dry where its waters have
rolled!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From *The Culprit Fay* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*The Hudson*)

'TIS the middle watch of a summer's night:
The earth is dark, but the heavens are
bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless
sky,

And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest:
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark,—
Like starry twinkles that momentarily break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like spiral line below;
The winds are whist and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid;
And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

The Hudson ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHERE in its old historic splendor stands
The home of England's far-famed Parlia-
ment,

And waters of the Thames in calm content
At England's fame flow slowly o'er their sands;
And where the Rhine past vine-entwin'd lands
Courses in castled beauty, there I went;
And far to Southern rivers, flower-besprent;
And to the icy streams of Northern strands.
Then mine own native shores I trod once more,
And, gazing on thy waters' majesty,
The memory, O Hudson, came to me
Of one who went to seek the wide world o'er
For Love, but found it not. Then home turned he
And saw his mother waiting at the door.

George Sidney Hellman.

Catskill Mountains ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

From Rip Van Winkle

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson
must remember the Kaatskill Mountains.
They are a dismembered branch of the great
Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west
of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lord-
ing it over the surrounding country. Every change
of season, every change of weather, indeed, every
hour of the day, produces some change in the mag-

ical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

Washington Irving.

Catskill



HOW reel the wildered senses at the sight!
How vast the boundless vision breaks in
view!

Nor thought, nor word, can well depict the scene;
The din of toil comes faintly swelling up
From green fields far below; and all around
The forest sea sends up its ceaseless roar
Like to the ocean's everlasting chime.
Mountains on mountains in the distance rise,
Like clouds along the far horizon's verge;
Their misty summits mingling with the sky,
Till earth and heaven seem blended into one.
So far removed from toil and bustling care,—
So far from earth, if heaven no nearer be,
And gazing, as a spirit, from mid-air
Upon the strife and tumult of the world,

Let me forget the cares I leave behind,
And with an humble spirit, bow before
The Maker of these everlasting hills.

Bayard Taylor.

Catterskill Falls ¹ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain
springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

¹ Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago,
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock-fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair
For a child of those rugged steepes;
His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own;
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise?
A maiden watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
Betwixt his eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls,
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls.
'Tis only the torrent—but why that start?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and sister wait.
He heeds no longer how star after star
Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late.
He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast
From a thousand boughs by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

“And oh, that those glorious haunts were mine!”

He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men,
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb;
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh, how sadly their eyes
On their children's white brows rest!
There are youthful lovers,—the maiden lies,
In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;
There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow-stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom
throng,
Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
And the youth now faintly sees
Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies;
As he strives to raise his head,
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
By the base of that icy steep,
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

William Cullen Bryant.

In the Churchyard at Tarrytown ~ ~ ~

(Tarrytown)

HERE lies the gentle humorist, who died
In the bright Indian Summer of his fame!
A simple stone, with but a date and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days he came,
But the dry leaves of life were all aflame
With tints that brightened and were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers,
A grief and gladness in the atmosphere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Lake Saratoga ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LADY stands beside the silver lake.
“What,” said the Mohawk, “wouldst thou
have me do?”

“Across the water, sir, be pleased to take
Me and my children in thy bark canoe.”

“Ah!” said the Chief, “thou knowest not, I think,
The legend of the lake,—hast ever heard

That in its wave the stoutest boat will sink,
If any passenger shall speak a word?"

"Full well we know the Indian's strange belief,"
The lady answered, with a civil smile;
"But take us o'er the water, mighty Chief;
In rigid silence we will sit the while."

Thus they embarked, but ere the little boat
Was half across the lake, the woman gave
Her tongue—its wonted play,—but still they float,
And pass in safety o'er the utmost wave!

Safe on the shore, the warrior looked amazed,
Despite the stoic calmness of his race;
No word he spoke, but long the Indian gazed
In moody silence in the woman's face.

"What think you now?" the lady gayly said;
"Safely to land your frail canoe is brought!
No harm, you see, has touched a single head!
So superstition ever comes to naught!"

Smiling, the Mohawk said, "Our safety shows
That God is merciful to old and young;
Thanks unto the Great Spirit!—well he knows
The pale-faced woman cannot hold her tongue!"

John Godfrey Saxe.

Lake George



A SUMMER shower had swept the woods;
But when, from all the scene,
Rolled off at length the thunder-floods,
And streamed the sunset sheen,
I came where my postilion raised
His horsewhip for a wand,
And said, "There's Horicon, good sir,
And here's the Bloody Pond!

"And don't you see yon low gray wall,
With grass and bushes grown?
Well, that's Fort George's palisade,
That many a storm has known:
But here's the Bloody Pond where lies
Full many a soldier tall;
The spring, they say, was never pure
Since that red burial."

'Twas rare to see! That vale beneath;
That lake so calm and cool!
But mournful was each lily-wreath,
Upon the turbid pool:
And—"On, postilion, let us haste
To greener banks," I cried,
"O, stay me not where man has stained
With brother's blood the tide!"

An hour,—and though the Even-star
Was chasing down the sun,
My boat was on thine azure wave,
Sweet, holy Horicon!
And woman's voice cheered on our bark,
With soft bewildering song,
While fireflies, darting through the dark,
Went lighting us along.

Anon, that bark was on the beach,
And soon I stood alone
Upon thy moldering walls, Fort George,
So old and ivy-grown.
At once, old tales of massacre
Were crowding on my soul,
And ghosts of ancient sentinels
Paced up the rocky knoll.

The shadowy hour was dark enow
For fancy's wild campaign,
And moments were impassioned hours
Of battle and of pain:
Each brake and thistle seemed alive
With fearful shapes of fight,
And up the feathered scalp-locks rose
Of many a tawny sprite.

The Mohawk war-whoop howled again;
I heard St. Denys' charge,
And then the volleyed musketry
Of England and St. George.

The vale, the rocks, the cradling hills,
 From echoing rank to rank,
 Rung back the warlike rhetoric
 Of Huron and of Frank.

"So, keep thy name, Lake George," said I,
 "And bear to latest day,
 The memory of our primal age,
 And England's early sway;
 And when Columbia's flag shall here
 Her starry glories toss,
 Be witness how our fathers fought
 Beneath St. George's cross."

* * * * *

Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Falls of the Mohawk ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 (*Mohawk River*)

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
 And as I marked the woods of pine
 Along his mirror darkly shine,
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass;
 And as I viewed the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing, alike untired and wild,
 Through shades that frowned and flowers that
 smiled,

Flying by every green recess
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,
Oft have I thought, and thinking sighed,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a sheltered, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take,—
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

Thomas Moore.

From *The Adirondacs* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A JOURNAL.

DEDICATED TO MY FELLOW-TRAVELERS IN 1858.

Wise and polite.—and if I drew
Their several portraits, you would own
Chaucer had no such worthy crew,
Nor Boccace in Decameron.

WE crossed Champlain to Keeseville with our
friends,
Thence, in strong country carts, rode up the forks
Of the Ausable stream, intent to reach
The Adirondac lakes. At Martin's Beach
We chose our boats; each man a boat and guide,—
Ten men, ten guides, our company all told.

Next morn, we swept with oars the Saranac,
With skies of benediction, to Round Lake,
Where all the sacred mountains drew around us,
Taháwus, Seaward, MacIntyre, Baldhead,
And other Titans without muse or name.
Pleased with these grand companions, we glide on,
Instead of flowers, crowned with a wreath of hills.
We made our distance wider, boat from boat,
As each would hear the oracle alone.
By the bright morn the gay flotilla slid
Through files of flags that gleamed like bayonets,
Through gold-moth-haunted beds of pickerel
flower,
Through scented banks of lilies white and gold,
Where the deer feeds at night, the teal by day,

On through the upper Saranac, and up
Père Raquette stream, to a small tortuous pass
Winding through grassy shallows in and out,
Two creeping miles of rushes, pads and sponge,
To Follansbee Water and the Lake of Loons.

Northward the length of Follansbee we rowed,
Under low mountains, whose unbroken ridge
Ponderous with beechen forest sloped the shore.
A pause and council: then, where near the head
Due east a bay makes inward to the land
Between two rocky arms, we climb the bank,
And in the twilight of the forest noon
Wield the first ax these echoes ever heard.
We cut young trees to make our poles and thwarts,
Barked the white spruce to weatherfend the roof,
Then struck a light and kindled the camp-fire.

The wood was sovran with centennial trees,—
Oak, cedar, maple, poplar, beech and fir,
Linden and spruce. In strict society
Three conifers, white, pitch and Norway pine,
Five-leaved, three-leaved and two-leaved, grew
thereby.

Our patron pine was fifteen feet in girth,
The maple eight, beneath its shapely tower.

‘Welcome!’ the wood-god murmured through
the leaves,—
‘Welcome, though late, unknowing, yet known to
me.’

Evening drew on; stars peeped through maple-
 boughs,
 Which o'erhung, like a cloud, our camping fire.
 Decayed millennial trunks, like moonlight flecks,
 Lit with phosphoric crumbs the forest floor.

Ten scholars, wonted to lie warm and soft
 In well-hung chambers daintily bestowed,
 Lie here on hemlock-boughs, like Sacs and Sioux,
 And greet unanimous the joyful change.

* * * * *

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

My Own Dark Genesee



(*Genesee River*)

THEY told me southern land could boast
 Charms richer than mine own:
 Sun, moon, and stars of brighter glow,
 And winds of gentler tone;
 And parting from each olden haunt,
 Familiar rock and tree,
 From that sweet vale I wandered far—
 Washed by the Genesee.

I pined beneath a foreign sky,
 Though birds, like harps in tune,
 Lulled Winter on a couch of flowers
 Clad in the garb of June.

In vain on reefs of coral broke
The glad waves of the sea;
For, like thy voice they sounded not,
My own dark Genesee!

When Christmas came, though round me grew
The lemon-tree and lime,
And the warm sky above me threw
The blue of summer-time;
I thought of my loved northern home,
And wished for wings to flee
Where frost-bound, between frozen banks,
Lay hushed the Genesee.

For the gray, mossed paternal roof
My throbbing bosom yearned,
And ere the flight of many moons
My steps I homeward turned;
My heart, to joy a stranger long,
Was tuned to rapture's key,
When ear the murmur heard once more
Of my own Genesee.

Ambition from the scenes of youth
May others lure away
To chase the phantom of renown
Throughout their little day;

I would not, for a palace proud
And slave of pliant knee,
Forsake a cabin in thy vale,
My own dark Genesee.

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer.

Niagara



From Tales and Sketches

OH that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old, who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink, in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshipped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs, and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky,—a scene, in short, which nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize.

* * * * *

There were intervals when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have

anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up to become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient like the rage of the tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes the mind.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The Cataract Isle ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Niagara)

I WANDERED through the ancient wood
 That crowns the cataract isle.

I heard the roaring of the flood
 And saw its wild, fierce smile.

Through tall tree-tops the sunshine flecked
 The huge trunks and the ground,
 And the pomp of fullest summer decked
 The island all around.

And winding paths led all along
 Where friends and lovers strayed,
 And voices rose with laugh and song
 From sheltered nooks of shade.



Through opening forest vistas whirled
The rapids' foamy flash,
As they boiled along and plunged and swirled,
And neared the last long dash.

I crept to the island's outer verge,
Where the grand, broad river fell,—
Fell sheer down mid foam and surge
In a white and blinding hell.

The steady rainbow gayly shone
Above the precipice,
And the deep low tone of a thunder groan
Rolled up from the drear abyss.

And all the day sprang up the spray
Where the broad white sheets were poured,
And fell around in showery play,
Or upward curled and soared.

And all the night those sheets of white
Gleamed through the spectral mist,
When o'er the isle the broad moonlight
The wintry foam-flakes kissed.

Mirrored within my dreamy thought,
I see it, feel it all,—
That island with sweet visions fraught,
That awful waterfall.

With sunflecked trees, and birds and flowers,
 The Isle of Life is fair;
 But one deep voice thrills through its hours,
 One spectral form is there,—

A power no mortal can resist,
 Rolling forever on,—
 A floating cloud, a shadowy mist,
 Eternal undertone.

And through the sunny vistas gleam
 The fate, the solemn smile.
 Life is Niagara's rushing stream;
 Its dreams—that peaceful isle!

Christopher Pearse Cranch.

Niagara ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE WATER TALKED TO THE TURBINE
 AT THE INTAKE'S COUCHANT KNEE:
 Brother, thy mouth is darkness
 Devouring me.

I rush at the whirl of thy bidding;
 I pour and spend
 Through the wheel-pit's nether tempest.
 Brother, the end?

Before fierce days of tent and javelin,
Before the cloudy kings of Ur,
Before the Breath upon the waters,
My splendors were.

Red hurricanes of roving worlds,
Huge wallow of the uncharted Sea,
The formless births of fluid stars,
Remember me.
A glacial dawn, the smoke of rainbows,
The swiftness of the cañoned west,
The steadfast column of white volcanoes,
Leap from my breast.

But now, subterranean, mirthless,
I tug and strain,
Beating out a dance thou hast taught me
With penstock, cylinder, vane.
I am more delicate than moonlight,
Grave as the thunder's rocking brow;
I am genesis, revelation,
Yet less than thou.

*By this I adjure thee, brother,
Beware to offend!
For the least, the dumbfounded the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.*

THE TURBINE TALKED TO THE MAN
AT THE SWITCHBOARD'S CRYPTIC KEY:
Brother, thy touch is whirlwind
Consuming me.

I revolve at the pulse of thy finger,
Millions of power I flash
For the muted and ceaseless cables
And the engine's crash.
Like Samson, fettered, blindfolded,
I sweat at my craft;
But I build a temple I know not,
Driver and ring and shaft.

Wheat-field and tunnel and furnace,
They tremble and are aware.
But beyond thou compellest me, brother,
Beyond these, where?
Singing like sunrise on battle,
I travail as hills that bow;
I am wind and fire of prophecy,
Yet less than thou.

*By this I adjure thee, brother,
Be slow to offend!
For the least, the blindfolded, the conquered,
Shall judge in the end.*

THE MAN STROVE WITH HIS MAKER

AT THE CLANG OF THE POWER-HOUSE DOOR:
Lord, Lord, Thou art unsearchable,
Troubling me sore.

I have thrust my spade to the caverns;
I have yoked the cataract;
I have counted the steps of the planets,
What thing have I lacked?
I am come to a goodly country,
Where, putting my hand to the plow,
I have not considered the lilies,
Am I less than Thou?

THE MAKER SPAKE WITH THE MAN

AT THE TERMINAL-HOUSE OF THE LINE:
For delight wouldst thou have desolation,
O brother mine,
And flaunt on the highway of nations
A byword and sign?

Have I fashioned thee then in my image
And quickened thy spirit of old,
If thou spoil my garments of wonder
For a handful of gold?
I wrought for thy glittering possession
The waterfall's glorious lust;
It is genesis, revelation,—
Wilt thou grind it to dust?

Niagara, the genius of freedom,
 A creature for base command!
 Thy soul is the pottage thou sellest:
 Withhold thy hand.
 Or take him and bind him and make him
 A magnificent slave if thou must—
 But remember that beauty is treasure
 And gold is dust.

*Yea, thou, returned to the fertile ground
 In the humble days to be,
 Shalt learn that he who slays a splendor
 Has murdered Me.
 By this I adjure thee, brother,
 Beware to offend!
 For the least, the extinguished, the conquered,
 Shall judge in the end.*

Florence Wilkinson.

At Niagara ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

THERE at the chasm's edge behold her lean
 Trembling as, 'neath the charm,
 A wild bird lifts no wing to 'scape from harm;
 Her very soul drawn to the glittering, green,
 Smooth, lustrous, awful, lovely curve of peril;
 While far below the bending sea of beryl
 Thunder and tumult—whence a billowy spray
 Enclouds the day.

II

What dream is hers? No dream hath wrought
that spell!

The long waves rise and sink;
Pity that virgin soul on passion's brink,
Confronting Fate,—swift, unescapable,—
Fate, which of nature is the intent and core,
And dark and strong as the steep river's pour,
Cruel as love, and wild as love's first kiss!
Ah, God! The abyss!

Richard Watson Gilder.

Perry's Victory on Lake Erie ∞ . ∞ ∞

(*Lake Erie*)

BRIGHT was the morn,—the waveless bay
Shone like a mirror to the sun;
Mid greenwood shades and meadows gay,
The matin birds their lays begun:
While swelling o'er the gloomy wood
Was heard the faintly echoed roar,—
The dashing of the foamy flood,
That beat on Erie's distant shore.

The tawny wanderer of the wild
Paddled his painted birch canoe,
And, where the wave serenely smiled,
Swift as the darting falcon, flew;

He rowed along that peaceful bay,
And glanced its polished surface o'er,
Listening the billow far away,
That rolled on Erie's lonely shore.

What sounds awake my slumbering ear?
What echoes o'er the waters come?
It is the morning gun I hear,
The rolling of the distant drum.
Far o'er the bright illumined wave
I mark the flash,—I hear the roar,
That calls from sleep the slumbering brave,
To fight on Erie's lonely shore.

See how the starry banner floats,
And sparkles in the morning ray:
While sweetly swell the fife's gay notes
In echoes o'er the gleaming bay:
Flash follows flash, as through yon fleet
Columbia's cannons loudly roar,
And valiant tars the battle greet,
That storms on Erie's echoing shore.

O, who can tell what deeds were done,
When Britain's cross, on yonder wave,
Sunk 'neath Columbia's dazzling sun,
And met in Erie's flood its grave?
Who tell the triumphs of that day,
When, smiling at the cannon's roar,
Our hero, mid the bloody fray,
Conquered on Erie's echoing shore?

Though many a wounded bosom bleeds
 For sire, for son, for lover dear,
 Yet Sorrow smiles amid her weeds,—
 Affliction dries her tender tear;
 Oh! she exclaims, with glowing pride,
 With ardent thoughts that wildly soar,
 My sire, my son, my lover died,
 Conquering on Erie's bloody shore!

* * * * *

James Gates Percival.

NEW JERSEY

The Falls of the Passaic ~ ~ ~ ~

(Passaic River)

IN a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of
 green,
 Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,
 The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the
 deer,
 Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,
 No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
 Here the wild floweret blossomed, the elm proudly
 waved,
 And pure was the current the green bank that
 laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled
wood,
And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,
Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds
deform,
And gloried in thunder and lightning and storm;

•
All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red men encountered the children of
flame,
While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his
ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears:

With a glance of disgust, he the landscape sur-
veyed,
With its fragrant wild-flowers, its wide waving
shade;
Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,
So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid
low;
He taught the pure stream in rough channels to
flow;
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long
 lapse of time,
 Cultivation has softened those features sublime;
 The ax of the white man has lightened the shade,
 And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed
 glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
 On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on
 high;
 Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,
 Where the torrent leaps headlong, embosomed in
 foam.

Washington Irving.

Fruit Ilium ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Elisabeth*)

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS

ONE by one they died,—
 Last of all their race;
 Nothing left but pride,
 Lace, and buckled hose.
 Their quietus made,
 On their dwelling-place
 Ruthless hands are laid:
 Down the old house goes!

See the ancient manse
Meet its fate at last !
Time, in his advance,
Age nor honor knows;
Ax and broadax fall,
Lopping off the Past:
Hit with bar and maul,
Down the old house goes !

Sevenscore years it stood:
Yes, they built it well,
Though they built of wood,
When that house arose.
For its cross-beams square
Oak and walnut fell;
Little worse for wear,
Down the old house goes !

Rending board and plank,
Men with crowbars ply,
Opening fissures dank,
Striking deadly blows.
From the gabled roof
How the shingles fly !
Keep you here aloof,—
Down the old house goes !

Holding still its place,
There the chimney stands,
Stanch from top to base,
Frowning on its foes.

Heave apart the stones,
Burst its iron bands!
How it shakes and groans!
Down the old house goes!

Round the mantel-piece
Glisten Scripture tiles;
Henceforth they shall cease
Painting Egypt's woes,
Painting David's fight,
Fair Bathsheba's smiles,
Blinded Samson's might,—
Down the old house goes!

On these oaken floors
High-shoed ladies trod;
Through those paneled doors
Trailed their furbelows:
Long their day has ceased;
Now, beneath the sod,
With the worms they feast,—
Down the old house goes!

Many a bride has stood
In yon spacious room;
Here her hand was wooed
Underneath the rose;
O'er that sill the dead
Reached the family tomb:
All, that were, have fled,—
Down the old house goes!

Once, in yonder hall,
Washington, they say,
Led the New-Year's ball,
Stateliest of beaux!
O that minuet,
Maids and matrons gay!
Are there such sights yet?
Down the old house goes!

British troopers came
Ere another year,
With their coats aflame,
Mincing on their toes;
Daughters of the house
Gave them haughty cheer,
Laughed to scorn their vows,—
Down the old house goes!

Doorway high the box
In the grass-plot spreads;
It has borne its locks
Through a thousand snows;
In an evil day,
From those garden-beds
Now 'tis hacked away,—
Down the old house goes!

Lo! the sycamores,
Scathed and scrawny mates,
At the mansion doors
Shiver, full of woes;

With its life they grew,
Guarded well its gates;
Now their task is through,—
Down the old house goes!

On this honored site
Modern trade will build,—
What unseemly fright
Heaven only knows!
Something peaked and high,
Smacking of the guild:
Let us heave a sigh,—
Down the old house goes!

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The Spur of Monmouth ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Monmouth*)

'TWAS a little brass half-circlet,
Deep gnawed by rust and stain,
That the farmer's urchin brought me,
Plowed up in old Monmouth's plain;
On that spot where the hot June sunshine
Once a fire more deadly knew,
And a bloodier color reddened
Where the red June roses blew;—

Where the moon of the early harvest
Looked down through the shimmering leaves,
And saw where the reaper of battle
Had gathered his human sheaves:

Old Monmouth, so touched with glory,
So tinted with burning shame,
As Washington's pride we remember,
Or Lee's long-tarnished name.

'Twas a little brass half-circlet;
And knocking the rust away,
And clearing the ends and the middle
From their burial-shroud of clay,
I saw, through the damp of ages,
And the thick, disfiguring grime,
The buckle-heads and the rowel
Of a spur of the olden time.

And I said, "What gallant horseman,
Who revels and rides no more,
Perhaps twenty years back, or fifty,
On his heel that weapon wore?
Was he riding away to his bridal,
When the leather snapped in twain?
Was he thrown, and dragged by the stirrup,
With the rough stones crushing his brain?"

Then I thought of the Revolution,
Whose tide still onward rolls;
Of the free and the fearless riders,
Of the "times that tried men's souls."
What if, in the day of battle
That raged and rioted here,

It had dropped from the foot of a soldier,
As he rode in his mad career ?

What if it had ridden with Forman,
When he leaped through the open door,
With the British dragoon behind him,
In his race o'er the granary-floor ?
What if—but the brain grows dizzy
With the thoughts of the rusted spur—
What if it had fled with Clinton,
Or charged with Aaron Burr ?

But bravely the farmer's urchin
Had been scraping the rust away;
And, cleaned from the soil that swathed it,
The spur before me lay.
Here are holes in the outer circle;
No common heel it has known,
For each space, I see by the setting,
Once held some precious stone.

And here, not far from the buckle—
Do my eyes deceive their sight?—
Two letters are here engraven,
That initial a hero's might!—
"G. W.!" Saints of heaven!—
Can such things in our lives occur ?
Do I grasp such a priceless treasure ?
Was this George Washington's spur ?

Did the brave old Pater Patriæ
Wear that spur, like a belted knight,—
Wear it, through gain and disaster,
From Cambridge to Monmouth fight ?
Did it press his steed in hot anger
On Long Island's day of pain ?
Did it drive him at terrible Princeton
'Tween two streams of leaden rain ?

And here did the buckles loosen,
And no eye look down to see,
When he rode to blast with the lightning
The defiant eyes of Lee ?
Did it fall, unfelt and unheeded,
When that fight of despair was won,
And Clinton, worn and discouraged,
Crept away at the set of the sun ?

The lips have long been silent
That could send an answer back ;
And the spur, all broken and rusted,
Has it forgotten its rider's track ?
I only know that the pulses
Leap hot, and the senses reel,
When I think that the Spur of Monmouth
May have clasped George Washington's
heel !

Henry Morford.

DELAWARE

Peach-Blossoms ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LIGHTLY the hoar-frost freezes
The young grass of the field,
Nor yet have blander breezes
The buds of the oak unsealed;
Not yet pours out the vine
His airy resinous wine;
But over the southern slope
The wands of the peach-tree first
Into rosy beauty burst;
A breath, and the sweet buds ope!
A day, and the orchards bare,
Like maids in haste to be fair,
Lightly themselves adorn
With a scarf the Spring at the door
Has sportively flung before,
Or a stranded cloud of the morn!

* * * * *

Afar, through the mellow hazes
Where the dreams of June are stayed,
The hills, in their vanishing mazes,
Carry the flush, and fade!
Southward they fall, and reach
To the bay and the ocean beach,
Where the soft, half-Syrian air
Blows from the Chesapeake's
Inlets, coves, and creeks
On the fields of Delaware!

And the rosy lakes of flowers,
That here alone are ours,
Spread into seas that pour
Billow and spray of pink,
Even to the blue wave's brink,
All down the Eastern Shore!

* * * * *

Bayard Taylor.

PENNSYLVANIA

From *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim* ∞ ∞
(*Pennsylvania*)

NEVER in tenderer quiet lapsed the day
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

All else was still. The oxen from their plows
Rested at last, and from their long day's browse
Came the dun files of Krisheim's home-bound
cows.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men
Gracing the forest court of William Penn,

Urban yet sylvan; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their, pleasant woodland
names.

* * * * *

Was it caressing air, the brooding love
Of tenderer skies than German land knew of,
Green calm below, blue quietness above,

Still flow of water, deep repose of wood
That, with a sense of loving Fatherhood
And childlike trust in the Eternal Good,

Softened all hearts, and dulled the edge of hate,
Hushed strife, and taught impatient zeal to wait
The slow assurance of the better state ?

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay ?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke ?
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke ?

Be it as it may; within the Land of Penn
The sectary yielded to the citizen,
And peaceful dwelt the many-creeded men.

Peace brooded over all. No trumpet stung
The air to madness, and no steeple flung
Alarums down from bells at midnight rung.

The land slept well. The Indian from his face
Washed all his war-paint off, and in the place
Of battle-marches sped the peaceful chase,

Or wrought for wages at the white man's side,—
Giving to kindness what his native pride
And lazy freedom to all else denied.

And well the curious scholar loved the old
Traditions that his swarthy neighbors told
By wigwam-fires when nights were growing cold,

Discerned the fact round which their fancy drew
Its dreams, and held their childish faith more true
To God and man than half the creeds he knew.

The desert blossomed round him; wheat-fields
 rolled,
Beneath the warm wind, waves of green and gold;
The planted ear returned its hundredfold.

Great clusters ripened in a warmer sun
Than that which by the Rhine stream shines upon
The purpling hillsides with low vines o'errun.

About each rustic porch the humming-bird
Tried with light bill, that scarce a petal stirred,
The Old World flowers to virgin soil transferred;

And the first-fruits of pear and apple, bending
The young boughs down, their gold and russet
 blending,
Made glad his heart, familiar odors lending

To the fresh fragrance of the birch and pine,
Life-everlasting, bay, and eglantine,
And all the subtle scents the woods combine.

Fair First-Day mornings, steeped in summer calm
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest-ways
Walked meeting-ward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them, from the dim
Shade of the alders on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room
From locust-trees, heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame,
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their
shame,

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles: pale women who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars;
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered at the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,
Whispered and smiled and oft their feet delayed.

Did the boy's whistle answer back the thrushes ?
Did light girl laughter ripple through the bushes
As brooks make merry over roots and rushes ?

Unvexed the sweet air seemed. Without a wound
The ear of silence heard, and every sound
Its place in nature's fine accordance found.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Old kindly faces, youth and maidenhood
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good !

* * * * *

John Greenleaf Whittier.

From *Evangeline* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Philadelphia*)

IN that delightful land which is washed by the
Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the
apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the
city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the
emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees
of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose
haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline
landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a
country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he
departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descend-
ants.
Something at least there was in the friendly
streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her
no longer a stranger;

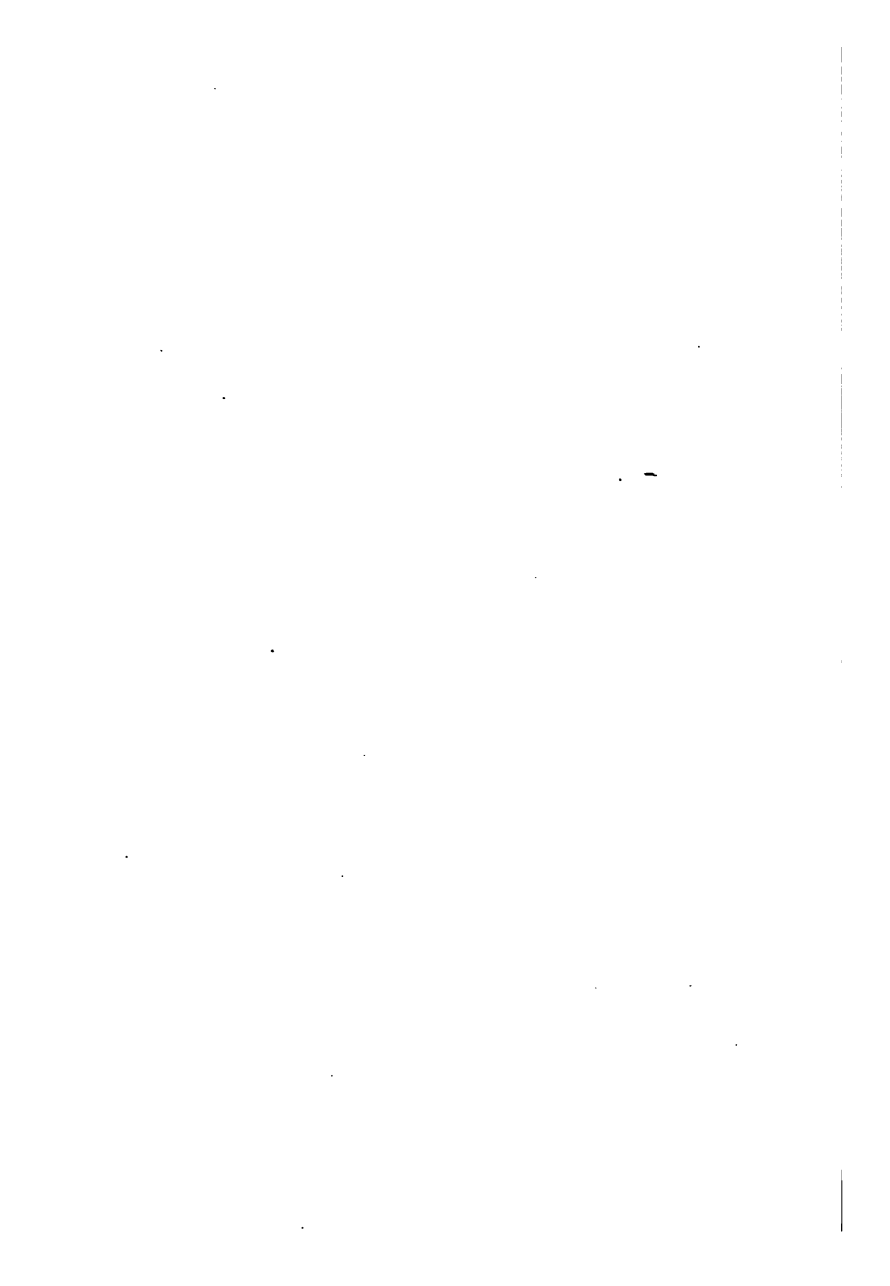
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou
of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers
and sisters.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SOUTH

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white
columns;
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the
cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full
of hounds and horses;
They have all ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten;
They are proud of their name and place, but their doors are
always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient
hospitality.

Henry van Dyke.



O Magnet-South ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

O MAGNET-SOUTH! O glistening perfumed
South! my South!

O quick mettle, rich blood, impulse and love!
good and evil! O all dear to me!

O dear to me my birth-things—all moving things
and the trees where I was born—the grains,
plants, rivers,

Dear to me my own slow sluggish rivers where
they flow, distant, over flats of silvery sands
or through swamps,

Dear to me the Roanoke, the Savannah, the Alta-
mahaw, the Pedee, the Tombigbee, the San-
tee, the Coosa and the Sabine.

O pensive, far away wandering, I return with my
soul to haunt their banks again,

Again in Florida I float on transparent lakes, I
float on the Okeechobee, I cross the hum-
mock-land or through pleasant openings or
dense forests,

I see the parrots in the woods, I see the papaw-
tree and the blossoming titi;

Again, sailing in my coaster on deck, I coast off
Georgia, I coast up the Carolinas,

I see where the live-oak is growing, I see where the
yellow-pine, the scented bay-tree, the lemon

and orange, the cypress, the graceful palmetto.

I pass rude sea-headlands, and enter Pamlico
sound through an inlet, and dart my vision
inland;

O the cotton plant! the growing fields of rice,
sugar, hemp!

The cactus guarded with thorns, the laurel-tree
with large white flowers,

The range afar, the richness and barrenness, the
old woods charged with mistletoe and trailing
moss,

The piney odor and the gloom, the awful natural
stillness (here in these dense swamps the
freebooter carries his gun, and the fugitive
has his conceal'd hut;)

O the strange fascination of these half-known
half-impassable swamps, infested by reptiles,
resounding with the bellow of the alligator,
the sad noises of the night-owl and the wildcat,
and the whirr of the rattlesnake,

The mocking-bird, the American mimic, singing
all the forenoon, singing through the moonlit
night,

The humming-bird, the wild turkey, the raccoon,
the opossum;

A Kentucky corn-field, the tall, graceful, long-
leav'd corn, slender, flapping, bright green,

with tassels, with beautiful ears each well-
sheath'd in its husk;
O my heart! O tender and fierce pangs, I can
stand them not, I will depart;
O to be a Virginian where I grew up! O to be a
Carolinian!
O longings irrepressible! O I will go back to old
Tennessee and never wander more.

Walt Whitman.

To the Mocking-Bird ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WINGED mimic of the woods! thou motley
fool!

Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pourest a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jacques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Richard Henry Wilde.

MARYLAND

Barbara Frietchie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Frederick City)

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

The White House by Moonlight   

(Washington)

A SPELL of fine soft weather. I wander about a good deal, sometimes at night under the moon. To-night took a long look at the President's house. The white portico—the palace-like, tall, round columns, spotless as snow—the walls also—the tender and soft moonlight, flooding the pale marble, and making peculiar faint languishing shades, not shadows—everywhere a soft transparent hazy, thin, blue moon-lace, hanging in the air—the brilliant and extra-plentiful clusters of gas, on and around façade, columns, portico, etc.—everything so white, so marbly pure and dazzling, yet soft—the White House of future poems, and of dreams and dramas, there in the soft and copious moon—the gorgeous front, in the trees, under the lustrous flooding moon, full of

reality, full of illusion—the forms of the trees, leafless, silent, in trunk and myriad-angles of branches under the stars and sky—the White House of the land, and of beauty and night—sentries at the gates, and by the portico, silent, pacing there in blue overcoats.

Walt Whitman.

VIRGINIA

Pocahontas ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light.
Oh! 'tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien, and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted ax and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.
William Makepeace Thackeray.

All Quiet Along the Potomac ~ ~ ~
(*The Potomac River*)

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of
light,

Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the
leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?

It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-bye!"

The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;

No sound save the rush of the river;

While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—

The picket's off duty forever!

Ethel Lynn Beers.

Washington ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Mt. Vernon)

WHERE may the wearied eye repose

When gazing on the Great;

Where neither guilty glory glows,

Nor despicable state?

Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—

The Cincinnatus of the West,

Whom envy dared not hate.

Bequeath the name of Washington,

To make men blush there was but one!

Lord Byron.

Mount Vernon



Written at Mt. Vernon, August, 1786.

BY broad Potomac's azure tide,
Where Vernon's mount, in sylvan pride,
Displays its beauties far,
Great Washington, to peaceful shades,
Where no unhallowed wish invades,
Retired from fields of war.

Angels might see, with joy, the sage,
Who taught the battle where to rage,
Or quenched its spreading flame,
On works of peace employ that hand,
Which waved the blade of high command,
And hewed the path to fame.

Let others sing his deeds in arms,
A nation saved, and conquest's charms:
Posterity shall hear,
'Twas mine, returned from Europe's courts,
To share his thoughts, partake his sports,
And soothe his partial ear.

To thee, my friend, these lays belong:
Thy happy seat inspires my song,
With gay, perennial blooms,
With fruitage fair, and cool retreats,
Whose bowery wilderness of sweets
The ambient air perfumes.

Here spring its earliest buds displays,
Here latest on the leafless sprays
 The plummy people sing;
The vernal shower, the ripening year,
The autumnal store, the winter drear,
 For thee new pleasures bring.

Here, lapped in philosophic ease,
Within thy walks, beneath thy trees,
 Amidst thine ample farms,
No vulgar converse heroes hold,
But past or future scenes unfold,
 Or dwell on nature's charms.

What wondrous era have we seen,
Placed on this isthmus, half between
 A rude and polished state!
We saw the war tempestuous rise,
In arms a world, in blood the skies,
 In doubt an empire's fate.

The storm is calmed, seren'd the heaven,
And mildly o'er the climes of even
 Expands the imperial day:
"O God, the source of light supreme,
Shed on our dusky morn a gleam,
 To guide our doubtful way!

"Restrain, dread Power, our land from crimes!
What seeks, though blest beyond all times,
 So querulous an age?
What means to freedom such disgust;
Of change, of anarchy the lust,
 The fickleness and rage?"

So spake his country's friend, with sighs,
To find that country still despise
 The legacy he gave,—
And half he feared his toils were vain,
And much that man would court a chain,
 And live through vice a slave.

A transient gloom o'ercast his mind;
Yet, still on providence reclined,
 The patriot fond believed,
That power benign too much had done,
To leave an empire's task begun,
 Imperfectly achieved.

Thus buoyed with hope, with virtue blest,
Of every human bliss possessed,
 He meets the happier hours:
His skies assume a lovelier blue,
His prospects brighter rise to view,
 And fairer bloom his flowers.

David Humphreys.

The Lake of the Dismal Swamp ~ ~ ~

(Dismal Swamp)

They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true:
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree,
When the footstep of Death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played,—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear-one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

Thomas Moore.

Brown of Ossawatomie ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Charlestown*)

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his
dying day:

"I will not have, to shrive my soul, a priest in
Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have
striven to free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a
prayer for me!"

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to
die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child
pressed nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old
harsh face grew mild,

As he stooped between the jeering ranks and
kissed the negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell
apart;

And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the
loving heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the
good intent,

And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's
aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil
good!
Long live the generous purpose unstained with
human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought
which underlies;
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Chris-
tian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern
rifle hear,
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the
negro's spear.
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded
passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might, and jus-
tice more than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter
snow with clay.
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares
not harm the dove;
And every gate she bars to Hate shall open wide
to Love!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Cumberland ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Hampton Roads)

A T anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream;
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

GEORGIA

The Marshes of Glynn ¹ ~ ~ ~ ~

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided
and woven

With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-
cloven

Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—

Emerald twilights,—

Virginal shy lights,

Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of
vows,

When lovers pace timidly down through the green
colonnades

Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
Of the heavenly woods and glades,

That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach
within

The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day
fire,—

Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering
arras of leaves,—

Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the
soul that grieves,

¹ From Poems of Sidney Lanier; copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through
the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of
the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June-day
long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast
in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is
rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the
West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle
doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the
soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is
low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that
I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass
within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of
the marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have
wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was
but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnam-
able pain
Drew over me out of the merciless width of the
plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am
drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt
of the dawn,
For a mete and a mark
To the forest-dark:—
So:
Affable live-oak, bending low—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent
hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the
land!)

Swinging your beauty aside, with a step I
stand
On the firm-packed sand,
Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of
sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the
shimmering band
Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the
marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward
the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and
follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again
into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim
gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of
the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and
the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-
high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a
light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.
Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal
sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discus-
sion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of
the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-
withholding and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer your-
selves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains
and the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who
hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a
stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery
sod,

Behold I will build me a nest on the favor of God:
I will fly in the favor of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the
marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the
sod

I will heartily lay me a hold on the favor of God.
Oh, like to the favor of God, for the largeness
within,

Is the range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of
Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood of the
tide must be:

Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate chan-
nels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks
and the high-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun !
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the
marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that nestward
whir:
Passeth, and all is still: and the currents cease to
run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be !
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the vast of the Lord will the waters
of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken

The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep ?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below
when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous
marshes of Glynn.

Sidney Lanier.

Song of the Chattahoochee¹ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Chattahoochee River*)

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide*,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay*,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,

¹ From Poems of Sidney Lanier; copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth
brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist;
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall

Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valley of Hall.

Sidney Lanier.

FLORIDA

Down the Bayou ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE cypress swamp around me wraps its spell,
 With hushing sounds in moss-hung branches
 there,

Like congregations rustling down to prayer,
 While Solitude, like some unsounded bell,
 Hangs full of secrets that it cannot tell,
 And leafy litanies on the humid air
 Intone themselves, and on the tree-trunks bare
 The scarlet lichen writes her rubrics well.
 The cypress-knees take on them marvelous shapes
 Of pygmy nuns, gnomes, goblins, witches, fays,
 The vigorous vine the withered gum-tree drapes,
 Across the oozy ground the rabbit plays,
 The moccasin to jungle depths escapes,
 And through the gloom the wild deer shyly gaze.

Mary Ashley Townsend.

At Set of Sun ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A SCENT of guava-blossoms and the smell
Of bruised grass beneath the tamarind-
trees;

The hurried humming of belated bees
With pollen-laden thighs; far birds that tell
With faint, last notes of night's approaching spell,
While smoke of supper-fires the low sun sees
Creep through the roofs of palm, and on the
breeze

Floats forth the message of the evening bell.
Our footsteps pause, we look toward the west,
And from my heart throbs out one fervent prayer:
O love! O silence! ever to be thus,—
A silence full of love and love its best,
Till in our evening years we two shall share
Together, side by side, life's Angelus!

Mary Ashley Townsend.

Tampa Robins¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*Tampa*)

THE robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

¹ From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*; copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrid the heavenly orange-tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree
Gramercy, winter's tyranny.

I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer-time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold
*Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,
Bestir thee under the orange-tree.*

Sidney Lanier.

LOUISIANA

In Louisiana ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE long, gray moss that softly swings
In solemn grandeur from the trees,
Like mournful funeral draperies,—
A brown-winged bird that never sings.

A shallow, stagnant, inland sea,
Where rank swamp grasses wave, and where
A deadliness lurks in the air,—
A sere leaf falling silently.

The death-like calm on every hand,
That one might deem it sin to break,
So pure, so perfect,—these things make
The mournful beauty of this land.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

From *Evangeline* ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(*Bayou Plaquemine*)

ONWARD o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of
the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant
gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins
and dove-cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns
perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of
orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the
eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, enter-
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious
waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every
direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous
boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of
ancient cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save
by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning
at sunset,

Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demo-
niac laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and
gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sus-
taining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as
through chinks in a ruin.

* * * *

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose
one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-
venture
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams,
blew a blast on his bugle.
Wide through the dark colonnades and corridors
leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to
the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just
stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-
tance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the rever-
berant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the
darkness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of
pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian
boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysteri-
ous sounds of the desert,
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the
forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar
of the grim alligator.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

From *Evangeline* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*Atchafalaya Lakes*)

BEFORE them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-
falaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-
lations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in
beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the
boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of mag-
nolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan
islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming
hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to
slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were
suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew
by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about
on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travel-
lers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a
cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower
and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of
Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,
descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from
blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-
bered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an
opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions
celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless
islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the
water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters
and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the
bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance
thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and
of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of
palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed in the willows,
All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and un-
seen, were the sleepers,
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slum-
bering maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud
on the prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had
died in the distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and
the maiden

Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father
Felician !

Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel
wanders.

Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to
my spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous
fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no
meaning."

But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled
as he answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they
to me without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats
on the surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the
anchor is hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the
world calls illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the
southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.
Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given
again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and
his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests
of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest
of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls
of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden
Louisiana."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TEXAS

From *Kit Carson's Ride* ~ ~ ~ ~
(*The Plains*)

WE lay low in the grass on the broad plain
levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.

"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his
steed

And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly
around,

And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the
ground;

Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a
shroud,

His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a
reed,—

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must
ride!

For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,

And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them
 over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of
 years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the
 horse,—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God,—without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the
 hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his
 course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,

With the heel to the flank and the hand to the
rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray
nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind
blows:
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a
prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the
air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mus-
tang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid
earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and
the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven
deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant
speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight,
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast
stooping

Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching
higher.

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellows loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm
of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked
through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then,—and nose, neck, and
shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell

Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as
dead.

Then she saw sturdy Pachè still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought
him to me.

For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything
down

In a race where the world came to run for the
crown.

And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos
side;

And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pachè, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos
side,

And await her,—and wait till the next hollow
moon

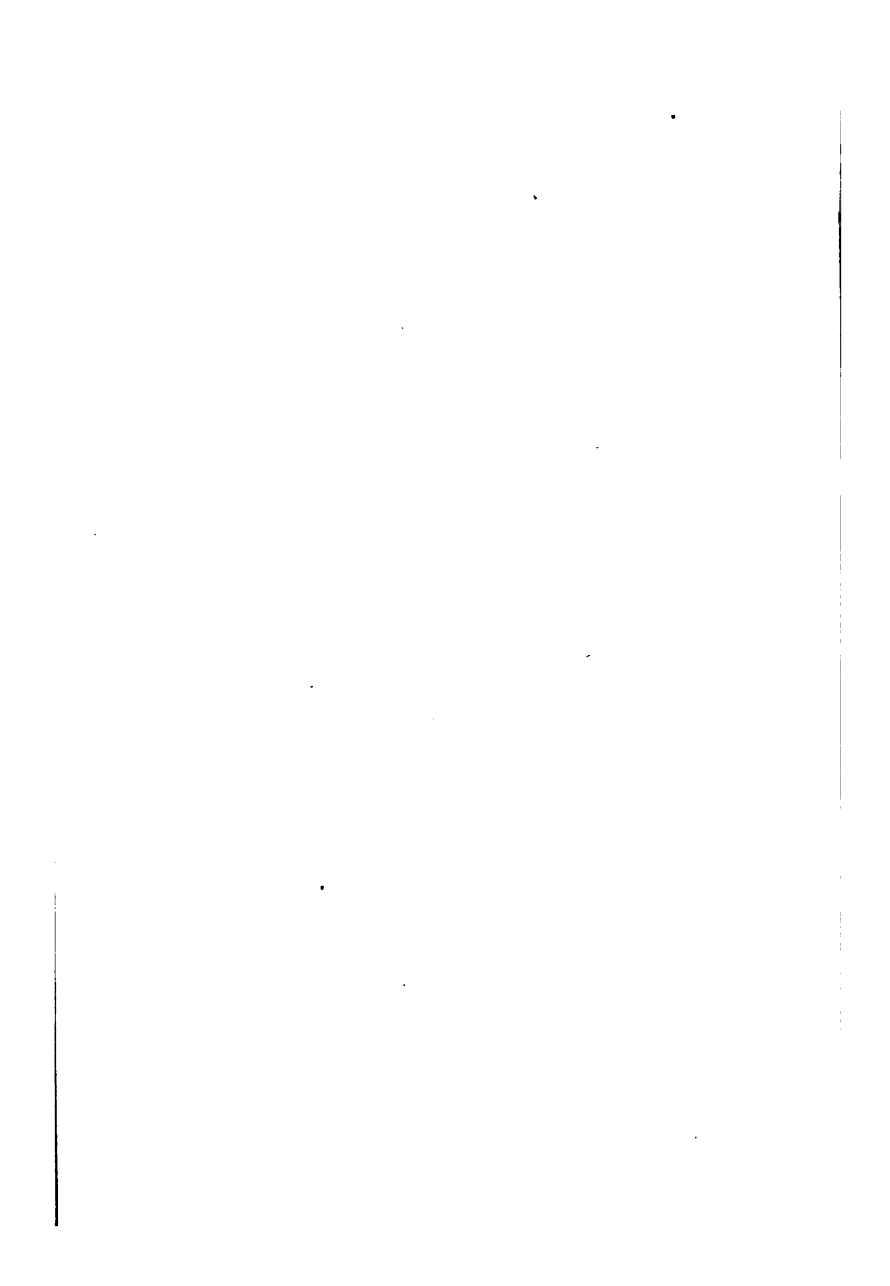
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell

From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or
 stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thun-
 der,—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and
 over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and
 wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they
 died,—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone. . .
And into the Brazos. . . I rode all alone,—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream
 brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * * * *

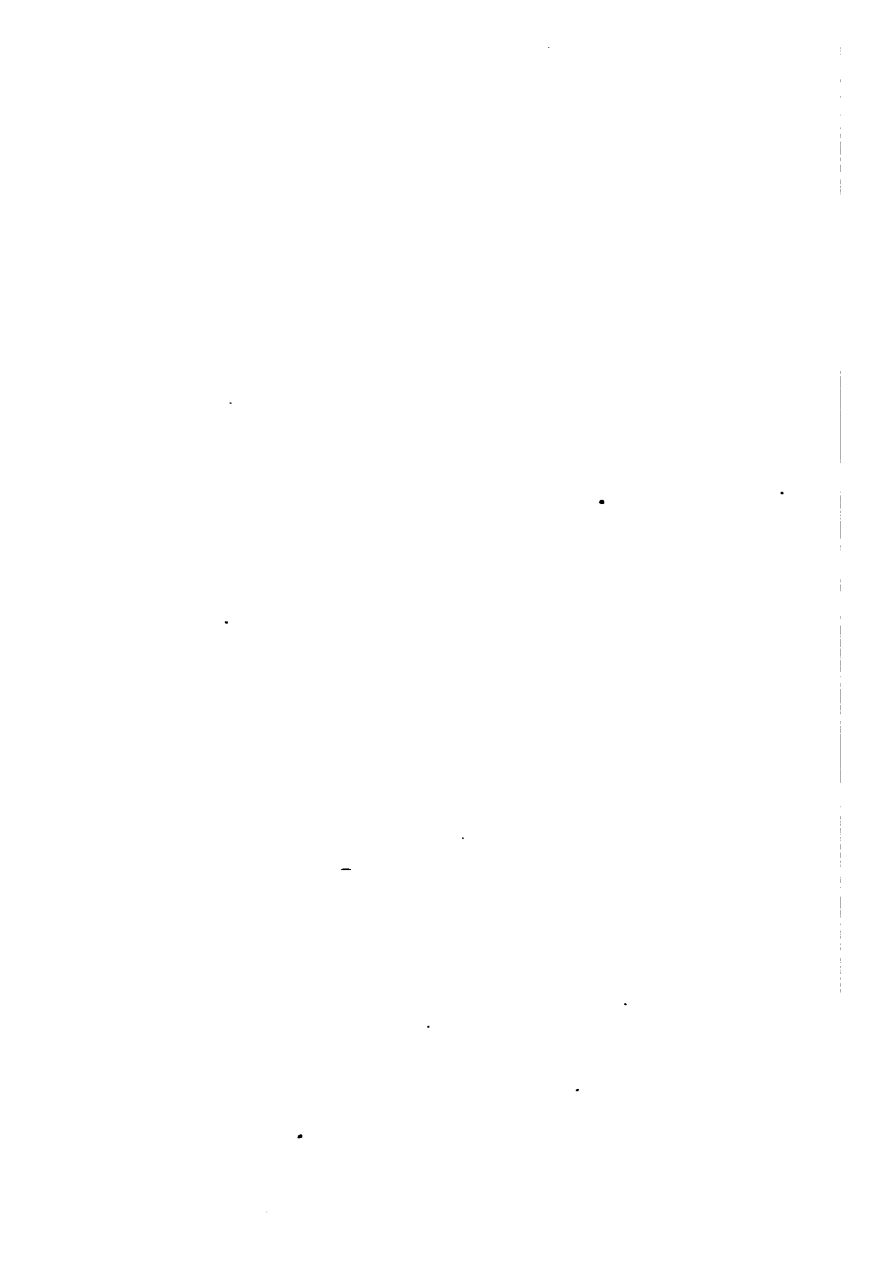
Joaquin Miller.



FROM TENNESSEE TO THE NORTHWEST

Along the buffalo paths, from one salt-lick to another, a group of pioneers took a vagrant way through the dense canebrakes. Never a wheel had then entered the deep forests of this western wilderness; the frontiersman and the pack horse were comrades. Dark, gloomy, with long, level summit-lines, a grim outline of the mountain range, since known as the Cumberland, stretched from northeast to southwest, seeming as they approached to interpose an insurmountable barrier to further progress, until suddenly, as in the miracle of a dream, the craggy wooded heights showed a gap, cloven to the heart of the steeps, opening out their path as through some splendid gateway, and promising deliverance, a new life and a new and beautiful land. For beyond the darkling cliffs on either hand an illuminated vista stretched in every lengthening perspective, with softly nestling sheltered valleys, and parallel lines of distant azure mountains, and many a mile of level woodland high on an elevated plateau, all bedight in the lingering flare of the yellow, and deep red, and sere brown of late autumn, and all suffused with an opaline haze and the rich, sweet languors of sunset-tide on an Indian-summer day.

C. E. Craddock.



TENNESSEE

October in Tennessee ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

FAR, far away, beyond a hazy height,
The turquoise skies are hung in dreamy
sleep;

Below, the fields of cotton, fleecy-white,
Are spreading like a mighty flock of sheep.

Now, like Aladdin of the days of old,
October robes the weeds in purple gowns;
He sprinkles all the sterile fields with gold,
And all the rustic trees wear royal crowns.

The straggling fences all are interlaced
With pink and purple morning-glory blooms;
The starry asters glorify the waste,
While grasses stand on guard with pikes and
plumes.

Yet still amid the splendor of decay
The chill winds call for blossoms that are dead,
The cricket chirps for sunshine passed away,—
The lovely summer songsters that have fled.

And lonesome in a haunt of withered vines,
Amid the flutter of her withered leaves,
Pale Summer for her perished kingdom pines,
And all the glories of her golden sheaves.

In vain October wooes her to remain
Within the palace of his scarlet bowers,—
Entreats her to forget her heart-break pain,
And weep no more above her faded flowers.

At last November, like a conqueror, comes
To storm the golden city of his foe;
We hear his rude winds like the roll of drums,
Bringing their desolation and their woe.

The sunset, like a vast vermilion flood,
Splashes its giant glowing waves on high,
The forest flames with blazes red as blood,—
A conflagration sweeping to the sky.

Then all the treasures of that brilliant state
Are gathered in a mighty funeral pyre;
October, like a King resigned to fate,
Dies in his forests with their sunset fire.

Walter Malone.

KENTUCKY

My Old Kentucky Home ~ ~ ~ ~

THE sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;

'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,

While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By'm by hard times comes a knockin' at the door,—

Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day!
We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;

The time has come, when the darkeys have to part,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
 Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to
 bend,

Wherever the darkey may go;
 A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
 In the field where the sugar-cane grow;
 A few more days to tote the weary load,
 No matter it will never be light;
 A few more days till we totter on the road,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!
 Weep no more, my lady, etc.

Stephen C. Foster.

INDIANA

Indiana ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LAND of Rivers! Moving down
 Slow through forest, farm, and town,
 With his tributary streams,
 Beautiful in glooms and gleams,
 Flows the Wabash! Yonder, see,
 Sinking fathoms under ground,
 The Lost River, lost and found,
 From its grave beneath the plain
 Springing into life again.
 Land of Rivers! Hail to thee!

Land of Forests! Wide thy vast
Centennial oaks their shadows cast,
In whose gnarled and hollow trunks
Hive the bees, like cloistered monks,
Singing their low litany.

Through the openings far and near
Stalks, as through a park, the deer,
And in autumn fiery red
Glows the foliage overhead.

Land of Forests! Hail to thee!

Land of Meadows! where the flowers
On their dials count the hours,
And the lowland landscape breaks
Into little sylvan lakes,

Garlanded with shrub and tree;
Where the maize for miles and miles
Lifts its green, cathedral aisles,
And the endless fields of wheat
Ripen in the harvest heat.

Land of Meadows! Hail to thee!

Land of Caverns! Who knows not
Thy wondrous Cave of Wyandot?
Leagues of chambers glimmering far,
With their fretted roofs of spar.

What compared with this, are ye,

Grottos of the Illyrian land?
Nature on a scale more grand
Laid the timbers of these floors,
Arched these halls and corridors,
Land of Caverns! Hail to thee!

Anonymous.

The Wabash ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THERE is a river singing in between
Bright fringes of papaw and sycamore,—
That stir to fragrant winds on either shore,—
Where tall blue herons stretch lithe necks, and
lean
Over clear currents flowing cool and thin
Through the clean furrows of the pebbly
floor.

My own glad river! though unclassic, still
Haunted of merry gods, whose pipings fill
With music all thy golden willow brakes!
Above thee Halcyon lifts his regal crest;
The tulip-tree flings thee its flower-flakes;
The tall flag over thee its lances shakes:
With every charm of beauty thou art blest,
O happiest river of the happy West!

Maurice Thompson.

The Little Town o' Tailholt ¹ ~ ~ ~

YOU kin boast about yer cities, and their stiddy
growth and size,
And brag about yer county-seats, and business
enterprise,
And railroads, and factories, and all sich foolery—
But the little Town o' Tailholt is big enough fer
me!

You can harp about yer churches, with their
steeples in the clouds,
And gas about yer graded streets, and blow about
yer crowds;
You kin talk about yer theatres, and all you've
got to see—
But the little Town o' Tailholt is show enough fer
me!

They haint no' style in our town—hit's little-like
and small—
They haint no *churches*, nuther,—'jes the meetin'-
house is all;
They's no sidewalks, to speak of—but the high-
way's allus free,
And the little Town o' Tailholt is wide enough fer
me!

¹ From *After-whiles*, copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Some finds its discommodin'-like, I'm willin' to
 admit,
 To hev but one postoffice, and a womern keepin'
 hit,
 And the drugstore, and shoeshop, and grocery,
 all three—
 But the little Town o' Tailholt is handy 'nough
 fer me!

You kin smile, and turn yer nose up, and joke and
 hev yer fun,
 And laugh and holler "Tail-holts is better holts
 'n none!"
 Ef the city suits you better, w'y, hits where you'd
 orto' be,
 But the little Town o' Tailholt's good enough fer
 me!

James Whitcomb Riley.

ILLINOIS ' '

Illinois ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

FAMILIAR to the childish mind were tales
 Of rock-girt isles amid a desert sea,
 Where unexpected stretch the flowery vales
 To soothe the shipwrecked sailor's misery.
 Fainting, he lay upon a sandy shore,
 And fancied that all hope of life was o'er;
 But let him patient climb the frowning wall,

Within, the orange glows beneath the palm-tree
tall,
And all that Eden boasted waits his call.

Almost these tales seem realized to-day,
When the long dulness of the sultry way,
Where independent settlers' careless cheer
Made us indeed feel we were strangers here,
Is cheered by sudden sight of this fair spot,
On which improvement yet has made no blot,
But Nature all astonished stands, to find
Her plan protected by the human mind.

Blest be the kindly genius of the scene:
The river, bending in unbroken grace;
The stately thickets, with their pathways green;
Fair lonely trees, each in its fittest place.
Those thickets haunted by the deer and fawn;
Those cloudlike flights of birds across the lawn;
The gentlest breezes here delight to blow,
And sun and shower and star are emulous to deck
the show.

Wondering, as Crusoe, we survey the land;
Happier than Crusoe we, a friendly band:
Blest be the hand that reared this friendly
home,
The heart and mind of him to whom we owe
Hours of pure peace such as few mortals know;
May he find such, should he be led to roam,—

Be tended by such ministering sprites,—
Enjoy such gayly childish days, such hopeful
nights.

And yet, amid the goods to mortals given,
To give those goods again is most like Heaven.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Chicago ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MOTHER, Mother and Queen, beautiful,
strong, and alert,
Rich in motherhood's riches, in diligent children
and wise,

Robed as monarchs are robed, with azure and
sable engirt—

The wonders of water about thee, and swirling
of toil-laden skies,

Beautiful art thou with labor, that children of
men may be blest;

Lovely as mothers are lovely in youth with a child
at the breast;

Comely with duties fulfilled, more glorious duties
beyond;

Mystic and wistful with dreams, noble ideals and
fond !

Princely thy rule and secure over a broadening
realm,

Workshop and coffer and mart, palace and play-
ground and street,

Circled by ocean-like prairies that the suns of
summer o'erwhelm

League upon league with harvests waving and
golden and sweet:

Strong art thou in thy children, welcomed from
every land,

Led by the seekers of old, those who gave hard-
ship their hand,

Myriads strong in their manhood, eager to found
them a state

Void of dullards and drones, liberty-loving, elate!

Musing thou, sitt'st by thy sea, fairest of all in the
world,

Amethyst, beryl, and gleam, bordered with
ivory foam,

Led by thy wisdom afar, where the Father of
Waters is whirled

Down to the sapphirine Gulf—such is thy
throne and thy home!

Wonder we then that, alert, thou lovest the
beauty of earth,

Miracled color and music, art in its making and
mirth,

Sendest thy children abroad who have taken them
beauty as bride,

Lovest the bounty of books, and Learning and
Science in pride?

O great city of visions, waging the war of the free,
 Beautiful, strong, and alert, a goddess in purpose and mien
 Guarding America's altar, to battle the wrongs
 that yet be
 Here in thy service we kneel, Mother, dear
 Mother and Queen!

Wallace Rice.

From *Lincoln's Grave* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 (*Springfield*)

Read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University

MAY one who fought in honor for the South
 Uncovered stand and sing by Lincoln's
 grave?

Why, if I shrunk not at the cannon's mouth,
 Nor swerved one inch for any battle-wave,
 Should I now tremble in this quiet close,
 Hearing the prairie wind go lightly by
 From billowy plains of grass and miles of corn,
 While out of deep repose
 The great sweet spirit lifts itself on high
 And broods above our land this summer morn?

* * * * *

Meseems I feel his presence. Is he dead?
 Death is a word. He lives and grander grows.
 At Gettysburg he bows his bleeding head;
 He spreads his arms where Chickamauga flows,

As if to clasp old soldiers to his breast,
Of South or North no matter which they be,
Not thinking of what uniform they wore,

His heart a palimpsest,
Record on record of humanity,
Where love is first and last forevermore.

* * * * *

He was the Southern mother leaning forth,
At dead of night to hear the cannon roar,
Beseeching God to turn the cruel North
And break it that her son might come once more;
He was New England's maiden pale and pure,
Whose gallant lover fell on Shiloh's plain;
He was the mangled body of the dead;

He writhing did endure
Wounds and disfigurement and racking pain,
Gangrene and amputation, all things dread.

He was the North, the South, the East, the West,
The thrall, the master, all of us in one;
There was no section that he held the best;
His love shone as impartial as the sun;
And so revenge appealed to him in vain,
He smiled at it, as at a thing forlorn,
And gently put it from him, rose and stood

A moment's space in pain,
Remembering the prairies and the corn
And the glad voices of the field and wood.

* * * * *

And then when Peace set wing upon the wind
And northward flying fanned the clouds away,
He passed as martyrs pass. Ah, who shall find
The chord to sound the pathos of that day!
Mid-April blowing sweet across the land,
New bloom of freedom opening to the world,
Loud pæans of the homeward-looking host,
The salutations grand
From grimy guns, the tattered flags unfurled;
And he must sleep to all the glory lost!

Sleep! loss! But there is neither sleep nor loss,
And all the glory mantles him about;
Above his breast the precious banners cross,
Does he not hear his armies tramp and shout?
Oh, every kiss of mother, wife or maid
Dashed on the grizzly lip of veteran,
Comes forthright to that calm and quiet mouth,
And will not be delayed,
And every slave, no longer slave but man,
Sends up a blessing from the broken South.

* * * * *

He is not dead, France knows he is not dead;
He stirs strong hearts in Spain and Germany,
In far Siberian mines his words are said,
He tells the English Ireland shall be free,
He calls poor serfs about him in the night,

And whispers of a power that laughs at kings,
 And of a force that breaks the strongest chain;
 Old tyranny feels his might
 Tearing away its deepest fastenings,
 And jeweled sceptres threaten him in vain.

Years pass away, but freedom does not pass,
 Thrones crumble, but man's birthright crumbles
 not,
 And, like the wind across the prairie grass,
 A whole world's aspirations fan this spot
 With ceaseless panting after liberty,
 One breath of which would make dark Russia fair,
 And blow sweet summer through the exile's cave,
 And set the exile free;
 For which I pray, here in the open air
 Of Freedom's morning-tide, by Lincoln's grave.

Maurice Thompson.

The Painted Cup¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
 (*The Sangamon River*)

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
 Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
 Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
 Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire;
 The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
 And call that brilliant flower the painted cup.

¹ Reprinted from *Bryant's Complete Poetical Works*, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus
To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-birds
To drink from, when on all these boundless lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well,—
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,
Though all his swarthy worshipers are gone,
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine,—let him come
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
And part with little hands the spiky grass;
And touching, with his cherry lips, the edge
Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

William Cullen Bryant.

"Mark " ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*The Kankakee River*)

THE heavy mists have crept away,
Heavily swims the sun,
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
The stars fade one by one;
Out of the dusk enveloping
Come marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring
Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar and faint outlined
A flock of mallards fly,
We crouch within the reedy blind
Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild rice-
blades,
And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead!" A canvas-back!
"Mark! mark!" A bunch of teal!
And swiftly on each flying track
Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
Rolls in like some gray sea,
And whippoorwills complain beside
The lonely Kankakee.

Ernest McGaffey.

On the Bluff

(*The Mississippi River*)

~~~~~  
O GRANDLY flowing river!  
O silver-gliding river!  
Thy springing willows shiver  
In the sunset as of old;  
They shiver in the silence  
Of the willow-whitened islands,  
While the sun-bars and the sand-bars  
Fill air and wave with gold.

O gay, oblivious river!  
O sunset-kindled river!  
Do you remember ever  
The eyes and skies so blue  
On a summer day that shone here,  
When we were all alone here,  
And the blue eyes were too wise  
To speak the love they knew?

O stern impassive river!  
O still unanswering river!  
The shivering willows quiver  
As the night-winds moan and rave.  
From the past a voice is calling,  
From heaven a star is falling,  
And dew swells in the bluebells  
Above her hillside grave.

*John Hay.*

## The Prairie



THE skies are blue above my head,  
The prairie green below,  
And flickering o'er the tufted grass  
The shifting shadows go,  
Vague-sailing, where the feathery clouds  
Fleck white the tranquil skies,  
Black javelins darting where aloft  
The whirring pheasant flies.

A glimmering plain in drowsy trance  
The dim horizon bounds,  
Where all the air is resonant  
With sleepy summer sounds,—  
The life that sings among the flowers,  
The lisping of the breeze,  
The hot cicada's sultry cry,  
The murmurous dream of bees.

The butterfly—a flying flower—  
Wheels swift in flashing rings,  
And flutters round his quiet kin,  
With brave flame-mottled wings.  
The wild pinks burst in crimson fire,  
The phlox' bright clusters shine,  
And prairie-cups are swinging free  
To spill their airy wine.

And lavishly beneath the sun,  
In liberal splendor rolled,  
The fennel fills the dipping plain  
With floods of flowery gold;  
And widely weaves the iron-weed  
A woof of purple dyes  
Where Autumn's royal feet may tread  
When bankrupt Summer flies.

In verdurous tumult far away  
The prairie-billows gleam,  
Upon their crests in blessing rests  
The noontide's gracious beam.  
Low quivering vapors steaming dim  
The level splendors break  
Where languid lilies deck the rim  
Of some land-circled lake.

Far in the east like low-hung clouds  
The waving woodlands lie;  
Far in the west the glowing plain  
Melts warmly in the sky.  
No accent wounds the reverent air.  
No footprint dints the sod,—  
Lone in the light the prairie lies,  
Wrapt in a dream of God.

*John Hay.*

WISCONSIN

From *The Racine College Memorial Ode* ∞  
(*Racine*)

**R**ACINE: Unto her feet from the far North  
 A living amethystine sea comes forth,  
 Sleeping to-day in splendor, thundering  
 To-morrow 'gainst the bluffs, a lustful thing  
 Bent on destruction; yet with outspread wing  
 Ships pass, a mighty navy laden deep  
 Upon the waves, awakened or asleep.  
 Embowering all its resonant shores are set  
 Huge forests where are met  
 In tints of malachite and chrysoprase  
 A myriad tossing, plummy sprays—  
 Of tremulous poplar, and the choiring pine,  
 The whispering alder, black-stoled oak,  
 The stately walnut in her emerald cloak,  
 And fragrant birch, as pale and fine  
 As studious youth. To swell this azure sea  
 The river runs, a city fair  
 Beside the pleasant waters meeting there,  
 As cunning workmen set a gem  
 To mark the joining of a diadem.  
 And here the vast-horized prairies come,  
 Full, multitudinous, with the busy hum  
 Of insects, and the mating songs of birds,  
 And flashes of bright blossoms, lowing herds,  
 And clustering farmsteads filled with happy  
 folk. . . .

*Wallace Rice.*

## The Four Lakes of Madison

*(Madison)*

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades  
Or sylvan deities are these,  
In flowing robes of azure dressed;  
Four lovely handmaids that uphold  
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold,  
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the Sun  
Drink of these waters as they run  
Their swift, diurnal round on high;  
By night the constellations glow  
Far down the hollow deeps below,  
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,  
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,  
How visionary ye appear !  
All like a floating landscape seems  
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,  
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## MICHIGAN

In Michigan    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

**S**LOW-YIELDING Nymphs  
Evade unpandered Satyrs here,  
And sands unconquered laugh at man's  
invention:  
Bright clouds drive darker shadows,  
And the bay-breeze bears heavy odors—  
Odor-offerings of ragged pine  
And spruce.

The white birch single on the hillside,  
The hemlocks and I  
Are friends  
In Michigan.

Nature's fingers  
Seem to play upon my strings  
In minor harmonies up here—  
Where shells of convents shelter  
Echoes only,  
And the last Indian has laid  
His flints and legends  
On the grave-mound of the older time  
In Michigan.

*Ivan Swift.*



## LAKE SUPERIOR

From *Hiawatha*    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

(*The Grand Sable*)

THEN the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart,  
Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doeskin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
All inwrought with beads of wampum;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,

And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,  
Treading softly like a panther,  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him;  
Till the winds became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

From *Hiawatha*    ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
(*The Pictured Rocks, Lake Superior*)

WITH his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"  
But the Old Man of the Mountain  
Opened not, and made no answer  
From the silent crags of sandstone,  
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
Called imploring on the tempest,  
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
And they came with night and darkness,  
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
From the distant Thunder Mountains;  
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
With his war-club smote the doorways,  
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
Shouted down into the caverns,  
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis?"  
And the crags fell, and beneath them  
Dead among the rocky ruins  
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
Slain in his own human figure.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

### Hiawatha's Departure ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*(Lake Superior)*

BY the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward through the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver ?  
Or the pelican, the Shada ?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah ?  
Or the white goose, Wah-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing,  
From its glossy neck and feathers ?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning  
But a birch canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning,  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha,  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:  
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:

"Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!"

\* \* \* \* \*



Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forests,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,  
Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.  
But my guests I leave behind me;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water;  
Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!"  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water,  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,  
Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"  
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## MINNESOTA

The Two Streams ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*The Minnesota Water-shed*)

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
 That down its sloping sides  
 Pours the swift rain-drops, blending as they fall,  
 In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run  
 Turned by a pebble's edge,  
 Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun  
 Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
 But for the slanting stone,  
 To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid  
 Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
 Life's parting stream descends,  
 And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
 Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee,—  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea!

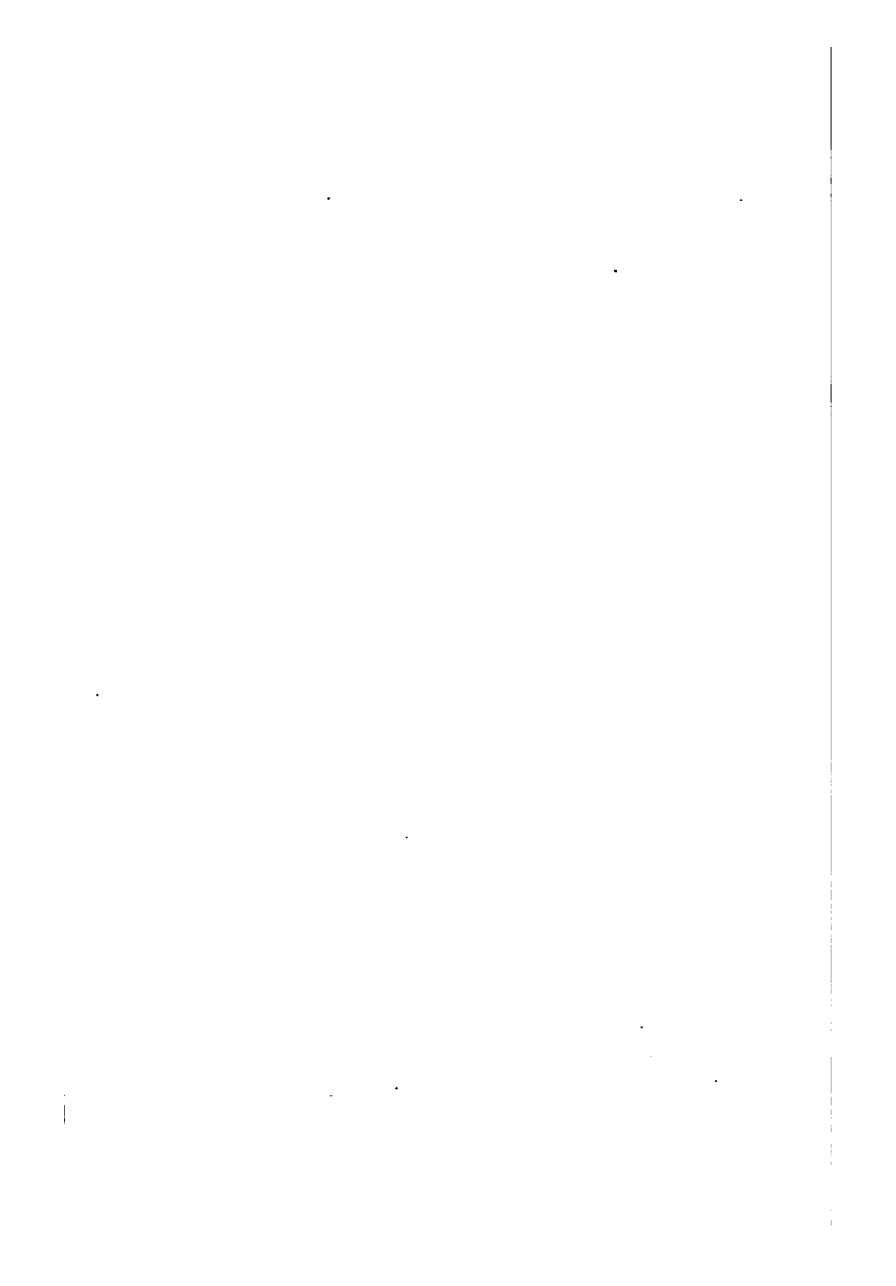
*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

From *Hiawatha*    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~  
(*The Falls of Minnehaha*)

THIS was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!  
From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"  
And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us!"

Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



## THE WEST

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,  
And to grow to be a giant, to sail as at sea  
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane  
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.  
Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea  
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;  
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,  
Blue skies and brown grasses are welded as one,  
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,  
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,  
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe  
Offers rest; and unquestioned you come or you go.  
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!  
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,  
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,  
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

*Joaquin Miller.*





From *Evangeline* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*The Far West*)

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where  
the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous  
summits.  
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
gorge, like a gateway,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's  
wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and  
Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
the Nebraska;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the  
Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and  
solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,  
beautiful prairies,

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk  
and the roebuck;  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of rider-  
less horses;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ish-  
mael's children,  
Staining the desert with blood; and above their  
terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vul-  
ture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heav-  
ens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
these savage marauders;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
swift-running rivers;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by  
the brook-side,

While over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above  
them.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

From *Passage to India*      ~ ~ ~ ~  
(*The West*)

I SEE over my own continent the Pacific rail-  
road surmounting every barrier,  
I see continual trains of cars winding along the  
Platte carrying freight and passengers,  
I hear the locomotives rushing and roaring, and  
the shrill steam-whistle,  
I hear the echoes reverberate through the grandest  
scenery in the world,  
I cross the Laramie plains, I note the rocks in gro-  
tesque shapes, the buttes,  
I see the plentiful larkspur and wild onions, the  
barren, colorless, sage-deserts,  
I see in glimpses afar or towering immediately  
above me the great mountains, I see the Wind  
river and the Wahsatch mountains,  
I see the Monument mountain and the Eagle's  
Nest, I pass the Promontory, I ascend the  
Nevadas,  
I scan the noble Elk mountain and wind around  
its base,

I see the Humboldt range, I thread the valley and  
 cross the river,  
 I see the clear waters of lake Tahoe, I see forests  
 of majestic pines,  
 Or crossing the great desert, the alkaline plains, I  
 behold enchanting mirages of waters and  
 meadows,  
 Marking through these and after all, in duplicate  
 slender lines,  
 Bridging the three or four thousand miles of land  
 travel,  
 Tying the Eastern to the Western sea,  
 The road between Europe and Asia.

*Walt Whitman.*

Pioneers    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

THEY rise to mastery of wind and snow;  
 They go like soldiers grimly into strife  
 To colonize the plain. They plough and sow,  
 And fertilize the sod with their own life,  
 As did the Indian and the buffalo.

*Hamlin Garland.*

From *The River and I* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~  
 (*The Missouri River*)

THE Missouri is unique among rivers. I think  
 God wished to teach the beauty of a virile  
 soul fighting its way toward peace—and His pre-  
 cept was the Missouri. To me, the Amazon is

a basking alligator; the Tiber is a dream of dead glory; the Rhine is a fantastic fairy-tale; the Nile, a mummy, periodically resurrected; the Mississippi, a convenient geographical boundary line; the Hudson, an epicurean philosopher.

But the Missouri—my brother—is the eternal Fighting Man!

Not only in its physical aspect does the Missouri appeal to the imagination. From Three Forks to its mouth—a distance of three thousand miles—this zigzag watercourse is haunted with great memories. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has a river been the thoroughfare of a movement so tremendously epic in its human appeal, so vastly significant in its relation to the development of man. And in the building of the continent, Nature fashioned well the scenery for the great human story that was to be enacted here in the fulness of years. She built her stage on a large scale, taking no account of miles; for the coming actors were to be big men, mighty travelers, intrepid fighters, laughers at time and space. Plains, limited only by the rim of sky; mountains, severe, huge, tragic as fate; deserts for the trying of strong spirits; grotesque volcanic lands—dead, utterly ultra-human—where athletic souls might struggle with despair; impetuous streams with their rapids terrible as Scylla, where men might go down fighting: thus Nature built the stage and

set the scenes. And that the arrangements might be complete, she left a vast tract unfinished, where still the building of the world goes on—a place of awe in which to feel the mighty Doer of Things at work.

*John G. Neihardt.*

### The Prairies <sup>1</sup> ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THESE are the Gardens of the Desert, these  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,  
For which the speech of England has no name,—  
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,  
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight  
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they  
stretch

In airy undulations, far away,  
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,  
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,  
And motionless forever.—Motionless?  
No,—they are all unchained again. The clouds  
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,  
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;  
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase  
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!  
That toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,  
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Bryant's Complete Poetical Works*, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not,—ye have  
played

Among the palms of Mexico and vines  
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks  
That from the fountains of Sonora glide  
Into the calm Pacific,—have ye fanned  
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this ?  
Man hath no part in all this glorious work :  
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved  
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown  
their slopes

With herbage, planted them with island groves,  
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting  
floor

For this magnificent temple of the sky,  
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude  
Rival the constellations ! The great heavens  
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—  
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,  
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,  
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,  
The hollow beating of his footstep seems  
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those  
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here,—  
The dead of other days ?—and did the dust  
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life  
And burn with passion ? Let the mighty mounds  
That overlook the rivers, or that rise



In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,  
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,  
Built them; a disciplined and populous race  
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the  
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms  
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock  
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields  
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were  
fed,

When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,  
And bowed his manèd shoulder to the yoke.  
All day this desert murmured with their toils,  
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed  
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,  
From instruments of unremembered form,  
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came,  
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,  
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.  
The solitude of centuries untold  
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf  
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den  
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground  
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone,—  
All, save the piles of earth that hold their bones,  
The platforms where they worshiped unknown  
gods,

The barriers which they builded from the soil  
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls

The wild beleaguers broke, and, one by one,  
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and  
    heaped

With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood  
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers,  
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.  
Haply some solitary fugitive,  
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense  
Of desolation and of fear became  
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.  
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words  
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors  
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose  
A bride among their maidens, and at length  
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife  
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones  
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise  
Races of living things, glorious in strength,  
And perish, as the quickening breath of God  
Fills them or is withdrawn. The red man, too,  
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,  
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought  
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds  
No longer by these streams, but far away,  
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back  
The white man's face,—among Missouri's springs,  
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,  
He rears his little Venice. In these plains

The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues  
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp  
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake  
The earth with thundering steps,—yet here I meet  
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.  
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers  
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,  
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man  
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,  
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer  
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,  
A more adventurous colonist than man,  
With whom he came across the eastern deep,  
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,  
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,  
Within the hollow oak. I listen long  
To his domestic hum, and think I hear  
The sound of that advancing multitude  
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the  
ground

Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice  
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn  
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds  
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain  
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once  
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,  
And I am in the wilderness alone.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

The Hunter of the Prairies<sup>1</sup>    ~    ~    ~

AY, this is freedom!—these pure skies  
Were never stained with village smoke:  
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,  
Is breathed from wastes by plow unbroke.  
Here, with my rifle and my steed,  
And her who left the world for me,  
I plant me, where the red deer feed  
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know  
No barriers in the bloomy grass;  
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,  
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.  
In pastures, measureless as air,  
The bison is my noble game;  
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear  
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream  
From the long stripe of waving sedge;  
The bear, that marks my weapon's gleam,  
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;  
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;  
The brinded catamount, that lies  
High in the boughs to watch his prey,  
Even in the act of springing, dies.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from *Bryant's Complete Poetical Works*, by permission of D. Appleton and Company.

With what free growth the elm and plane  
Fling their huge arms across my way,  
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train  
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray!  
Free stray the lucid streams and find  
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades;  
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind  
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere  
The heavy herbage of the ground,  
Gathers his annual harvest here,  
With roaring like the battle's sound,  
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,  
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky;  
I meet the flames with flames again,  
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past  
Speaks solemnly; and I behold  
The boundless future in the vast  
And lonely river, seaward rolled.  
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?  
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,  
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue  
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,  
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.

Wide are these woods—I tread the maze  
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.  
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies  
O'er woody vale and glassy height;  
And kind the voice and glad the eyes  
That welcome my return at night.

*William Cullen Bryant.*

Crossing the Plains ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WHAT great yoked brutes with briskets low,  
With wrinkled necks like buffalo,  
With round, brown, liquid, pleading eyes,  
That turned so slow and sad to you,  
That shone like love's eyes soft with tears,  
That seemed to plead, and make replies,  
The while they bowed their necks and drew  
The creaking load; and looked at you.  
Their sable briskets swept the ground,  
Their cloven feet kept solemn sound.

Two sullen bullocks led the line,  
Their great eyes shining bright like wine;  
Two sullen captive kings were they,  
That had in time held herds at bay,  
And even now they crushed the sod  
With stolid sense of majesty,  
And stately stepped and stately trod,  
As if 'twere something still to be  
Kings even in captivity.

*Joaquin Miller.*

## SOUTH DAKOTA

Dakota    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

SEA-LIKE in billowy distance, far away  
The half-broke prairies stretch on every  
hand;

How wide the circuit of their summer day—  
What measureless acres of primeval land,  
Treeless and birdless, by no eyesight spanned!

Looking along the horizon's endless line  
Man seems a pygmy in these realms of space;  
No segment of our planet—so divine—  
Turns up such beauty to the moon's fair face!  
Here are soft grasses, flowers of tender hue,  
Palimpsests of the old and coming race,  
Vistas most wonderful, and vast and new;  
And see—above—where giant lightnings play,  
From what an arch the sun pours forth the day!

*Joel Benton.*

From *Hiawatha*    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

(*Côteau des Prairies*)

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Molded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow;  
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,



Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forests,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern lakes and rivers  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations  
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!  
By this signal from afar off,  
Bending like a wand of willow,  
Waving like a hand that beckons,  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Calls the tribes of men together,  
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,

Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,  
With their weapons and their war-gear,  
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Wildly glaring at each other;  
In their faces stern defiance,  
In their hearts the feuds of ages,  
The hereditary hatred,  
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Creator of the nations,  
Looked upon them with compassion,  
With paternal love and pity;  
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
But as quarrels among children,  
But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
To subdue their stubborn natures,  
To allay their thirst and fever,  
By the shadow of his right hand;  
Spake to them with voice majestic  
As the sound of far-off waters,  
Falling into deep abysses,  
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

"O my children ! my poor children !  
Listen to the words of wisdom,  
Listen to the words of warning,  
From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
From the Master of Life, who made you.

"I have given you lands to hunt in,  
I have given you streams to fish in,  
I have given you bear and bison,  
I have given you roe and reindeer,  
I have given you brant and beaver,  
Filled the marshes full of wildfowl,  
Filled the rivers full of fishes;  
Why then are you not contented ?  
Why then will you hunt each other ?

"I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish !

“Bathe now in the stream before you,  
Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mold and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,  
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,  
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,

Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

On a South Dakota Farm in March    ∞    ∞

*(South Dakota)*

THE West Wind takes his wide-mouthed horn  
And blows and blows till from his throat  
Come mellow chords of the crystal morn,  
Come surging strain and a haunting note.  
Round and round goes the singing sound  
From the blue-bell sky to the humming ground,  
Of sun, sun, wind and sun,  
For down the world the springtides run,  
And frost is fled and sprays show red  
And the bitter days of the snows are dead.

In the shocks of corn a long fine strain  
As if on airy viols made

Comes welling up and faints again  
Till oboes in the brown weeds played,  
Or brimming stream, take up the theme  
Of boundless plain and golden gleam,  
Of wind, wind, sun and wind!  
For the cold is spent and the clouds are thinned,  
Now frost is fled and sunrise red  
And the gray old ghost of the winter dead.

So note by note soars up the tune,  
Through stubble field, through fringing brush,  
With hints of April and hopes of June,  
Sonorous chantings and solemn hush.  
The trumps breathe low, the clarions blow,  
As up the sky the crimsons grow,  
Of sun, sun, the wind and the sun;  
Lo! these are the glories great March hath won  
Now frost is fled and buds look red  
And the long dull night of the year is sped.

The strain makes pause, the reeds are mute,  
And a meadow-lark from a furrow near,  
A soul upborne on the song of a flute,  
Pours out his rapture, faint but clear,  
And the West Wind lets his great horn slip  
And listens, finger slant on lip.  
Brown, brown, gold and brown,  
Woven close where the fields run down,

Warp and woof of the mad month's gown  
For all her purples are gold and brown.

Gold, gold, blue and gold:  
These are the colors that the snow foretold.  
The soul of Spring in the streams of old  
Made love to her image in blue and gold.

The prairie-chickens wheel and whir,  
Brown and bright in the slant sun's ray;  
The sap in the cottonwood's astir,  
The creek goes tinkling the livelong day;  
So wild wings thrum an elfin drum,  
And gleeful sounds the wind-mill's hum,  
For the corn, the corn, the sun on the corn,  
And the scent of summer on the long winds borne;  
Now frost is fled and from southland led  
The breast of the robin glimmers red.

And attuned to all with its tiny tone,  
Some dainty hand on its trembling strings,  
A last year's alder, left alone,  
As on a harp adagio rings;  
The horns reply from the faultless sky  
As down dun fields the measures fly.  
For oh, oh, the corn in the sun!  
Blow loud for the things the earth has done

Since frost is fled and the winter dead  
And the grass up many a hollow makes head.

Soon as these cease the lark resumes  
Its liquid warble, keen and strong,  
Of coming clover and wild rose blooms,  
Sun and wind and cloud in a song,  
And a hush spreads on the glistening plain  
To hear him carol loud again:

Blue, blue, gold and blue!  
And what are these when the leaves come new?  
Green and gold are the colors true  
When the corn flags drip with the August dew.  
Green, green, gold and green,  
And dark red corn-silk in between.  
When the waves of the yellow wheat are seen  
Who thinks what the colors of March may mean?

For all the music of the wind—  
Green, green, gold and green;  
For all the glories by trumpets dinned—  
Who thinks what the color of March may mean?

*Charles Edward Russell.*



## THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Moonrise in the Rockies'    ~ ~ ~ ~

THE trembling train clings to the leaning wall  
Of solid stone; a thousand feet below  
Sinks a black gulf; the sky hangs like a pall  
Upon the peaks of everlasting snow.

Then of a sudden springs a rim of light,  
Curved like a silver sickle. High and higher—  
Till the full moon burns on the breast of night,  
And a million firs stand tipped with lucent fire.

*Ella Higginson.*

## WASHINGTON

Mount Rainier    ^ ~ ~ ~ ~

LONG hours we toiled up through the solemn  
wood  
Beneath moss-banners stretched from tree to  
tree;  
At last upon a barren hill we stood  
And, lo, above loomed Majesty!

*Herbert Bashford.*

## Mount Rainier : A Fragment    ~    ~    ~

SOMETHING untrodden in the routine dust  
Of unconcerned humanity, something  
Unclaimed, some spot yet sacred, undefiled,  
Above, beyond the daily round of form,  
Still native, free, and pure—such seekest thou,  
O idle dreamer ? Yonder turn thy gaze  
To that intrepid peak which fills the sky;  
To human eyes still changeful, whether in  
The hueless lights of cold and unsunned dawn,  
Or in the warmer tints of brilliant sunsets;  
Yet endlessly the same, uplifted—aye,  
Unmoved, most strong, unmindful of the storms  
Of human fate and human destiny.  
Fact visible of God invisible,  
And mile-post of His ways, perpetual  
And snowy tabernacle of the land;  
While purples at thy base this peaceful sea,  
And all thy hither slopes in evening bathe,  
I hear soft twilight voices calling down  
From all thy summits unto prayer and love. . . .

*Francis Brooks.*

## OREGON

The Grand Ronde Valley    ~ ~ ~ ~

AH, me! I know how like a golden flower  
The Grand Ronde valley lies this August  
night,

Locked in by dimpled hills where purple light  
Lies wavering. There at the sunset hour  
Sink downward, like a rainbow-tinted shower,  
A thousand colored rays, soft, changeful, bright.  
Later the large moon rises, round and white,  
And three Blue Mountain pines against it tower,  
Lonely and dark. A coyote's mournful cry  
Sinks from the cañon,—whence the river leaps  
A blade of silver underneath the moon.  
Like restful seas the yellow wheat-fields lie,  
Dreamless and still. And while the valley sleeps,  
O hear!—the lullabies that low winds croon.

*Ella Higginson.*

## CALIFORNIA

California    ~ ~ ~ ~

I STAND beside the mobile sea;  
And sails are spread, and sails are furled  
From farthest corners of the world,  
And fold like white wings wearily.  
Steamships go up, and some go down  
In haste, like traders in a town,  
And seem to see and beckon all.

Afar at sea some white shapes flee,  
With arms stretched like a ghost's to me,  
And cloud-like sails far blown and curled,  
Then glide down to the under-world.  
As if blown bare in winter blasts  
Of leaf and limb, tall naked masts  
Are rising from the restless sea,  
So still and desolate and tall,  
I seem to see them gleam and shine  
With clinging drops of dripping brine.  
Broad still brown wings flit here and there,  
Thin sea-blue wings wheel everywhere,  
And white wings whistle through the air;  
I hear a thousand sea-gulls call.

Behold the ocean on the beach  
Kneel lowly down as if in prayer.  
I hear a moan as of despair,  
While far at sea do toss and reach  
Some things so like white pleading hands.  
The ocean's thin and hoary hair  
Is trailed along the silvered sands,  
At every sigh and sounding moan.  
'Tis not a place for mirthfulness,  
But meditation deep, and prayer,  
And kneelings on the salted sod,  
Where man must own his littleness  
And know the mightiness of God.  
The very birds shriek in distress  
And sound the ocean's monotone.

Dared I but say a prophecy,  
As sang the holy men of old,  
Of rock-built cities yet to be  
Along these shining shores of gold,  
Crowding athirst into the sea,  
What wondrous marvels might be told !  
Enough, to know that empire here  
Shall burn her loftiest, brightest star;  
Here art and eloquence shall reign,  
As o'er the wolf-reared realm of old;  
Here learned and famous from afar,  
To pay their noble court, shall come,  
And shall not seek or see in vain,  
But look on all with wonder dumb.

Afar the bright Sierras lie  
A swaying line of snowy white,  
A fringe of heaven hung in sight  
Against the blue base of the sky.

I look along each gaping gorge,  
I hear a thousand sounding strokes  
Like giants rending giant oaks,  
Or brawny Vulcan at his forge;  
I see pickaxes flash and shine  
And great wheels whirling in a mine.  
Here winds a thick and yellow thread,  
A mossed and silver stream instead;  
And trout that leaped its rippled tide  
Have turned upon their sides and died.

Lo! when the last pick in the mine  
Is rusting red with idleness,  
And rot yon cabins in the mold,  
And wheels no more croak in distress,  
And tall pines reassert command,  
Sweet bards along this sunset shore  
Their mellow melodies will pour;  
Will charm as charmers very wise,  
Will strike the harp with master hand,  
Will sound unto the vaulted skies  
The valor of these men of old,—  
The mighty men of 'Forty-nine;  
Will sweetly sing and proudly say,  
Long, long ago there was a day  
When there were giants in the land.

*Joaquin Miller.*

California Winter      ~      ~      ~      ~      ~

**T**HIS is not winter: where is the crisp air,  
And snow upon the roof, and frozen ponds,  
And the star-fire that tips the icicle?

Here blooms the late rose, pale and odorless;  
And the vague fragrance in the garden walks  
Is but a doubtful dream of mignonette.  
In some smooth spot, under a sleeping oak  
That has not dreamed of such a thing as spring,  
The ground has stolen a kiss from the cool sun  
And thrilled a little, and the tender grass

Has sprung untimely, for these great bright days,  
Staring upon it, will not let it live.  
The sky is blue, and 'tis a goodly time,  
And the round, barren hillsides tempt the feet;  
But 'tis not winter: such as seems to man  
What June is to the roses, sending floods  
Of life and color through the tingling veins.

It is a land without a fireside. Far  
Is the old home, where, even this very night,  
Roars the great chimney with its glorious fire,  
And old friends look into each other's eyes  
Quietly, for each knows the other's trust.

Heaven is not far away such winter nights:  
The big white stars are sparkling in the east,  
And glitter in the gaze of solemn eyes;  
For many things have faded with the flowers,  
And many things their resurrection wait;  
Earth like a sepulcher is sealed with frost,  
And Morn and Even beside the silent door  
Sit watching, and their soft and folded wings  
Are white with feathery snow. Yet even here  
We are not quite forgotten by the Hours,  
Could human eyes but see the beautiful  
Save through the glamour of a memory.  
Soon comes the strong south wind, and shouts  
aloud  
Its jubilant anthem. Soon the singing rain

Comes from warm seas, and in its skyey tent  
Enwraps the drowsy world. And when, some  
night,  
Its flowing folds invisibly withdraw,  
Lo! the new life in all created things.  
The azure mountains and the ocean gates  
Against the lovely sky stand clean and clear  
As a new purpose in the wiser soul.

*Edward Rowland Sill.*

The Mariposa Lily    ~    ~    ~    ~    ~

**I**NSECT or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,  
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering  
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;  
A jeweled moth; a butterfly, with rare  
And tender tints upon his downy wing,  
A moment resting in our happy sight;  
A flower held captive by a thread so slight  
Its petal-wings of brodered gossamer  
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir,—  
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.  
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,  
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue  
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?  
Thou wingèd bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!

*Ina Coolbrith.*



## Rio Sacramento ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

SACRAMENTO! Sacramento,  
Down the rough Nevada foaming,  
Fain my heart would join thy water  
In its glad, impetuous roaming,  
For thy valley's fairest daughter  
Watches oft to see thee coming!

Sacramento! Sacramento!  
From the shining threads that wove thee,—  
From the mountain woods that darken  
All the mountain heaven above thee,  
Teach her ear thy song to hearken,  
And, for what it says, to love thee!

Sacramento! Sacramento!  
Lead me downward to the glory  
Of thy green and flowery meadows;  
I will leave the deserts hoary,  
For thy grove of quiet shadows  
And my love's impassioned story.

Sacramento! Sacramento!  
Every dancing rainbow broken  
When thy falling waves are shattered,  
Is a glad and beckoning token  
Of the hopes so warmly scattered  
And the vows that we have spoken!

Sacramento !. Sacramento !

She, beside thee, waits my coming;  
Teach my step thy bounding fleetness,  
Towards the bower of beauty roaming,  
Where she stands, in maiden sweetness,  
Gazing idly on thy foaming !

*Bayard Taylor.*

From *The Silverado Squatters*    ~    ~    ~

(*Near San Francisco*)

EARLY the next morning we mounted the hill along a wooden footway, bridging one marshy spot after another. Here and there, as we ascended, we passed a house embowered in white roses. More of the bay became apparent, and soon the blue peak of Tamalpais rose above the green level of the island opposite. It told us we were still but a little way from the city of the Golden Gates, already, at that hour, beginning to awake among the sand-hills. It called to us over the waters as with the voice of a bird. Its stately head, blue as a sapphire on the paler azure of the sky, spoke to us of wider outlooks and the bright Pacific. For Tamalpais stands sentry, like a lighthouse, over the Golden Gates, between the bay and the open ocean, and looks down indifferently on both. Even as we saw and hailed it from Vallejo, seamen, far out at sea, were scanning it with

shaded eyes; and, as if to answer to the thought, one of the great ships below began silently to clothe herself with white sails, homeward bound for England.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais  

*(Mount Tamalpais)*

AS I came down Mount Tamalpais,  
To north the fair Sonoma Hills  
Lay like a trembling thread of blue  
Beneath a sky of daffodils;  
Through tules green a silver stream  
Ran south to meet the tranquil bay,  
Whispering a dreamy, tender tale  
Of vales and valleys far away.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,  
To south the city brightly shone,  
Touched by the sunset's good-night kiss  
Across the golden ocean blown;  
I saw its hills, its tapering masts,  
I almost heard its tramp and tread,  
And saw against the sky the cross  
Which marks the City of the Dead.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais  
To east San Pablo's water lay,

Touched with a holy purple light,  
The benediction of the day;  
No ripple on its twilight tide,  
No parting of its evening veil,  
Save dimly in the far-off haze  
One dreamy, yellow sunset sail.

As I came down Mount Tamalpais,  
To west Heaven's gateway opened wide,  
And through it, freighted with day-cares,  
The cloud-ships floated with the tide;  
Then, silently through stillly air,  
Starlight flew down from Paradise,  
Folded her silver wings and slept  
Upon the slopes of Tamalpais.

*Clarence Urmy.*

From *The Hermitage* ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(*San Francisco*)

THROUGH the sharp gap of the gorge below,  
From my mountain's feet the gaze may go  
Over a stretch of fields, broad-sunned,  
Then glance beyond,  
Across the beautiful bay,  
To that dim ridge, a score of miles away,  
Lifting its clear-cut outline high,  
Azure with distance on the azure sky,

Whose flocks of white clouds brooding on its  
 crests  
 Have winged from ocean to their piny nests.  
 Beyond the bright blue water's further rim,  
 Where waves seem ripples in its far-off brim,  
 The rich young city lies,  
 Diminished to an ant-hill's size.  
 I trace its steep streets, ribbing all the hill  
 Like narrow bands of steel,  
 Binding the city on the shifting sand:  
 'Thick-pressed between them stand  
 Broad piles of buildings, pricked through here and  
 there  
 By a sharp steeple; and above, the air  
 Murky with smoke and dust, that seem to show  
 The bright sky saddened by the sin below.

*Edward Rowland Sill.*

Alcatraz

(San Francisco Bay)

~~~~~

A PEARL foam at his feet
 The waters rise and fall:
 The sentry treads his beat
 Upon the gun-girt wall.

Bronzèd of visage he,—
 Stern, resolute as fate;
 Guard of the inner sea,
 Grim warden of the Gate.

Born of some mighty throe
From earth's abysmal deep,
When æons long ago,
The Dragon stirred in sleep.

Yet over him, merrily,
The winds blow East, blow West,—
The gulls about him fly,
The fog-king wreathes his crest.

All day sea-melodies
Blend with the oarsman's stroke,
In the Fleet of the Butterflies,
The craft of the fisher-folk.

Then boom of the sunset gun,
The flash of the beacon-light,
Leaping a warning sun
To passing ships of night.

And the fleets of all the world
Salute him as they pass,—
Viking of seas empearled,
The warrior, Alcatraz.

Ina Coolbrith.

Presidio de San Francisco 1800 ~ ~ ~

I

LOOKING seaward, o'er the sand-hills stands
the fortress, old and quaint,
By the San Francisco friars lifted to their patron
saint,—

Sponsor to that wondrous city, now apostate to
the creed,
On whose youthful walls the Padre saw the angel's
golden reed;

All its trophies long since scattered, all its blazon
brushed away,
And the flag that flies above it but a triumph of
to-day.

Never scar of siege or battle challenges the wander-
ing eye,—
Never breach of warlike onset holds the curious
passer-by;

Only one sweet human fancy interweaves its
threads of gold
With the plain and homespun present, and a love
that ne'er grows old;

Only one thing holds its crumbling walls above the
meaner dust,—
Listen to the simple story of a woman's love and
trust.

II

Count von Resanoff, the Russian, envoy of the
mighty Czar,
Stood beside the deep embrasures where the
brazen cannon are.

He with grave provincial magnates long had held
serene debate
On the Treaty of Alliance and the high affairs of
state;

He, from grave provincial magnates, oft had
turned to talk apart
With the Commandante's daughter, on the ques-
tions of the heart,

Until points of gravest import yielded slowly, one
by one,
And by Love was consummated what Diplomacy
begun;

Till beside the deep embrasures, where the brazen
cannon are,
He received the twofold contract for approval of
the Czar;

Till beside the brazen cannon the betrothèd bade
adieu,
And, from sally-port and gateway, north the
Russian eagles flew.

III

Long beside the deep embrasures, where the
brazen cannon are,
Did they wait the promised bridegroom and the
answer of the Czar;

Day by day on wall and bastion beat the hollow
empty breeze,—
Day by day the sunlight glittered on the vacant,
smiling seas;

Week by week the near hills whitened in their
dusty leather cloaks,—
Week by week the far hills darkened from the
fringing plain of oaks;

Till the rains came, and far-breaking, on the fierce
southwester tost,
Dashed the whole long coast with color, and then
vanished and were lost.

So each year the seasons shifted; wet and warm
and drear and dry;
Half a year of clouds and flowers,—half a year of
dust and sky.

Still it brought no ship nor message,—brought no
tidings ill nor meet
For the statesmanlike Commander, for the
daughter fair and sweet.

Yet she heard the varying message, voiceless to
all ears beside:
“He will come,” the flowers whispered; “Come no
more,” the dry hills sighed.

Still she found him with the waters lifted by the
morning breeze,—
Still she lost him with the folding of the great
white-tented seas;

Until hollows chased the dimples from her cheeks
of olive brown,
And at times a swift, shy moisture dragged the
long sweet lashes down;

Or the small mouth curved and quivered as for
some denied caress,
And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantine
distress.

Then the grim Commander, pacing where the
brazen cannon are,
Comforted the maid with proverbs,—wisdom
gathered from afar;

Bits of ancient observation by his fathers garnered, each
As a pebble worn and polished in the current of his speech:

“‘Those who wait the coming rider travel twice
as far as he’;
‘Tired wench and coming butter never did in time
agree.’

“‘He that getteth himself honey, though a clown
he shall have flies’;
‘In the end God grinds the miller’; ‘In the dark
the mole has eyes.’

“‘He whose father is Alcalde, of his trial hath no
fear,’—
And be sure the Count has reasons that will make
his conduct clear.”

Then the voice sententious faltered, and the wisdom it would teach
Lost itself in fondest trifles of his soft Castilian
speech;

And on “Concha,” “Conchitita,” and “Conchita”
he would dwell
With the fond reiteration which the Spaniard
knows so well.

So with proverbs and caresses, half in faith and
half in doubt,
Every day some hope was kindled, flickered,
faded, and went out.

IV

Yearly, down the hillside sweeping, came the
stately cavalcade,
Bringing revel to vaquero, joy and comfort to
each maid;

Bringing days of formal visit, social feast and rustic
sport;
Of bull-baiting on the plaza, of love-making in the
court.

Vainly then at Concha's lattice,—vainly as the
idle wind
Rose the thin high Spanish tenor that bespoke the
youth too kind;

Vainly, leaning from their saddles, caballeros, bold
and fleet,
Plucked for her the buried chicken from beneath
their mustang's feet;

So in vain the barren hillsides with their gay
serapes blazed,
Blazed and vanished in the dust-cloud that their
flying hoofs had raised.

Then the drum called from the rampart, and once
more with patient mien
The Commander and his daughter each took up
the dull routine,—

Each took up the petty duties of a life apart and
lone,
Till the slow years wrought a music in its dreary
monotone.

v

Forty years on wall and bastion swept the hollow
idle breeze,
Since the Russian eagle fluttered from the Cali-
fornia seas.

Forty years on wall and bastion wrought its slow
but sure decay;
And St. George's cross was lifted in the port of
Monterey.

And the citadel was lighted, and the hall was
gayly drest,
All to honor Sir George Simpson, famous traveler
and guest.

Far and near the people gathered to the costly
banquet set,
And exchanged congratulation with the English
baronet;

Till the formal speeches ended, and amidst the
laugh and wine
Some one spoke of Concha's lover,—heedless of
the warning sign.

Quickly then cried Sir George Simpson: "Speak
no ill of him, I pray.
He is dead. He died, poor fellow, forty years ago
this day.

"Died while speeding home to Russia, falling from
a fractious horse.
Left a sweetheart too, they tell me. Married, I
suppose, of course!

"Lives she yet?" A death-like silence fell on ban-
quet, guests, and hall,
And a trembling figure rising fixed the awe-struck
gaze of all.

Two black eyes in darkened orbits gleamed be-
neath the nun's white hood;
Black serge hid the wasted figure, bowed and
stricken where it stood.

"Lives she yet?" Sir George repeated. All were
hushed as Concha drew
Closer yet her nun's attire. "Señor, pardon, she
died too!"

Bret Harte.

The Angelus ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(San Francisco)

Heard at the Mission Dolores, 1868.

BELLS of the Past, whose long-forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tingeing the sober twilight of the Present
With colors of romance:

I hear your call, and see the sun descending
On rock and wave and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past,—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio;
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness,—
Break, falter, and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

Bret Harte.

The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin



(San Joaquin)

OF all the fountains that poets sing,—
Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring;
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;
Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth;
In short, of all the springs of Time
That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,
That ever were tasted, felt, or seen,—
There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

Anno Domini Eighteen-seven,
Father Dominguez (now in heaven,—
Obiit Eighteen twenty-seven)

Found the spring, and found it, too,
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;
For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's ass—
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.
The Padre thought the omen good,
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;
Then,—as the chronicles declare,

On the honest faith of a true believer,—
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,
Filled like a withered russet-pear
In the vacuum of a glass receiver,

And the snows that seventy winters bring
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.
The Church, of course, had its own views
Of who were worthiest to use
The magic spring; but the prior claim
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.
Far and wide the people came:
Some from the healthful Aptos creek
Hastened to bring their helpless sick;
Even the fishers of rude Soquel
Suddenly found they were far from well;
The brawny dwellers of San Lorenzo
Said, in fact, they had never been so:
And all were ailing,—strange to say,—
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in
With leathern bottles, and bags of skin;
Through the cañons a motley throng
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.
The fathers gazed at the moving scene
With pious joy and with souls serene;
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone
The good effects of the waters shone;
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,
Of rough vaquero and muleteer;
Angular forms were rounded out
Limbs grew supple, and waists grew stout;
And as for the girls,—for miles about
They had no equal! To this day,
From Pescadero to Monterey,
You'll still find eyes in which are seen
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this:
None went abroad to roam or stay,
But they fell sick in the queerest way,—
A singular *maladie du pays*,
With gastric symptoms: so they spent
Their days in a sensuous content;

Caring little for things unseen
Beyond their bowers of living green,—
Beyond the mountains that lay between
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came:
The trunks of *madroño* all aflame,
Here and there through the underwood
Like pillars of fire starkly stood.
All of the breezy solitude

Was filled with the spicing of pine and bay
And resinous odors mixed and blended,

And dim and ghost-like far away
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.

Then of a sudden the mountains swam,
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,
The ridge above Los Gatos creek

Arched its spine in a feline fashion;
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,

And Nature shook in a speechless passion;
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin
Vanished, and nevermore was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk
Out of their rosy dream awoke.
Some of them looked a trifle white;
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.

Three days: there was sore distress,
Headache, nausea, giddiness.
Four days: faintings, tenderness
Of the mouth and fauces; and in less
Than one week,—here the story closes;
We won't continue the prognosis,—
Enough that now no trace is seen
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

Bret Harte.

On a Cone of the Big Trees



(Calaveras)

BBROWN foundling of the Western wood,
Babe of primeval wildernesses!
Long on my table thou hast stood
Encounters strange and rude caresses;
Perchance contented with thy lot,
Surroundings new and curious faces,
As though ten centuries were not
Imprisoned in thy shining cases!

Thou bring'st me back the halcyon days
Of grateful rest; the week of leisure,
The journey lapped in autumn haze,
The sweet fatigue that seemed a pleasure,
The morning ride, the noonday halt,
The blazing slopes, the red dust rising,
And then—the dim, brown, columned vault,
With its cool, damp, sepulchral spicing.

Once more I see the rocking masts
That scrape the sky, their only tenant
The jay-bird that in frolic casts
From some high yard his broad blue pennant.
I see the Indian files that keep
Their places in the dusty heather,
Their red trunks standing ankle deep
In moccasins of rusty leather.

I see all this, and marvel much
That thou, sweet woodland waif, art able
To keep the company of such
As throng thy friend's—the poet's—table:
The latest spawn the press hath cast,—
The “modern Pope's,” “the later Byron's,”—
Why e'en the best may not outlast
Thy poor relation,—*Sempervirens*.

Thy sire saw the light that shone
On Mohammed's uplifted crescent,
On many a royal gilded throne
And deed forgotten in the present;
He saw the age of sacred trees
And Druid groves and mystic larches;
And saw from forest domes like these
The builder bring his Gothic arches.

And must thou, foundling, still forego
Thy heritage and high ambition,

To lie full lowly and full low,
Adjusted to thy new condition ?
Not hidden in the drifted snows,
But under ink-drops idly spattered,
And leaves ephemeral as those
That on thy woodland tomb were scattered.

Yet lie thou there, O friend ! and speak
The moral of thy simple story :
Though life is all that thou dost seek,
And age alone thy crown of glory,—
Not thine the only germs that fail
The purpose of their high creation,
If their poor tenements avail
For worldly show and ostentation.

Bret Harte.

The Pine Forest of Monterey ~ ~ ~

(Monterey)

WHAT point of Time, unchronicled, and dim
As yon gray mist that canopies your
heads,

Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun
Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary Pines ?
When, from the barren bosoms of the hills,
With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,
Of these remote and latest-fashioned shores
The first-born forest ? Titans gnarled and rough,

Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew
To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth,
What fresh commixture of the elements,
What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil
Slow-mastering, engendered ye to give
The hills a mantle and the wind a voice ?
Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms,
Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse
chant,—

Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch
In elder regions,—fill the awful stops
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.
Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound
To syllable the secret,—no still voice
To give your airy myths a shadowy form,
And make us of lost centuries of lore
The rich inheritors ?

The sea-winds pluck
Your mossy beards, and gathering as they sweep,
Vex your high heads, and with your sinewy arms
Grapple and toil in vain. A deeper roar,
Sullen and cold, and rousing into spells
Of stormy volume, is your sole reply.
Anchored in firm-set rock, ye ride the blast,
And from the promontory's utmost verge
Make signal o'er the waters. So ye stood,
When, like a star, behind the lonely sea,
Far shone the white speck of Grijalva's sail;

And when, through driving fog, the breaker's sound
Frighted Otondo's men, your spicy breath
Played as in welcome round their rusty helms,
And backward from its staff shook out the folds
Of Spain's emblazoned banner.

Ancient Pines,

Ye bear no record of the years of man.
Spring is your sole historian,—Spring, that paints
These savage shores with hues of Paradise;
That decks your branches with a fresher green,
And through your lonely, far cañadas pours
Her floods of bloom, rivers of opal dye
That wander down to lakes and widening seas
Of blossom and of fragrance,—laughing Spring,
That with her wanton blood refills your veins,
And weds ye to your juicy youth again
With a new ring, the while your rifted bark
Drops odorous tears. Your knotty fibers yield
To the light touch of her unfailing pen,
As freely as the lupin's violet cup.
Ye keep, close-locked, the memories of her stay,
As in their shells the avelonès keep
Morn's rosy flush and moonlight's pearly glow.
The wild northwest, that from Alaska sweeps,
To drown Point Lobos with the icy scud
And white sea-foam, may rend your boughs and
leave
Their blasted antlers tossing in the gale;

Your steadfast hearts are mailed against the
shock,
And on their annual tablets naught inscribe
Of such rude visitation. Ye are still
The simple children of a guiltless soil,
And in your natures show the sturdy grain
That passion cannot jar, nor force relax,
Nor aught but sweet and kindly airs compel
To gentler mood. No disappointed heart
Has sighed its bitterness beneath your shade;
No angry spirit ever came to make
Your silence its confessional; no voice,
Grown harsh in Crime's great market-place, the
world,
Tainted with blasphemy your evening hush
And aromatic air. The deer alone,—
The ambushed hunter that brings down the deer,—
The fisher wandering on the misty shore
To watch sea-lions wallow in the flood,—
The shout, the sound of hoofs that chase and fly,
When swift vaqueros, dashing through the herds,
Ride down the angry bull,—perchance, the song
Some Indian heired of long-forgotten sires,—
Disturb your solemn chorus.

Stately Pines,
But few more years around the promontory
Your chant will meet the thunders of the sea.
No more, a barrier to the encroaching sand,

Against the surf ye'll stretch defiant arm,
Though with its onset and besieging shock
Your firm knees tremble. Nevermore the wind
Shall pipe shrill music through your mossy beards,
Nor sunset's yellow blaze athwart your heads
Crown all the hills with gold. Your race is past:
The mystic cycle, whose unnoted birth
Coeval was with yours, has run its sands,
And other footsteps from these changing shores
Frighten its haunting Spirit. Men will come
To vex your quiet with the din of toil;
The smoky volumes of the forge will stain
This pure, sweet air; loud keels will ride the sea,
Dashing its glittering sapphire into foam;
Through all her green cañadas Spring will seek
Her lavish blooms in vain, and clasping ye,
O mournful Pines, within her glowing arms,
Will weep soft rains to find ye fallen low.
Fall, therefore, yielding to the fiat! Fall,
Ere the maturing soil, whose first dull life
Fed your belated germs, be rent and seamed!
Fall, like the chiefs ye sheltered, stern, unbent,
Your gray beards hiding memorable scars!
The winds will mourn ye, and the barren hills
Whose breast ye clothed; and when the pauses
come
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf,
A funeral silence, terrible, profound,
Will make sad answer to the listening sea.

Bayard Taylor.

Santa Barbara ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

BETWEEN the mountains and the sea,
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;
Above her head the cloudless skies
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge;
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
The earth seems sweet, and heaven near;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
And summer rules the radiant year.

Francis Fisher Browne.

By the Pacific Ocean ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HERE room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere;
The dignity of death is here,
The large, lone vastness of the deep;

Here toil has pitched his camp to rest:
The west is banked against the west.

Above yon gleaming skies of gold
One lone imperial peak is seen;
While gathered at his feet in green
Ten thousand foresters are told:
And all so still! so still the air
That duty drops the web of care.

Beneath the sunset's golden sheaves
The awful deep walks with the deep,
Where silent sea doves slip and sweep,
And commerce keeps her loom and weaves,
The dead red men refuse to rest;
Their ghosts illumine my lurid West.

Joaquin Miller.

On Leaving California ~ ~ ~ ~

O FAIR young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast,—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast,—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
 In indolent repose;
Or pourest the crystal of a thousand rills
 Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in
 gold,
 The plowman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are
 rolled,
 The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
 A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
 Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
 Gone with thy fallen pines:
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
 Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
 Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
 Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
 Shall live in sculptures rare;

Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow,—
Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil;

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

Bayard Taylor.

ARIZONA

Yuma ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

WEARY, weary, desolate,
Sand-swept, parched, and cursed
of fate;

Burning, but how passionless!
Barren, bald, and pitiless!

Through all ages baleful moons
Glared upon thy whited dunes;

And malignant, wrathful suns
Fiercely drank thy streamless runs;

So that Nature's only tune
Is the blare of the simoon,

Piercing burnt unweeping skies
With its awful monodies.

Not a flower lifts its head
Where the emigrant lies dead;

Not a living creature calls
Where the Gila Monster crawls,
Hot and hideous as the sun,
To the dead man's skeleton;

But the desert and the dead,
And the hot hell overhead,
And the blazing, seething air,
And the dread mirage are there.

Charles Henry Phelps.

Arizona ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(The Plains of Arizona)

THOU white and dried-up sea ! so old !
So strewn with wealth, so sown with gold !
Yes, thou art old and hoary white
With time, and ruin of all things;
And on thy lonesome borders night
Sits brooding o'er with drooping wings.

The winds that tossed thy waves, and blew
Across thy breast the flowing sail,
And cheered the hearts of cheering crew
From further seas, no more prevail.

Thy white-walled cities all lie prone,
With but a pyramid, a stone,
Set head and foot in sands to tell
The tired stranger where they fell.

The patient ox that bended low
His neck, and drew slow up and down
Thy thousand freights through rock-built town,
Is now the free-born buffalo.

No longer of the timid fold,
The mountain sheep leaps free and bold
His high-built summit, and looks down
From battlements of buried town.

Thine ancient steeds know not the rein,
They lord the land, they come, they go
At will; they laugh at man, they blow
A cloud of black steeds on the plain.

Thy monuments lie buried now,
The ashes whiten on thy brow,
The winds, the waves have drawn away,
The very wild man dreads to stay.

Oh! thou art very old. I lay,
Made dumb with awe and wonderment,
Beneath a palm within my tent,

With idle and discouraged hands,
Not many days ago, on sands
Of awful, silent Africa.

Long gazing on her mighty shades,
I did recall a semblance there
Of thee. I mused where story fades
From her dark brow and found her fair.

And yet my dried-up desert sea
Was populous with blowing sail.
And set with city, white-walled town,
All manned with armies bright with mail,
Ere yet that awful Sphinx sat down
To gaze into eternity,
Or Egypt knew her natal hour,
Or Africa had name or power.

Joaquin Miller.

Arizona ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

THE kings of the world have waxed and died in
narrower states than mine;
And realms have risen to rampant power to sink
in drear decline,
That were poor by the measure of my wealth—
the creditors of the brine.

Across my purple peaks the snows fall scant and
dry away,
And the breasts of earth that should be full are
withered and rimed and gray;
For the chill is mine of the dewless night till the
barren, aching day.

I call to my heedless, jeweled sky—the shimmer-
ing wanton smiles,
Flinging her bacchant robes of cloud across the
thirsty miles,
And the intimate stars come near in the night to
bare her mocking wiles.

I call on his hastening trails the wind, where the
mad dust-demons glide,
But he answers me with the sting of a lash and
only a pause to chide;
And his forefront sweeps as a gloomy flame where
the silence stretches wide.

For I was old when the Younger Sea arose to seek
my bed,
And in my tale 'tis but a night that he and I were
wed,
For in the morn I woke again and the love of him
was dead.

I rose and thrust him from my side although he
loved me well,
And he was wroth to leave a house for the wailing
winds to dwell;
He cursed me with his father's curse, we struggled,
and he fell.

And on that morn across my brow he seared an
open scar,
As the fingers of the Younger Sea have branded
with a star
The brides that have one time been his, where his
roving footsteps are.

For I dare not show the first love's gifts to him
that now is lord,
As I am faithful to the Sun in all things save the
hoard
Of hidden gems of the banished Sea that in my
breast are stored.

Now since the Sun hath held me queen and kissed
my lips with fire,
I have risen young each morn again and robed in
queen's attire,
Stifling the dream of other days in the heat of his
desire.

Thomas Wood Stevens.

Noon on the Plain ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*The Plains*)

THE horned toad creeping along the sand,
The rattlesnake asleep beneath the sage,
Have now a subtle fatal charm.
In their sultry calm, their love of heat,
I read once more the burning page
Of nature under cloudless skies.
O pitiless and splendid land!
Mine eyelids close, my lips are dry
By force of thy hot floods of light.
Soundless as oil the wind flows by,
Mine aching brain cries out for night!

Hamlin Garland.

The Gift of Water ¹ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(*The Plains*)

“IS water nigh?”
The plainsmen cry,
As they meet and pass in the desert grass.
With finger tip
Across the lip
I ask the somber Navajo.
The brown man smiles and answers “Sho!”
With fingers high, he signs the miles
To the desert spring,
And so we pass in the dry dead grass,
Brothers in bond of the water’s ring.

Hamlin Garland.

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Vaquero ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

HIS broad-brimmed hat pushed back with
careless air,

The proud vaquero sits his steed as free

As winds that toss his black abundant hair.

No rover ever swept a lawless sea

With such a haught and heedless air as he

Who scorns the path, and bounds with swift dis-
dain

Away, a peon born, yet born to be

A splendid king; behold him ride and reign.

How brave he takes his herds in branding days,

On timbered hills that belt about the plain;

He climbs, he wheels, he shouts through winding
ways

Of hiding ferns and hanging fir; the rein

Is loose, the rattling spur drives swift; the mane

Blows free; the bullocks rush in storms before;

They turn with lifted heads, they rush again,

Then sudden plunge from out the wood, and pour

A cloud upon the plain with one terrific roar.

Now sweeps the tawny man on stormy steed,

His gaudy trappings tossed about and blown

About the limbs as lithe as any reed;

The swift long lasso twirled above is thrown

From flying hand; the fall, the fearful groan

Of bullock toiled and tumbled in the dust—
The black herds onward sweep, and all disown
The fallen, struggling monarch that has thrust
His tongue in rage and rolled his red eyes in disgust.

Joaquin Miller.

THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

The Old Santa Fé Trail ~ ~ ~ ~

IT wound through strange scarred hills, down
cañons lone
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;
Its milestones were the bones of pioneers.
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:
An epic quest it was of elder years,
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

To-day the steam-god thunders through the vast,
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past;
Dread dramas of immitigable plains
Rebuke the softness of the modern man;
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For at the magic touch of water, blooms
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke
Tortured the toilers into dateless tombs,
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.

Richard Burton.

OKLAHOMA

The Last Reservation ~ ~ ~ ~

(Oklahoma)

SULLEN and dull, in the September day,
On the bank of the river,
They waited the boat that should bear them away
From their poor homes forever.

For progress strides on, and the order had gone
To these wards of the nation:
"Give us land and more room," was the cry,
"and move on
To the next reservation."

With her babe, she looked back at her home 'neath
the trees
From which they were driven,
Where the last camp-fire's smoke, borne out on
the breeze,
Rose slowly toward heaven.

Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade,
The home of her nation;
Around her, the gleam of the bayonet and blade
Of civilization.

Clasping close to her bosom the small dusky form
With tender caressing,
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and
warm
A mother's kiss pressing.

A splash in the river—the column moves on
Close-guarded and narrow,
Noting as little the two that are gone
As the fall of a sparrow.

Only an Indian! Wretched, obscure,
To refinement a stranger,
And a babe, that was born in a wigwam as poor
And rude as a manger.

Moved on—to make room for the growth in the
West
Of a brave Christian nation,
Moved on—thank God, forever at rest
In the last reservation.

Walter Learned.

PANAMA

A Song of Panama ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

“CHUFF! chuff! chuff!” An’ a mountain-
bluff

Is moved by the shovel’s song;

“Chuff! chuff! chuff!” Oh, the grade is rough
A-liftin’ the landscape along!

We are ants upon a mountain, but we’re leavin’ of
our dent,

An’ our teeth-marks bitin’ scenery they will show
the way we went;

We’re a-liftin’ half creation, an’ we’re changin’ it
around,

Just to suit our playful purpose when we’re dig-
gin’ in the ground.

“Chuff! chuff! chuff!” Oh, the grade is rough,
An’ the way to the sea is long;

“Chuff! chuff! chuff!” an’ the engines puff
In tune to the shovel’s song!

We’re a-shiftin’ miles like inches, and we grab a
forest here

Just to switch it over yonder so’s to leave an angle
clear;

We're a-pushin' leagues o' swamps aside so's we
can hurry by—
An' if we had to do it we would probably switch
the sky!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, it's hard enough
When you're changin' a job gone wrong;
"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' there's no rebuff
To the shovel a-singin' its song!

You hears it in the mornin' an' you hears it late
at night—
It's our battery keepin' action with support o'
dynamite;
Oh, you gets it for your dinner, an' the scenery
skips along
In a movin' panorama to the chargin' shovel's
song!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' it grabs the scruff
Of a hill an' boosts it along;
"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough,
But it gives to the shovel's song!

This is a fight that's fightin', an' the battle's to
the death;
There ain't no stoppin' here to rest or even catch
your breath;

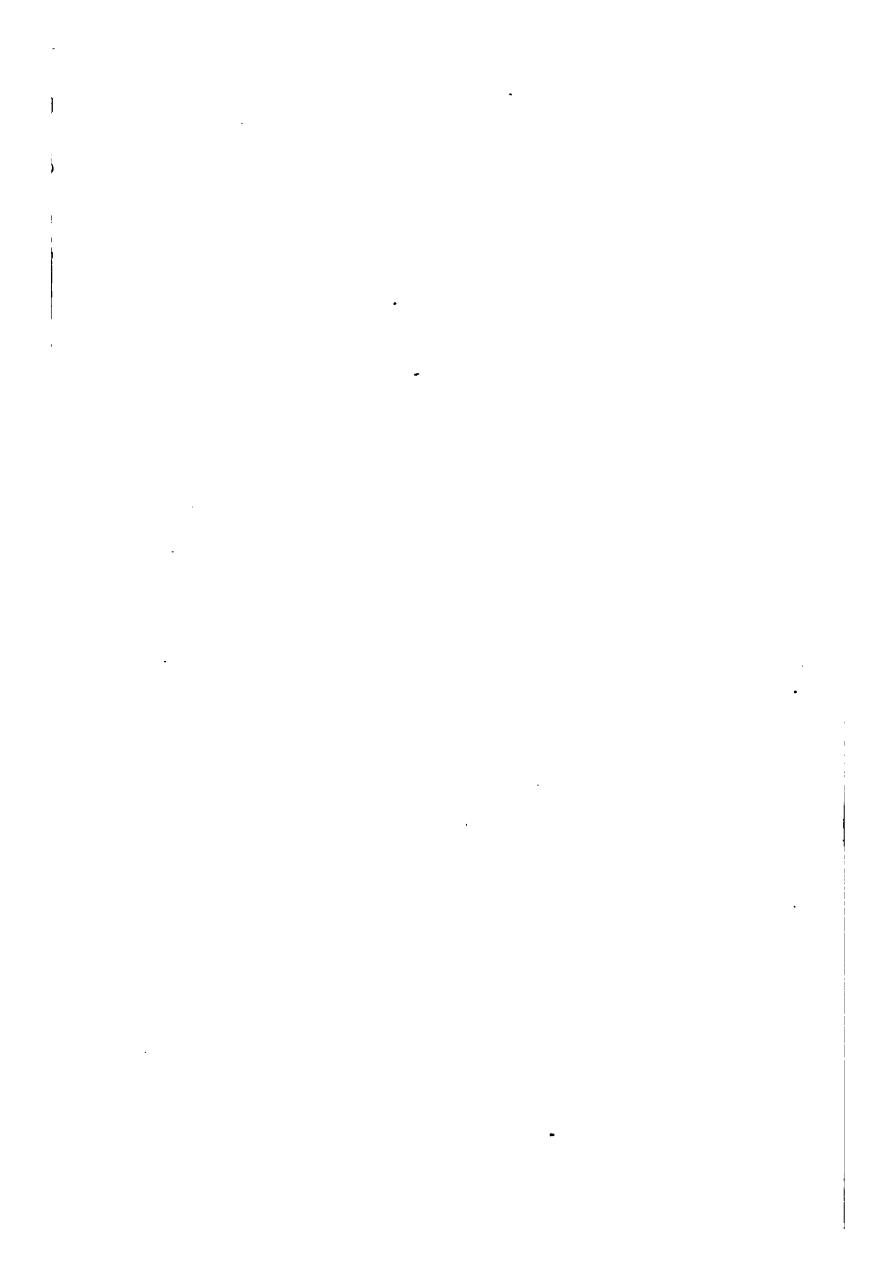
You ain't no noble hero, an' you leave no gallant
name—

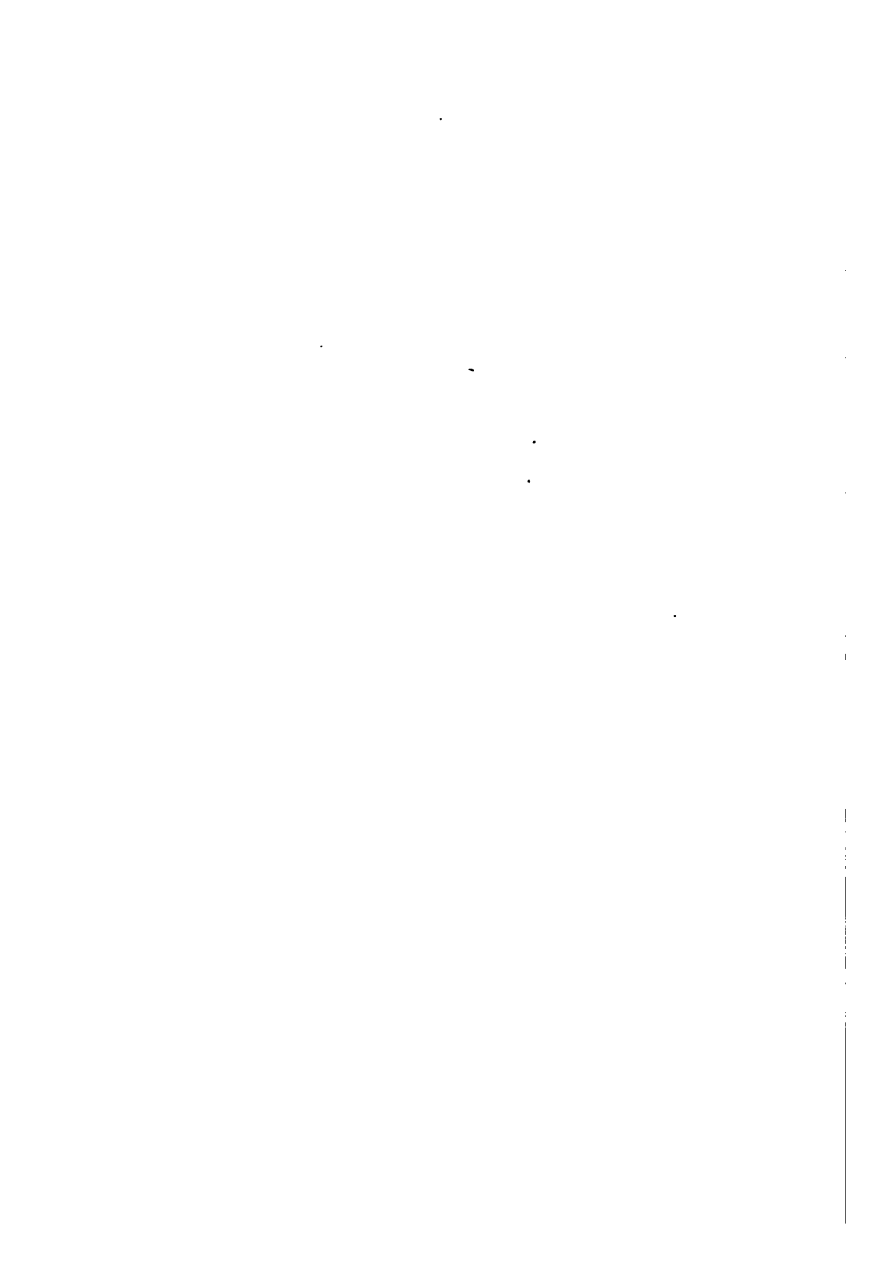
You're a-fightin' Nature's army, an' it ain't no
easy game!

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough,
An' the way to the end is long,

"Chuff! chuff! chuff!" an' the engines puff
As we lift the landscape along!

Alfred Damon Runyon.





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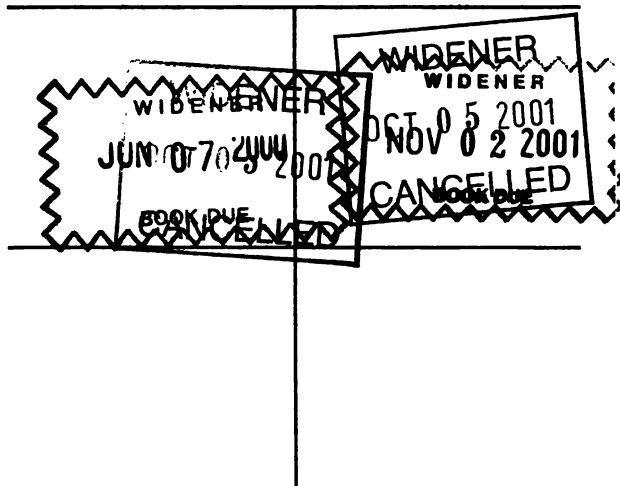
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